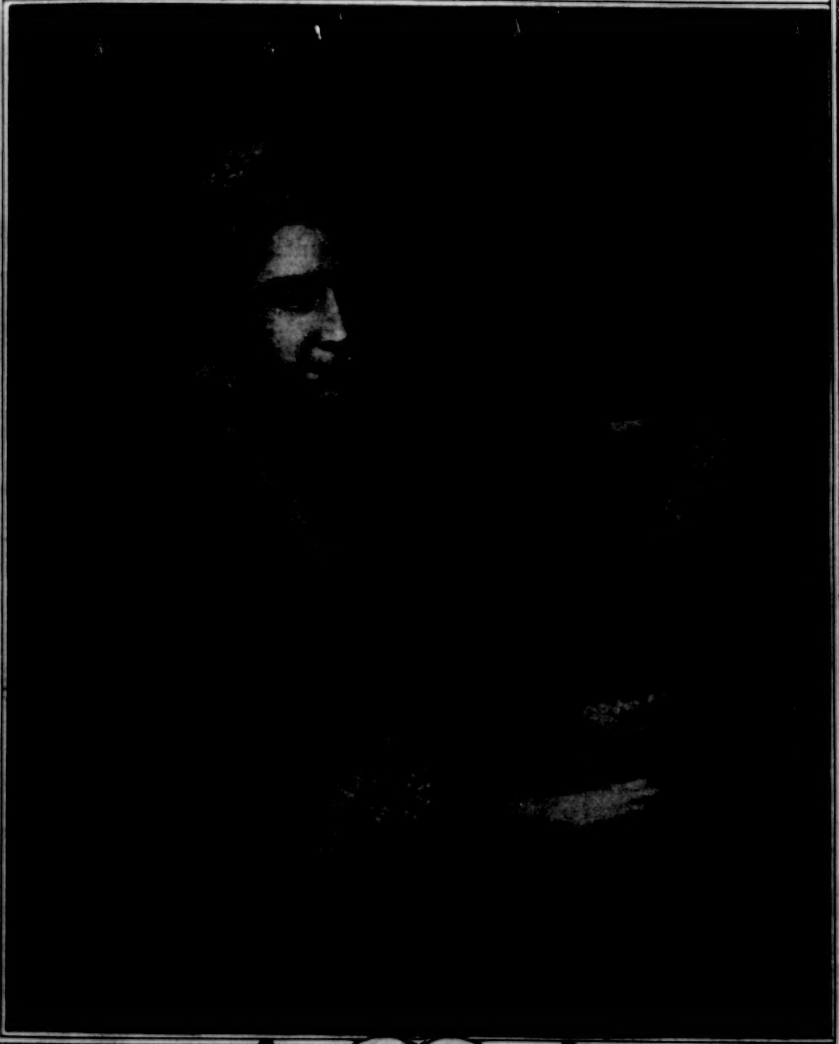
OCT 30 1924

SHEILA KAYE-SMITH'S NEW SERIAL BEGINS

HARPERS MAGAZINE

PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.



November 1924

MADAME EVART
by FRANÇOIS HUBERT DROUAIS
Courtesy of THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

Price 35 Cents

Another Instance *of* Building *for* Permanence On Scheduled Time

Mr. John S. Miller, Jr., one of the owners of the new $3,000,000 London Guarantee and Accident Building, Chicago, has this to say:

> "We were able to get substantial rent for June and July and as much as six-sevenths of the rent for August. This speaks for itself, and I feel that your company has done a splendid job in effecting this."

Two or three months rent on large buildings often means the difference between a fair return and a year's loss on the total capital invested.

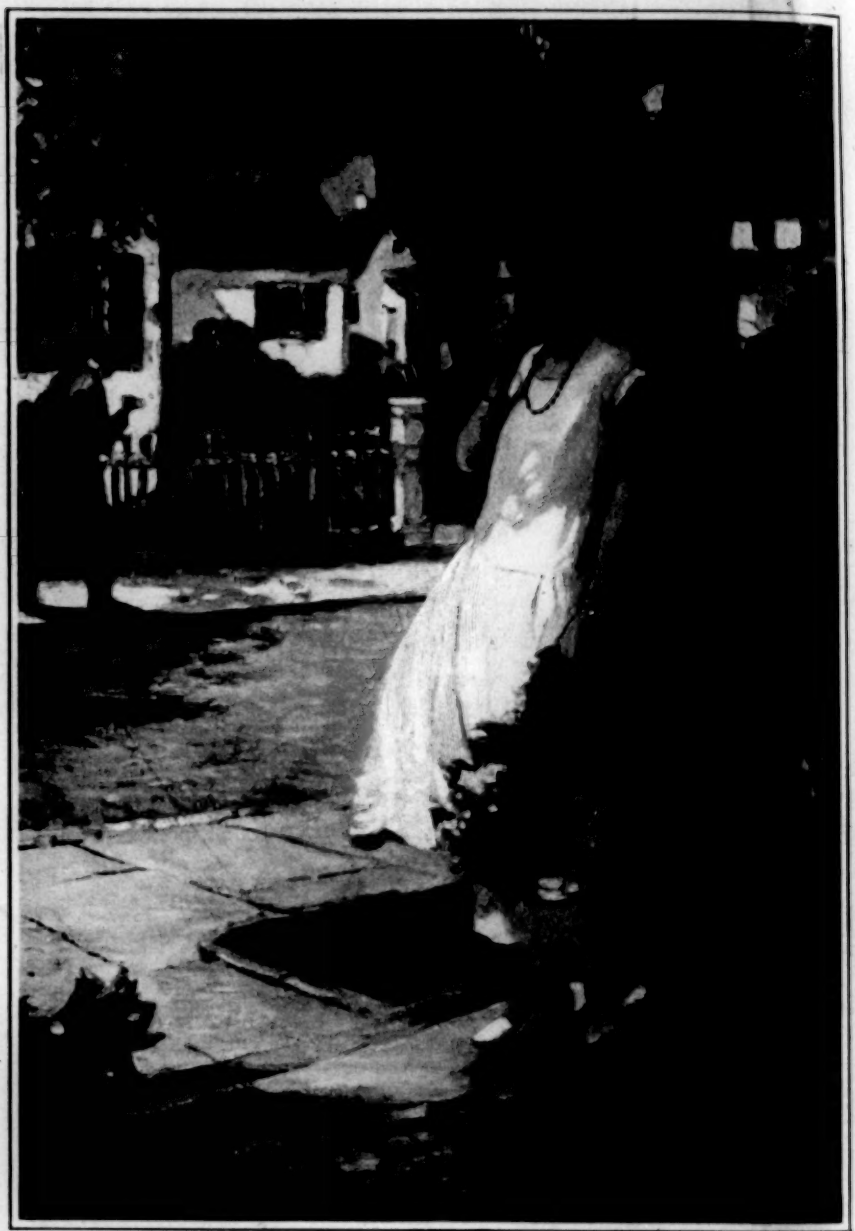
DWIGHT P. ROBINSON & COMPANY
INCORPORATED
ENGINEERS AND CONSTRUCTORS

NEW YORK

CHICAGO
PHILADELPHIA
MONTREAL

RIO DE JANEIRO

ATLANTA
YOUNGSTOWN
LOS ANGELES



Drawn by Frances Rogers Illustration for "A Great Club Woman"

THE MAILMAN DID NOT TURN IN, AND SHE STRAIGHTENED AS IF MEETING A DAILY BLOW

Harper's Magazine

VOL. CXLIX NOVEMBER, 1924 No. DCCCXCIV

THE GEORGE AND THE CROWN

A Novel—Part I

BY SHEILA KAYE-SMITH

Author of "Joanna Godden," "The End of the House of Alard," etc.

PROLOGUE

HIS name was Thomas Sheather, and he was born in the Ouse Valley of Sussex, between Lewes and Newhaven; her name was Kitty le Couteur, and she lived at the Pêche à Agneau in the island of Sark; so it was strange that they should have met and married. Nevertheless their marriage took place in the little island-church of Peter the Fisherman, among the memorials of the drowned, with their refrain: "*Ta voie a été par la mer et tes sentiers dans les grosses eaux.*"

Tom had come to Guernsey in a coaster from Deal, a tramp which had butted her way along the coasts of Kent, Sussex, Hampshire, and Dorset, and then adventured south in the tomato season. There had been a longish wait for repairs at St. Sampsons—the *Queen of the May* had been built for coasting, and the coasts of England, even at Land's End, have no weather like the weather of the Casquets and the Burhous. Tom had spent a great deal of his time ashore, exploring this new island of forts and greenhouses, and he had met Kitty le Couteur at the home of her cousins, the le Cheminants, who kept an eating house in St. Peter Port.

Kitty was small and slim and dark, with big black eyes burning in her pointed face. She wore little dark modest garments with long tight sleeves, and demure aprons of which she was not ashamed. She had never seen a railway and was afraid to go in a tramcar. She was quite unlike the girls at home, and her voice was unlike their voices, with its pretty Frenchy accent like the twitter of a bird. She called him Mister Sheeter very sedately, and it was quite three days before he could persuade her to come with him for a walk, and then nothing would make her go out of town. But she told him more about herself this time, about her home in Sark, right away at the Pêche à Agneau, beyond the road's end—about her father who kept the farm and her brothers Eugene and

Copyright, 1924, by Harper & Brothers. All Rights Reserved.

Philip who sailed the cutter, about her own life, lived between sea and sky, in which this visit to Guernsey was the first adventure.

"My father he not mind me come before, but my brother Eugene and my brother Philip say 'If you go to Guernsey you meet strangers, and perhaps you marry a stranger or even an Englishman.'"

Tom cared nothing for brother Eugene nor for brother Philip. Kitty's pale face and dark eyes now held the magic which the sea was beginning to lose. When the *Queen of the May* started north with pounding paddle-boxes and a cargo of tomatoes, she left Tom Sheather behind in the island of forts and greenhouses, taking in his stead a Cornishman who wanted to see his home after ten years of gathering vraic. . . . Tom stayed behind as an extra hand for the tomato picking. He worked on an estate near Torteval, and once a week he crossed over to Sark in the Saturday excursion steamer and walked along Sark's high backbone to its granite horns, to where Helier le Couteur's house looks over the sloping bracken to Rouge Caneau and Moie de la Bretagne.

He was well received by the old man himself, a kindly, simple creature who loved his daughter and was proud of the admiration she had kindled in the stranger's breast. He could speak very little English, so their intercourse consisted chiefly of bowings and smiles. The brothers were unfortunately more fluent, as a part of their business was to take visitors fishing and sailing, and they were not slow to let Tom hear their disapproval of his courtship.

"Our sister never marry a Guernseyman or an Englishman," said Philip.

"Oh my gar! she do not," said Eugene.

But she did.

Old Helier was ruler of his household, and when he saw that not only did the stranger love Kitty but that Kitty loved the stranger, he refused to let the island prejudices against England and Guernsey stand in her light.

So Tom and Kitty were married, in spite of the grumblings of Eugene and Philip, and settled down in one of the outlying cottages of La Belle Hautgarde. Tom helped the old man on his farm, living once more, there in the midst of the sea, a landsman's life; for the brothers would never let him come into their boat.

Time passed and two children were born, both boys, and both with their mother's black eyes. Tom created ill-feeling by the names he chose for them, first Leonard, then Daniel. They were English names—no such names had ever been given to babies in Sark. There every boy was either Peter or William or John if he was not Philip or Eugene or Helier—large clumps of Peters and Williams existing bewilderingly among swarms of Hamons and Carrés. The Sheathers already had a foreign surname by the misfortune of their birth, and now their father had doubled their strangerhood at the font.

Then, after five years, Helier le Couteur died, and his farm became the property of Eugene, who had lately married a Hamon and begotten a Peter. Tom Sheather found his position untenable. In his own words, he was fed up. It was all very well to be on your guard with strangers—at home in the farms between Lewes and Newhaven, foreigners were generally on trial for a year or two before being absorbed into the local life—but these Sarkies were just about the limit . . . when it came to making foreigners of your own kin. . . . Ever since his marriage Eugene and Philip had mysteriously forgotten the English language, and as he couldn't learn their outlandish speech it was impossible even to have a good quarrel. They refused to take him out in the cutter, though everyone knew he was handier with a sail than anyone in this island of toy boats—they had persisted in treating him, their sister's husband for five years, as an outsider and interloper; and now when the old man, his only friend, was dead, he confessed him-

self sick of it. Life wasn't worth living in these damned islands. . . . He asked Kitty if she would go home with him to England, and she agreed—for she loved her stranger.

Nevertheless she would have liked her third child to be born like the others in the little room whose windows were full of the sea; and when he came it was hard to persuade her that he had not taken his fair hair and blue eyes from the new pale country instead of from his father. She never could get quite used to the pale, clear colors of the downs, to the white cliffs by Newhaven, and the gray, calm sea. But she said she would never go back to Sark—"I never go back now. It not my country any more." Perhaps this was because—or perhaps it was why—she loved the flaxen child better than either of the black-eyed children born in her father's house.

The old Sheathers had a farm in the parish of Piddinghoe, almost in the suburbs of Newhaven. The backward growth of the port into the Ouse Valley had greatly improved the value of their land, and they were able to do well for their prodigal, whose return they welcomed. They offered to set him up on a small farm; but Tom had grown tired of farming, just as he had grown tired of the sea—he thought he would like to be an innkeeper for a change. Since his parents were anxious to provide for him, wouldn't they put him into a nice pub? He would like the Crown at Bullockdean, for choice . . . the landlord had just died.

But the price of the Crown, which was a free house with a substantial piece of land attached to it, was too high even for a farmer whose fields are being turned into streets. Another place must be found, and after a time the George Inn, the other public house in Bullockdean, came into the market. It stood almost opposite the Crown, which was certainly a superior concern in every way . . . still, the old George wasn't so bad. It was a tied house, of course, but some people said it was none the worse for that. Tom thought it would be rather fun to see if he couldn't bust the Crown. Also he had set his heart on establishing himself near Lewes, for he had once again begun to frequent the races, the dim first cause of his romance. Bullockdean was almost midway between Lewes and Newhaven, and Tom saw the George becoming famous as a house of call for sailors and racing men. After all, the Crown was much too high class for him—too much like a country hotel instead of an honest pub. He liked something livelier.

So after six years beyond the sea, Tom Sheather settled down as landlord of the George at Bullockdean and had soon forgotten the islands between England and France. The mists of the Ouse Valley blotted out the cliffs of Sark. He never thought of the unfriendly island, of Rouge Terrier or Moie Fano, of the sunset red and black behind Brecqhou, or of Eugene and Philip le Couteur mending their nets and talking to each other in their throaty foreign tongue.

CHAPTER I

The George was King George the Third, and the Crown was Queen Anne's Crown, and they faced each other across the street of Bullockdean. The George had a face of stucco, cracked and discolored with age and the mists of the Ouse Valley, and a parapet behind which its old roof rose rakish and wrinkled. The Crown's face was of ruddy brick, gashed with long, deep-set windows, and topped by a huge pediment of new-painted whiteness. The Crown catered chiefly for sedate farmers and good-class visitors from Lewes, Newhaven, and Eastbourne; the George catered for the rowdier elements of all three towns, which frequented it at race time, and the more disreputable, poaching class of farm laborer. The only occasion when the two inns had had any manner of warfare was when Mr. Munk, the landlord of the Crown, sent over a dignified protest at the noise made by the George's dis-

persing drunks at closing time; whereat Mr. Sheather, the landlord of the George, retorted that the sight of the Crown's lady visitors undressing with the blind up was demoralizing his family.

On the whole, the neighborhood disapproved of the George and approved of the Crown, though both were equally frequented by different elements of local society. The stain on the George's sign was drunkenness, and, it was whispered, betting too. Still, as everyone said, what could you expect from a man like Tom Sheather, who had gone roving in his youth and brought back a wife from foreign parts? It was his own fault if the George was but a sorry pub, while the Crown was very nearly a hotel, with visitors staying all the summer. Visitors would never stay at the George, even if there were room for them, which there was not. Tom Sheather filled the place up with his roughs such as decent farmers would not drink with. He'd have racing men from Lewes, a drunken, sharky lot; he'd have sailormen from Newhaven, making a night of it in a hired shay.

As a matter of fact, most people liked Tom Sheather, though it was agreed that you could never quite trust him, and that you felt sorry for his second boy Daniel, who was always having to play policeman to his dad. The eldest son was married and had a sad little farm over at Brakey Bottom beyond Telscombe, while the third boy, Christopher, was no good to anybody. His mother spoiled him, and gossip accused her of having kept him at home by disreputable means when other women's sons and her own elder boys had gone to the War.

The War had dealt hardly with the George. The suspension of racing, the limitation of the hours in which liquor could be sold, the no-treating order—all had been bad for the George's particular constitution, whereas the Crown had thriven on high prices and a congested population. Also, James Munk had had money come to him through his wife, who at her death had left her entire fortune to his enjoyment and disposal, while Tom Sheather had none, for his parents at their death, shortly before the War, were shown not to have dealt very wisely with the landlords of streets, and of the little that they left nothing remained after a few years' fluency in Tom's hands. It was obvious that he had not realized his ambition of busting the Crown. But if there was little comfort in the thought that he owed his failure largely to his own mismanagement there was considerable alleviation in the fact that it troubled him not at all.

Anyhow Tom was better off in his home and family than poor Munk, whose wife was dead and whose elder son had been killed in the War, leaving him with no one but Ernley, who everybody knew was rotten—an officer and a gentleman, but rotten. Whereas Tom had a tidy little wife—even if she was growing a bit sharp-tongued these days and inclined to snap her old man's head off—and three spanking boys: Len, who was as clever as you made 'em, for all he hadn't been educated at Lancing College like some folks' sons; Dan, who was the stoutest, handiest chap between Lewes and the sea, and Kit, who was the handsomest. . . . He was glad they'd all three come safe through the War, and if ever he wished that the old George was a better paying concern, it was for their sakes. . . . But there you were—times were bad for innkeepers, unless they were foxy like old Munk—and anyhow it was good to have his three boys under his roof, even if he couldn't give them all he and they wanted. He liked to see them sitting in his bar.

They were all three sitting there that evening in February, just twenty minutes before six and opening time. Len had come over from Telscombe to an auction at Tarring Neville, and was on his way back, disappointed because of high prices. Dan had just come back from Batchelor's Hall over by the Dicker—where he had gone ostensibly

Drawn by W. Hatherell, R. I.

"HULLO, MR. GADGETT! WHAT BRINGS YOU ROUND AT THIS TIME?"

to sell a pig, but really, as everyone knew, to court Belle Shackford. Now he was helping Christopher and his mother polish glasses in readiness for six o'clock. The three young Sheathers were much of a middle size, but they were very different in face and coloring. Leonard and Daniel were both dark, but whereas the former had his mother's sharp nose and chin, the latter had the broad face, short nose, and wide mouth of his Saxon fathers. Christopher was blue-eyed and flaxen, with a weaker version of Dan's blunt nose and a sulky, inviting mouth.

There was a shuffling, scurrying sound outside, followed by a rap on the door.

"Go see who that is, Dan," said Kitty. "We aren't open yet."

Dan unlocked the door and revealed an ancient shepherd in charge of some muddy tegs.

"Hullo, Mr. Gadgett! What brings you round at this time?"

"'Tis gone six o'clock, Maas' Sheather."

"Not for half an hour," called Kitty from the bar.

Mr. Gadgett consulted an elderly turnip.

"My watch says three o'clock, which means ten minutes past six," he affirmed.

"And my clock says half-past five, which means half-past five," said Kitty.

The old man heaved a deep sigh.

"I comed all the way from Brakey bottom, and there's a wunnerful lot of mud on the roads. Leastways it wur wunst on the roads—reckon it's all on my boots now."

"Poor old chap," said Tom—"I can't see any harm in serving him. It's nearly opening time."

"Oh, no, Dad, it isn't," said Daniel.

"Besides, if it was," said Len—"even if it was only two minutes to six, you'd be breaking the damn law just the same. The law's a fine thing, ain't it, Mr. Gadgett?"

The shepherd looked confused and weary.

"Wot wud six o'clock and two o'clock and ten o'clock, I'm wunnerful muddled."

Dan felt sorry for him.

"Maybe we could let you have a cup of tea since it's too early for beer," he suggested.

"Well, you go into the kitchen and make it," said his mother, "since you're the only one who's doing nothing."

This statement was open to challenge, but Dan accepted it good-humoredly.

"I'm a fine handy one with the tea, ain't I, Mum? You come around to the kitchen door, Mr. Gadgett, and I'll give you something as good as ale."

When he was gone Leonard took his pipe out of his mouth.

"This is an all-fool's game with the clock. I wonder you stick it, Dad. If I was you I'd kick for my right to sell my own beer at my own time."

"It ain't my own beer, seeing I haven't paid for it yet."

"Maybe you could pay for it easy enough if they didn't tie you hand and foot in your trade. I tell you this sort of thing makes me sick—us working like slaves and getting nothing but abuse and interference . . . they said 'Come and fight for your country and we'll give you a country fit for heroes.' Now they say 'You've fought for your country—thanks—now get out of it.' They tell us strong chaps to go and emigrate, and I'm—"

"Well, I'd do it for two pins."

"Don't you make him think of it," cried Kitty.

"He won't be such a fool. Besides, it isn't the same for him as for me. He didn't lose four years mucking about, though it wasn't his fault, like some. . . ."

"Now don't you go hitting at me," said Chris.

"I'm not hitting at you. It wasn't your fault, neither—and I'd never blame a young boy of eighteen for not choosing to go out and get killed. But I blame those chaps that hid in government offices, and wore uniforms, and got a thousand a year, and call themselves Major and Colonel these days, and say

to us poor fellows who were fools enough to get sent out to France . . ."

"Oh, chuck it, Len," said Chris.

"You're a fine chap to say 'chuck it.'"

"You said you never blame him," broke in his mother.

"No more I do, but he's got to let me talk."

And talk he did.

Meanwhile in the kitchen Dan made tea for old Mr. Gadgett.

He went out, comfortable and slaked. It was now nearly six—a few more minutes would have seen him in legal enjoyment of a glass of beer—but, reflected Daniel, a cup of tea was better for these old chaps. He wished the George would provide it as a matter of course, instead of selling only brewer's stuff. They'd never get on that way—but Dad cared for nothing but messing in the bar, and mother said she'd work enough without waiting on strangers. . . . Dan shrugged his shoulders and whistled himself into his overcoat, then went back into the taproom.

"Where are you going, Dan?" asked Kitty.

"Just round to the parsonage to fix that henhouse, and then I'll go and see old Ernie for a bit."

"You're never at home. Is it not enough you going out all day without being out half the night as well?"

"The evening's my best time for seeing my friends."

"And a fine set of friends you have—a clergyman who has holes in his coat, and a young girl who already makes herself the talk of the place with your other friend—and he's a lazy, fine, wicked, extravagant young boy who rides about the country on a motor-bike and keeps an inn that he says is better than ours."

"And so it is if you go by class—I'm unaccountable fond of old Ernie, anyway. And reckon no one's any call to say anything against Miss Shackford—for it ain't true, and I won't listen to it neither. And as for Mr. Marchbanks, he pays me for what I do for him, and it ain't much."

"Oh, you be off then. I got Christopher to help me. Thank God, I got one son who stays at home."

"Thank God, you haven't got two," said Daniel good-humoredly, "or the bills 'ud never get paid."

"Now don't you get saucy."

"He ain't saucy, Kit," put in his father—"he's only reminding you that all his outings ain't for pleasure. The boy's a good boy, sure enough."

Dan looked deprecatingly at his mother. He wondered what she would do if he took her in his arms and cuddled her. He had often wanted to, but something about her made him shy. She would not like it from him as she would from Chris—he had often seen Chris put his arms round his mother and lay his cheek against her shoulder. . . . He wanted to do that. But—well, he didn't like to, somehow. He pulled his cap over the thick, shiny, black hair which was brushed back undivided from his forehead, and went out with rather a sheepish look in her direction.

"You'll be back before closing time," his father called after him.

"Yes—I'll be back."

His voice came to them with the chiming of the church clock as it struck six.

"Open the bar!" cried Tom Sheather.

It was nearly dark when Daniel went out—a sheet of lingering red in the west showed up the masses of Fore Hill and Bullock Down, but the rest of the sky was a dim, lightless gray, pricked with a few stars, and the valley beneath was gray, with the river dark among the mists save where its waters held one faint glimmer at the Shine.

Bullockdean Parsonage was a big ramshackle house where the unmarried rector camped like some squatter in the vastness of the prairie. Its few tokens of care and ornament—that is to say, a bright blue gate, and windows and doors in the piecemeal process of becoming blue, also an artistic flower-bed

border of bottle glass and scallop shells—were the fruits of Daniel's industry. Daniel "had an arrangement" with Mr. Marchbanks; that is to say, he had quasi-sole charge of the house and the garden for ten shillings a week. This worked out to the rector's advantage in that he would never have found anyone else to do half the work for twice the money, so he was willing to put up with a certain growing eccentricity in the appearance of his domain. It also worked out to Daniel's advantage for he could come and go as he pleased, suiting his hours to the demands of the George. At the same time it helped lighten that house's financial burden, for ten shillings a week went far in his mother's thrifty housekeeping.

To-night he stood for a moment at the gate, contemplating his handiwork with a satisfied smile. One of the lower windows was lighted and he could see through its uncurtained panes a young man stooping over a writing-table covered with books and papers. Mr. Marchbanks was busy, and Dan had better get on with his jobs without troubling him.

At eight o'clock he stopped work, put away his tools, locked up the shed and went quietly off. It was now very cold indeed—a snap of frost made the stars shiver above the black ridges of the downs, and Daniel walked quickly with his hands thrust deep into the pockets of his overcoat and his collar turned up to his red ears. It was bad luck never having quite enough clothes to keep you warm. . . . However, it would be warm enough at the Crown—Ernley always had a good fire and often a good drink of something hot as well.

The bar of the Crown was altogether a superior affair to the bar of the George. The sawdust on the floor was thicker, the windows were covered with cozy, bright-red curtains, and there were one or two comfortable chairs about. Moreover, behind the counter stood pleasant Maudie Harman with her slow, pretty ways and welcoming smile.

"Good evening, Mr. Sheather," she greeted him. "It's some days since you've been in."

"Good evening, Miss Harman. How are you? And how's Auntie and your sister Jess?"

She hastily took her elbows off the counter and became professional. Dan saw that James Munk had come into the bar.

"Evening," he said glumly, "is Ernley in?"

He hated James Munk for a variety of reasons, the chief one of which was that he wielded a weapon against which Daniel Sheather, like most of his class, stood helpless—the weapon of sarcasm. He never knew whether or not the landlord of the Crown was "getting at him"—his simplest remarks were full of danger, his praise was barbed, his blame two-edged. Dan in his presence became a mumbling oaf.

"Evening," repeated Munk, in tones of courtesy, "Ernley is in his room."

"Well, I'd better go upstairs."

"Yes, I think that would be the best way."

Munk did not like having the young Sheathers in his bar—his comfort was that they never stayed there long. Daniel was now halfway up the stairs. He knocked at Ernie's door. It was merely a consoling fiction of Tom Sheather's that James and his son had to sit in the kitchen because their parlor was let to visitors. It was often so let, it is true, but Ernley would never have sat in it. He had a room of his own—a long, low, comfortable room that ran along the frontage of the Crown and looked out over its sign at the village street. A bright wood fire burned luxuriously in the grate, showing the thick carpet and comfortable chairs, and Ernley's bed with its warm quilt—lighting up his pictures and dancing on the covers of his books.

"Hullo, Dan—that you?"

"Hullo, Ernie."

Dan came in and sat down on the other side of the fire.

"What'll you have to drink?"

"Oh, I dunno."

"May as well have the port out—you look cold."

"It's turned cold."

Ernley fetched a bottle and glasses out of the cupboard. He was a tall, well-made, well-dressed young man, with a dark complexion and queer, restless eyes. He and Daniel had been in the same battalion of the Sussex Regiment. They had joined up about the same time, and they had been together in the second battle of Ypres, where Ernley had been wounded and gassed. Soon afterward he had been given a commission, and his way and Dan's had parted, but their friendship—superseding a mere distrustful acquaintanceship—had remained. There was a world of difference between them—difference in birth, for Ernley's mother at least had been well-born; in education, for Ernley had been to Lancing College and Daniel to the National School; and in character, for Ernley had queer dark hidden ways and moody adventures in which Dan could not share. But the friendship stood firm, built on a double set of memories—memories of childhood spent in the same village, of games and jealousies and quests; and memories of the black and ravaged soil of Flanders, of horrors and dangers and terrors and squalors, lighted up by queer gleams of human laughter. . . .

"Why didn't you come yesterday?" asked Ernie. "I was expecting you."

"I went over to Brakey Bottom. Len was that done over his pigs, and Em having a headache and all—"

"Which did you look after, Em or the pigs?"

"Both," said Dan innocently. "I give Em her mixture, seeing old Len was in a terrification, and heated her a brick to draw it out of her feet; and as for the pigs, I tell Len straight they've got pneumonia and he may as well kill 'em quick before they die."

"Then there's no use strafing you because you didn't come to me, but I wish you hadn't quite so many people to look after, or that you'd count me in as one of them."

"I do count you in—not that you want looking after as much as some."

"But I do. That's where you make a mistake—you put too much stress on physical comfort. If a chap's got good boots you never think there's anything more he can want."

"Well, you seem to have a lot besides boots. Howsumever, Ernie, you can't say I haven't done my bit to help in other ways—it's only that things being so muddled up these times. . . ."

"I know—I know. I'll never forget, old chap, how you worked through that awful business. By the way"—carelessly—"have you seen her at all of late?"

"I saw her this afternoon."

"The devil you did—and how is she?"

"Oh, she looked fine."

"Oh . . . I say, do you think she's heard anything about me and Pearl?"

"I don't think she has. Anyway she didn't speak of it."

There was a moment's silence. Dan broke it first.

"Are you still so hem keen on Pearl?"

"Of course I am. The affair's only just starting."

"And she on you?"

Ernley smiled reminiscently—"She seems willing enough."

"Going to see her again soon?"

"I'm taking her to a *thé-dansant* in Eastbourne to-morrow."

"Lor!"—Dan was impressed by this aristocratic wooing. Then he gulped a little and turned red.

"Then you aren't sweet on Belle any more, Ernley."

"Good Lord, man, no. I've cut that off clean. It's over and done with, thank God!"

He got up and took a turn across the room, passing into the shadows beyond the firelight.

"She hasn't sent a message . . . said anything to you, has she?" he asked; "because I tell you I'm through with

it all. I've had enough of kissing and making it up. I tell you it's done with now. There's no good her trying to whistle me back again."

"She ain't trying, Ernley. She never spoke of you. It's only I'm thinking that, if you've really stopped caring and have got someone else, I—I'd have a shot at courting her myself."

Ernley suddenly stopped his pacing. He turned and faced Daniel, but as he was still in the shadow, young Sheather could not read his face.

"I've been sweet on her for months," continued the boy, "but I wouldn't speak a word, seeing as you hadn't got properly shut of each other. It's only when you started courting Pearl I thought it really must be the end."

"It is the end. But you're a fool, Daniel, if you think Belle Shackford will have you."

His voice came cruelly to Dan. Ernley could sometimes speak like that—all fierce and cruel—but it was better than being sarcastic.

"Why shouldn't she have me?" asked Daniel, much hurt. "I've got as much chance as anyone else, haven't I?"

"I'm sorry, old chap. I didn't mean to be offensive. What I meant to say is this—that we're so different—it's hardly reasonable to expect a girl who's liked me to like you, and t'other way round. And anyhow, it's only three weeks since our break. You're a much more cynical fellow than I thought if you can expect any girl to console herself so soon."

"But that's just it," said Dan sagely—"it's the Rebound. They're more likely to take up with someone else in the first month than afterwards. Look at Mrs. Light, look at Letty Morris—look at yourself, Ernley."

Ernley flushed.

"I've had a sickener. It's a relief to turn to a girl who's not always tearing passion to tatters, who knows how to keep cool, and doesn't always want to get more than she gives."

"Come, Ernley—that ain't fair on Belle. Reckon she gave a lot. She ain't the sort of girl for you, that's all, and I'm glad you've got a different. She couldn't understand your ways—she'd no notion of putting up with you."

"Thanks," said Ernley.

"Well, reckon folks have always got to put up with each other. I'm not saying there weren't faults on both sides. But I'm quite a different sort of chap—more comfortable like, more easy-going—you understand what I mean. I'm as different from you as your Pearl is different from her—and if you like the change I don't see why she shouldn't."

"Is there anything—anything in her manner to make you think she'd take you?"

"Yes," said Dan confidently, "there is."

"Oh . . . it's easy-come easy-go, is it?"

"No, Ernie—you misjudge her. It's simply as she's worn out, and I'm a comfortable chap. Reckon she don't want no more passions: just a homely sort of affair as this 'ud be."

"Are you able to marry her?"

"If she don't mind putting up with the George, I am."

"A damn fine life for her," sneered Ernley.

"Well, leastways I'll be marrying her and treating her proper."

"Now don't start getting at me. You know why I couldn't marry her—you know the way Dad treats me—that I haven't a bean of my own, and my only hope is to work round Dad so that he takes me into the business. If Belle 'ud have waited we could have done it some day."

"She's not the sort as waits."

"Evidently not."

He came out of the shadows and sat down opposite Daniel beside the fire.

"I tell you, Dan, being in love is hell—it's like having your skin off—it's bloody—it's damned—it's—Well, thank God I'm out of it, and you'd better think twice before you go in."

"Ain't you in love with Pearl then?"

"Not in that way—never again in that way—my God, no!"

"Well then maybe I shan't be in that way. I hope not, I'm sure."

He stuck out his legs to the fire and stared into it, silent and satisfied. He was glad he had told Ernley about his feelings, for until then he had had an uneasy suspicion that his friend still cared, and while there was a chance of that he would not speak to Belle. But now Ernley had practically said "go in and win"—though he had also implied "You'll be likelier and luckier to lose." . . . Well, time would show that. Anyhow Dan was not afraid of love. He did not expect it to burn him up as it had burned up Belle and Ernie. He wasn't such a combustible sort of chap. Maybe some people would say that what he felt wasn't love at all. But it did well enough for him and he hoped it would do well enough for Belle.

The clock in the taproom below struck ten. Daniel sprang out of his dream.

"Losh! I must be getting back. I promised Dad I'd be back by closing time. It's awkward for him if there's anyone drunk and won't go. Mother won't have Chris chuck 'em out, and I ain't so bad at it."

He began buttoning up his coat.

"So you're still wearing your army coat," said Ernley. "I thought it would have been done by now."

"So it is—done in, as you might say. I'd meant to get myself a new one this fall—seen it in Lewes—but Mum wanted parlor curtains, and reckon her old curtains were worse than my old coat."

"Would you like my British Warm? Dad's giving me a new one this season."

"Ernie, old chap, you don't mean it!"

"Of course I do—it's not new but there's a lot of comfort in it yet, and if you like to have it, it's yours."

"Would I like to have it?" asked Dan —"Oh no, of course not!"

He went home muffled in Ernley's British Warm. His humility in receiving gifts was one of the things that made their friendship delightful to both of them. But some people thought Dan Sheather was too ready to accept Ernie Munk's cast-off possessions.

The next day broke as cold as the night had been. Daniel was up before the sun, lighting the kitchen fire. This was his daily task, as his mother did not care these days for early rising, and the nondescript assistance known as "the girl" did not arrive till eight o'clock. So Daniel lighted the fire, put the kettle on to boil, gave the cat its breakfast, and went out to feed the fowls and the pony; by which time the house was astir, noisily shaking itself into activity. First Tom Sheather came thundering down the stairs, yelling after Daniel to ask if he'd remembered to order the sherry, as if not he'd have to drive into Lewes and fetch it; then Kitty Sheather shouted to her husband that she wasn't going to fold his nightshirt and he could come back and do it himself; and last of all Chris Sheather came yawning and stretching his supple limbs and laughing at Dan because his face was dirty.

"And I'd like to know what yours 'ud be if you'd been down raking out the fire instead of laying in bed like a lady."

"Well, Daniel, if you grudge helping me I know Chris will do it," said his mother.

"I reckon he won't. Nothing 'ull get Chris out of bed before half-past seven. He's Miss Flossie Fluff of the Pink-tights Theater, I reckon."

"D'you want to have your head punched?" asked Christopher.

"Yes," said Daniel. "You come on and do it."

Two hours' hard work on an empty stomach had not improved his temper; besides, it always did him good to knock Chris about.

But the battle was not to be. At the mere thought of it Kitty Sheather threw her arms round her darling's neck and burst into tears. She would not let him fight Dan any more than she had let him fight the Germans. So Daniel had

to sit down unrelieved, and eat his bread and cold bacon to the accompaniment of his mother's scolding.

"Whew!" said his father after breakfast as he followed him into the stable.

When the family "took sides" it was always Dan and Tom on one side and Chris and Kitty on the other, though in his heart Dan would rather have had a different alliance.

"I sometimes think," continued Tom, "that I shall have to leg it."

"Leg it! What do you mean?"

"Beat it—sling my hooks. I can't stand being treated like this."

"But you aren't treated like anything, Dad. We all have to mind mother. It's I who got it in the neck this morning."

"Well, I don't see why you should, for you're as good a boy as ever breathed."

"I ain't. And anyways it won't help me much if you clear out. It'll be worse having to stick it alone."

"But I shan't have to watch you sitting there being wigged for what ain't your fault—me the master of my own house and not able to say a word."

"It's because you're scared."

"That's just it—I'm scared—scared in my own house—and I won't put up with it. I'm beginning to think I was a fool to leave the sea."

"The sea! But, father, you've left the sea almost a lifetime ago. You'd never go back to it."

"A lifetime! I like your cheek. Your lifetime maybe, but not a man's, not mine. I'm only forty-six and as strong as a dromedary. I tell you I'm wasted here, having to sit and listen to my boy being slated when I'm not being slated myself. I'm not master in my own house."

"And would you be master on board a ship?"

"No, I shouldn't. But I shouldn't have a woman over me. It's that what stings—having a woman ordering you about all day. And she promised to obey me, too—and though she said it in French, it's just as good as if she'd said it in English. I asked the minister and he told me."

"Father, I think you shouldn't ought to speak so of mother before me."

"Well, I can't help it. I must let out before some one or I'll bust. You're a good boy, Daniel. I say, what if you and me was to go away together and get a sea job? Then you wouldn't have to stick it alone—and you'd like the sea, I know, for you're handy as they make 'em."

"Father! Have done, do!" Dan was aghast at such treason.

"Well, and why not?"

"You should ought to be ashamed of yourself. How's poor mother to get on without us—and us leaving her in debt to the brewers and all—and Chris no good, and no woman ever fit to manage a pub? Father, you shouldn't ought to speak so. I'm ashamed of you."

"Lor! you're got your mother's own tongue. You take after her in that way if you don't in no other. Well, I won't talk about it any more, since you feel bad about it.'"

"And you won't do anything neither?"

"Not I. What should I do now after twenty-five years ashore? I was only joking, and wishing I hadn't been such a mortal fool as to—howsumever, you'd say that was wicked too."

CHAPTER II

Daniel had not remembered to order the sherry, so most of the morning was spent in driving into Lewes to fetch it. After some mutual impoliteness with the wine merchant, whose bill had not been paid, Dan brought back the sherry and took his stand in the bar. He generally worked in the bar of mornings to make up for his evenings elsewhere. At last the clock struck two, sign of banishment or liberation according to one's circumstances and point of view. Dan came into the kitchen whistling, and buttoning Ernley's British Warm up to his chin.

"Where you going now, Dan?" asked his mother.

"Over to Batchelors. They asked me to tea."

"And when 'ull you be back?"

"Not till closing time. I promised Len I'd have supper over with them."

"Why, the boy's never at home."

"Well, Mum, seeing as I've been on your jobs all the morning—"

"Oh, yes, I know you grudge everything you do for me."

"But I don't, Mum. It's only, as I've told you, I must see my friends."

"You were over at Batchelors yesterday."

"Well . . . say, is there anything you want me here for this afternoon?"

"Nothing. I got Christopher to sit by me. He don't want any sweetheart but his mother."

"He's only a kid—not old enough for girls."

"I don't like girls," said Chris.

"Well, you wait till you've cut your teeth."

"Anyways, when I take a girl I'll take somebody fresh, not another chap's leavings."

Once more Kitty Sheather saved her darling's beauty; but this time she would not have done it if she had not run between them, for Dan was really angry.

"He's a swine to speak so—and I'll knock his head off some time when he ain't hiding behind your petticoats."

"Well, you chipped at him first—with your talk about cutting teeth."

"I don't care what I said. He's a swine to speak so. I ain't taking nobody's leavings. I—I—"

Daniel spluttered.

"Who's coat are you wearing?" mocked Kitty. "Isn't that somebody's leavings?"

"Well, seeing as . . . well, mother, you've got no call . . . seeing as I bought your curtains . . . leastways . . ."

His anger was turning to grief and was choking him. He was only one against two this afternoon—his father having gone for a "lay down" upstairs—and he could not stand any more of it. He muttered something thick and foolish and went out.

The air of the down cooled him. Before him spread the curves and swells of the down-top, cut into clear strips of color by the plow—brown and gold and delicate green, with the round eye of a dew pond looking up to the sailing clouds. Dan watched the birds that came with flurrying, dipping wings across the bottoms, and they seemed to join with the sailing clouds and the spreading down in giving him an impression of freedom and vastness which healed. Something like this the sea would feel if he were on it . . . for the first time his father's mad scheme had an attractive savor. . . . But, no—it was foolish to think of the sea; he was a landsman born—besides, he loved the land—and he loved pre-eminently two who lived on land, his mother and Belle Shackford. Neither of his loves seemed in a flourishing way: his mother thought of no one but her youngest boy, and he feared that Belle, in spite of what he had said to Ernie last night, was turning to him only because she wanted a contrast, wanted comfort. . . . Poor Belle! But that didn't make his loyalty any less. He owed his mother service even if she did not appreciate it; and if all Belle wanted was comfort, then he owed her that.

As he walked over the down's back, past the dew pond and Five Lords Bush, he wondered how many times he had taken that way on Ernie's errand. Often during the summer and continually during the autumn he had tramped to Batchelors—to inquire, to explain, to reconcile. He had carried notes in his pocket and messages in his head—he had had to bear the blame of Belle's freezing, with occasional rewards in the praise of her melting. He had seen her angry, sorrowful, relenting, glad, tender, obdurate, despairing. He knew all her moods, all the changes in her voice, all the changes in her eyes. Surely he had

never known a woman so well; and yet with all his knowledge he had come to love her—indeed, out of knowledge and with knowledge had grown his love. He had begun to love her before the autumn was well on its way—that is, some weeks before the final quarrel which, with one brief interval of reconciliation, had lasted over two months. And now he was free—loosed by Ernley—to go and see her on his own behalf. She had always a kind welcome for him, and he felt this could not have been unless she felt toward him pretty much as he guessed and said. He did not flatter himself that she loved him as she had loved Ernley—but then he did not expect that, would scarcely have wanted it. He had felt the distant scorch of that fire, and he knew it belonged to an order of things he did not understand.

Ernley was right—it was terrible to love like that. Love ought to be a warm, friendly, comfortable thing—a glowing hearth, not all the house on fire. Though of course, if you asked him, he knew well enough all the wickedness was due to that James Munk not letting them marry, and keeping Ernie out of the business so as he hadn't a penny he could call his own. If Ernie and Belle could have married and settled down there wouldn't have been all this flare-up. For he knew Belle, knew her sort, knew that all the trouble was because she wasn't a wife and had been made for nothing else. Of course Ernley was different—you couldn't say he was made for nothing but a husband. Still, old Ernie would have settled down if he'd been given a chance. Now it was too late—the house of love was burned, and those who had tried to keep house in it wandered separately, searching for a roof.

Batchelors Hall stands in the flat waste of fields between the Firle downland and the lower Dicker. Some hundred years ago Batchelors was still the Manor of the two Dickers, but during the last century it had crumbled from manor to farmhouse. To-day it stood unprosperous and untidy, a mere tenant farm; beautiful perhaps to the inexperienced eye that can ignore fruitfulness run to waste as it feasts on lichened walls: great roof bossed with stone-crop, and those sharp sinister gables of pre-Tudor imagining—but tragic to those with knowledge to see it as it was, forlorn and rotten like one of the derelict trees beside the Cuckmere.

The Shackfords lived in what they called the "new part" of the building, that is to say, a wing which had been added disastrously in the Regency. Here they had high ceilings and high windows with soaring sashes instead of the low-beamed ceilings and casement windows that were to be found in the rest of the house.

The family consisted of a father, three daughters, and a son. Lucy was the eldest, a thin smart girl with a mass of carefully, elaborately dressed hair. All the Shackford girls had wonderful heads of hair; but Belle, the next sister, wore hers in untidy tumbling heaps like a stook of corn half blown over by the wind. Indeed it must be confessed that the whole appearance of Belle could have been described as untidy and tumbling. She was a big tall girl, extraordinarily well-developed for her twenty years, with more pretensions to beauty than her sisters, but fewer to elegance. Like all the Miss Shackfords, she was fond of clothes, and spent in finery most of the little money that came her way; but she was reckless in detail. The two younger children were a rowdy girl of fifteen and a sedate boy a year younger. They had nothing in common except their teens and their derision of those sop-headed males who came to court their sisters.

Daniel approached the house with some diffidence, being uncertain which member of the family he would encounter first. As it happened, he met their father. Fred Shackford was not a bad fellow, though all the neighborhood said he was a damn bad farmer.

"Hullo, sir," he cried cheerily from the doorstep. Come to tea with the girls? They're just starting."

Daniel came in, breathing hard.

The three Miss Shackfords and their brother were sitting round the table in the dining room with the black-and-white-striped wallpaper. Lucy sat at the head in her best silk blouse, with her hair done a new way. Belle sat on one side in her old woolen jersey, which gaped to display sky-blue silk beneath, and her hair was done in the old way. Daniel shook hands all round, even with hateful Tim and Nellie, and sat down at the table, squeezed between Fred Shackford and Belle.

The conversation was colorlessly polite. It consisted chiefly of remarks about the weather and the pressing of the visitor's appetite. Dan felt as sop-headed as he knew Tim and Nellie thought him. Belle always had this effect upon him—reducing him by her odd mixed pressure of floppy beauty and keen tragedy to the likeness of a deaf and dumb idiot.

"I'm dreading the lambing," said Lucy. "I know what it means, with old Gadgett getting past his work and all. I'll have perhaps half a dozen lambs in the kitchen. My, it's a life!"

"I like lambs in the kitchen," said Belle in her husky voice—"dear little mites!—it's a happiness to give them their bottles."

"Animals mean work," said Lucy—"especially when you're like us and can't afford a decent shepherd's pay. We wouldn't keep Gadgett another month if it wasn't that he takes eighteen bob a week, and all the young chaps belong to the Agricultural Laborers' Union and think they'll work from nine till four, as if a farm was the same as a factory—" She tossed her head to finish the sentence.

"Len's getting a bit down in the mouth over Brakey Bottom," ventured Dan.

"Oh, I don't pity a man—I don't see that there's any cause for a man to get low because he has to work hard. But when it comes to girls, it's a shame. Six o'clock I got up yesterday and in bed at eleven, and to-day up at six again. I tell you my back's aching. And I want to go up to London next week and see my feeonsay's people. Oh, I like London, I do."

"I don't," said Belle, with a sidelong glance through the window at the dark flow of the down against the sunset.

"Nor do I," said Shackford, "if it's going to fetch my girls away to theaters. Always gadding, these girls are, Mr. Sheather—always after theaters and pictures and shops. All except Belle, that's to say"—remembering his visitor's intentions—"she's more fond of the country like. But Lucy—she's sometimes in to Eastbourne twice a week for the shops."

The conversation was now showing signs of leaving those rarified levels on which Daniel could not breathe; but just as he was almost beginning to enjoy it, Miss Shackford swept it back on to the heights.

"If everyone's finished," she said icily, "I suggest we all go into the drawing-room and listen to the gramophone."

This adjournment was all according to the local rules of courtship, and Daniel had no sense of frustration as he and the Shackford family sat stiffly round the room on the "tapestried suite," while the ancient bell-mouth gramophone gave forth such strains as "The Ragtime Violin" and "Honolulu Lu." The family acknowledged his pretensions by thus surrounding him and entertaining him—he was a suitor publicly proclaimed. Belle alone seemed to have a certain affinity with her surroundings. It might have been because her love of the lights of Lewes, of cinemas and shops, was superficial rather than essential: that she had never craved for them except as means to an end—the end of love—seeking her romance in the lighted mouths of picture palaces and under the dazzle of street lamps, as her

grandmothers had sought it in the dark mouths of lanes and under the dazzle of the stars. Belle knew that love was slow-footed in the lanes but swift on the pavements in the light of the shops. It was up and down those golden pavements of Lewes, under the hanging nimbus of the town's night that she and Ernley Munk had first met and hunted each other. But she had been glad when the hunt passed out into the lanes and into the sheltered reedy places of the Cuckmere. And now when the hunt was over, when love had been caught and killed, she no longer wanted to go back into the town—she still preferred the quietness of the fields, the bareness of the downs, the darkness of the reedy places of the Cuckmere.

To-night when at last in a silence of the gramophone Daniel rose to make reluctant farewells, she surprised him by offering to walk a part of the way home with him up the down.

"You'd never want to go out now—it's growing dark," said Lucy.

"I've been stuck to the yard all day," said Belle, "and I want a stretch. Come on," she said to Daniel. "If I go now I can get a breath of air before it turns cold."

Daniel made polite farewells all round, during which Belle huddled into one of the men's overcoats hanging in the hall. Her hair was like a pale froth in the dusk as they walked through the yard and out into the farmhouse lane which led toward the down. Her face was dredged of color and her eyes no longer held the warm blue sky but the cold moon. Dan felt a little afraid of her, even though he was alone. He wondered whether perhaps she had come with him to give him a message for Ernley, to ask him to carry once more in his unwilling head words of submission and reconciliation.

But she did not speak of Ernley, though after a time they fell into a desultory conversation. It struck him that after all she might have come out with him only because she was tired of the farm, tired of the yard with its endless small toils, tired of the kitchen and the parlor with their crowding and shrillness. She wanted quiet, she wanted coolness, she wanted rest, she wanted room. But she might have had these without his company . . . then perhaps after all she had favored him by coming with him. It seemed as if he too were a necessary part of her refreshment. He felt his cheeks glow, and he lost the thread of what she was saying—her voice beside him in the twilight was a song without words.

They came to the foot of the steep chalky path which ascends Firle and is known as the Bostal Way. In the entrance of it Belle paused.

"I won't go any farther—I'll turn back here."

She wasn't going to speak of Ernley after all. He reproached himself for having lost any of the sweetness of her company in doubts and surmises.

"Come up with me to the top of the hill—don't go now."

She shook her head till her hair was like swimming light.

"No, I must get back now. Lucy 'ull want me to help with the supper—we have the men staying for it, you know."

She was turning to leave him without handshake or formal farewell. Suddenly he knew he could not let her go till he had tried her.

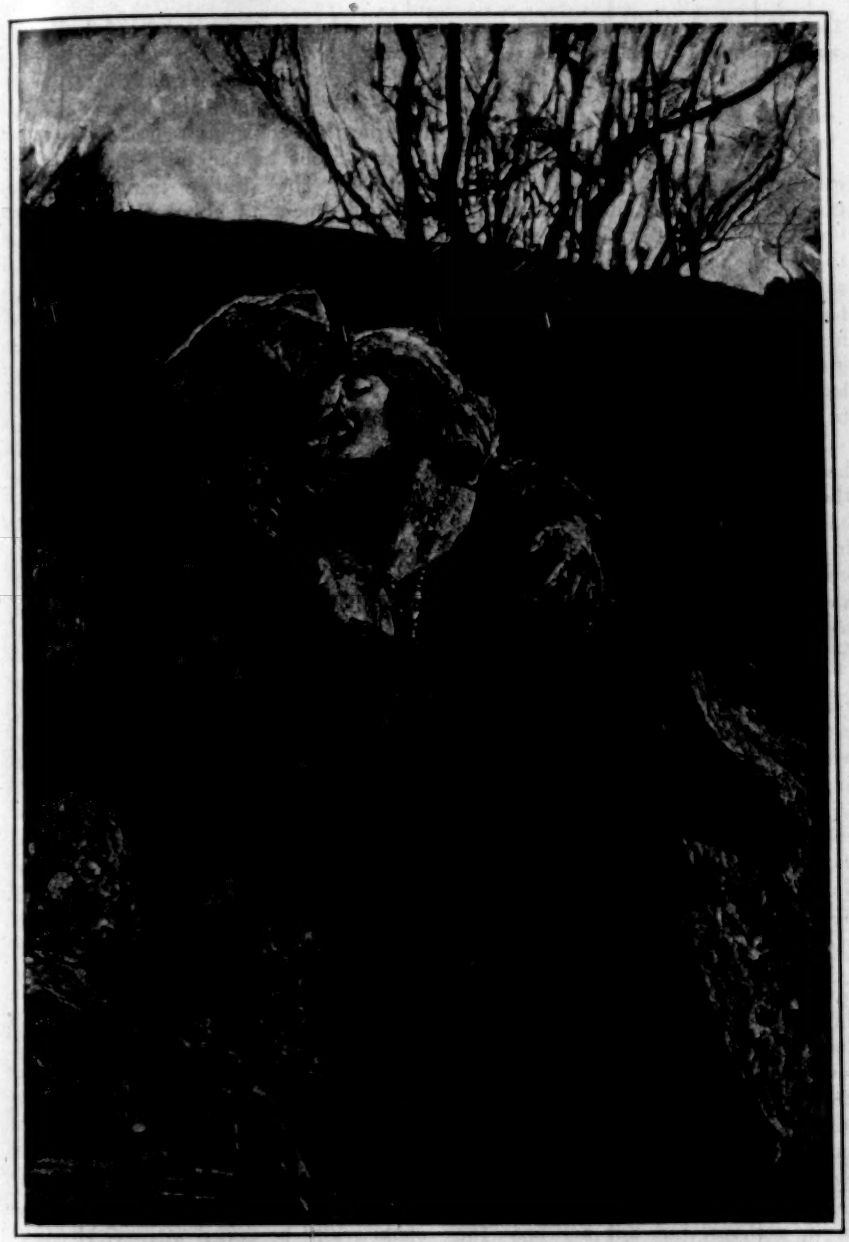
His hand shot out of the darkness and took hers. He felt it warm and heavy in his—he pulled her to him by it, and at first, taken by surprise, she came, then began to hold back.

"Belle . . . don't . . . I must."

"No, Dan—oh, no!"

But he had pulled her to him and was holding her against him. He did not dare kiss her but his body thrilled against hers, content merely to have it close, so that their hearts beat together.

Then suddenly her breathing thickened into a sob, she drooped toward him, seemed to melt into him, and the next thing he knew was that his mouth was holding hers—melting into it—the next



Drawn by W. Hatherell, R. I.

THE NEXT THING HE KNEW WAS THAT HIS MOUTH WAS HOLDING HERS

that they had suddenly gone separate ways, he uphill and she down.

CHAPTER III

All his way across the down Dan shivered with that kiss. It seemed to have given her to him, without promise, without words. Or rather, it had given him to her—he felt as if till now his courtship had been on wrong lines, as if he had merely sought to win her, and now instead he had given himself. He had given himself to her in that kiss—he belonged to her now, whatever she chose to do with him.

His emotional history was simple. He had never been in love before. During the three years he was in the army he had received a fair amount of attention from girls—he had taken out girls, as his fellow soldiers took them out; he had kissed them occasionally when they seemed to expect it—but he had never felt deeply nor roused deep feelings.

But now that kiss seemed to have reversed all his preconceived ideas of courtship, those ideas of the wooing, winning, possessing male. It had made him the servant of love. He saw his life given to Belle, whether she wanted his love or not. Hitherto he had rarely thought of rejection, and if he had thought of it could not have faced it. But that kiss had plunged him into an overwhelming humility.

If he had not been so humble he would have been triumphant, for he could not think that Belle had not had her full share in that pledge. He could not believe that her lips had been casual or merely affectionate. It was she who had caused their embrace, their motionless contact, to flame into a kiss. Without her leading he was not sure that he would have dared touch her lips—her cheek, perhaps, but not her lips—the paradise of her sad mouth. . . . In the depths of his humility there was no room for triumph, but there was a dwelling-place for hope.

He was not jealous of Ernley, any more than a man is jealous of the guests who have been before him at an inn. For he knew that he did not come to Belle as the others had come (as even Ernley had come) as a guest to be entertained, but as the host—to keep the house. The strange thing was that Daniel knew all about the others, all that she had been to other men, and yet still hoped for what she could be to him. He knew that he wanted to be to her something that the others had never been, so was not afraid that she would be to him what she had been to others.

Daniel generally had supper once a week at Brakey Bottom. He was the representative of family intercourse, for Tom Sheather was too busy with his own tangled affairs to care to go much into the coil of his son's, and his wife disliked the long shingly road that wound over the barrenness of Bullock Down and Highdole to the final desert of Brakey Bottom.

Dan, on the contrary, loved mixing himself up with other people's affairs, and was equally ready to help Emmy with the housework or give Len advice about the farm.

Emmy was a cheery, buxom, overflowing soul with warm-colored cheeks and a mop of red hair. She gave her brother-in-law a hearty kiss, and told him to hold Ivy so that there might be some chance of her being properly dressed before it was time for her to take her clothes off.

"Wriggling like a little worm, she is, and not fit to be seen since she fell on that turkey's egg—quite spoiled the front of her dress."

"Poor Ivy," said Dan. "What luck."

"I don' mind," said Ivy.

She was a stolid child with a jammy countenance. Neither of Len's children could really be called attractive. Ivy had her mother's moon face without her animation, and Leslie had his father's inheritance of the le Couteur features with an added beadiness. But to Daniel they were both charming—he thought

them the prettiest, funniest kids he had ever seen, just as he thought Emmy, with her round face and peony cheeks, the prettiest woman—prettier than Belle, though he loved Belle the best. He took Ivy onto his knee and succeeded after a struggle in tying her pinafore strings, while Leslie tugged at his sleeve and whined for cigarette pictures. Then after he had searched his pockets for four penn'orth of bulls-eyes he had bought that morning in Lewes, and given two cigarette cards to the rapacious Leslie, they settled down to a game of Snakes and Ladders while supper was preparing—a game in which, after some preliminary contempt, the father was persuaded to join and in which he forgot his woes with surprising quickness.

"Now come to supper or the tea will be cold!" summoned Emmy.

It might not have struck anyone that Len's and Emmy's household was a particularly good advertisement for matrimony, but Daniel seldom left it without an earnest desire to get married and have an Ivy and Leslie of his own. At first this wish had been dim and general, a cloud that might settle anywhere, but now it had definitely fallen on Belle Shackford. He would like to see Belle sitting at his supper-table when he came home of an evening, he would like to see her undressing his children, as he had seen Emmy undress Ivy and Leslie tonight. Of course the domestic picture was a little spoiled by the fact that for the first years of married life he and Belle would have to live at the George and bear with its intrusions on their privacy and romance. Still, they would have their own room—two rooms perhaps. In his mind as he walked home was a picture of candlelight moving over low beams, Belle's face lifted into it, her hair streaming back into the darkness of the bed, as he stood looking down on her with the candle in his hand. . . . It was a marvelously clear picture, the only one his imagination held as yet of the intimate joys of marriage, and it brought a strange fog of tears into his eyes.

CHAPTER IV

Daniel wanted badly both to tell his secret and keep it, to eat his cake and have it. He nearly told his mother when he unexpectedly met her going downstairs the next morning—he had a queer feeling of treachery toward her, as if she would have hated to see another woman set up in the place she had never attempted to fill.

He put his arms round her neck and kissed her.

"What's the matter with you, Dan?"

"I dunno."

"You're like a great baby."

"I'm only saying good-morning."

"That's a new way for you to say it."

"I'm sorry—I can't help it, Mum."

He took away his arms from her and went out.

It was his "early day" at the rectory. One of Mr. Marchbank's many peculiarities as a clergyman was his fondness for having services without any congregation. Every morning the little rasping bell of Bullockdean Church made a short clamor at seven, and the village priest stood before the village altar while the village yawned and pulled on its trousers and lighted its fires. Apparently the thing could not be done if Mr. Marchbanks was quite alone, so three or four of the local youth took turns to kneel beside him in the cold morning shadows and answer for Bullockdean. By a process of the survival of the fittest, three mornings out of the seven had fallen to Daniel's share: afterward he would have breakfast at the rectory and do one or two jobs about the place before going home.

To-day he was a little flurried over his duties. In church he stammered and gabbled, and forgot his "piece"—and at the parsonage he burned the boiled eggs which, as everybody knows, is an achievement usually beyond the reach of the worst cook. The lady who "helped" at the rectory was often late, and Daniel

was used to cooking the breakfast as well as eating it. He was, as he put it, "fond of messing about," and certainly did not as a rule produce a worse meal than Mrs. Ades herself. But this morning he was demoralized, and not only brought an incinerated breakfast to the table but ate it heedlessly, without comment or grimace. His friend could see that something was on his mind and very near his tongue.

"Mr. Marchbanks, have you ever been to Batchelors Hall?"

"No, never; but I've met Shackford on one or two occasions."

"Ever met the girls—Lucy and—er . . . Belle?"

"I met Belle once out walking with young Munk, and he introduced me. But I haven't seen her since."

"Oh, then you'd . . ." Dan's cheeks and tongue were burning—"I say . . ."

"Well?"

"What would you say if . . . I mean, how would you like to keep a pig?"

The clergyman looked startled. Was this the fruit of Dan's soul in travail?

"I shouldn't like it at all."

"I'd take care of him for you, and you could feed him on scraps and waste . . . or get a sow and mate her, and we'd make money out of the litters."

In spite of various efforts on Mr. Marchbank's side and several temptations on his own, he stuck to pigs till the end of breakfast.

Even by then the "help" had not arrived and Dan, who could never quite see where a man's work ended and a woman's began, proceeded to a frenzied washing up and an unceremonious making of the priest's bed by pulling down the blankets. He was smoothing the quilt over his handiwork when a ring came at the front doorbell.

Dan thundered downstairs to open it and found Jess Harman on the step with Doctor Penny's twins in a pushcart beside her.

"I've got a message for the rector from Mrs. Penny. She says 'May she put off the carving class from Tuesday to Wednesday as her cook wants to change her night out?'—a verdible answer—'yes or no.'"

"I'll give it," said Dan, turning into the house—"and then maybe you'll come and help me with the work, since you're so smart."

"And what's to become of the kids? I'm hired to look after them."

"Bring them in, and we'll find something to keep 'em quiet. Let me help you with the pram."

Daniel had known Jess Harman all her life, which was a couple of years shorter than his. He and the two Harmans had gone to school together and had shared many secrets about frogs and toffee and the private life of Jess and Maudie's joint doll. He had never fancied himself in love with Jess, whose career had been a lowlier one in pantries and sculleries, but to-day he certainly did experience an overwhelming desire to tell her about Belle Shackford.

"Jess," he asked—"have you ever been in love?"

"Have you been following me round the house on purpose to ask me that?"

"Yes—oh, Jess, I'm in love myself."

She turned round and faced him, dustpan in hand.

"You! Daniel Sheather!—who with?"

"Belle Shackford," he said hoarsely.

"Well!"

Jess threw her hands in the air, unheeding of the avalanche that descended from the dustpan. "Well!"

"Well, why not?"

He was angry now. He had told his secret and wished he hadn't.

"Well, my boy, she's been engaged to Ernley Munk for two years—and anyhow she ain't the girl for you."

"How d'you mean?"

"She ain't your sort. She's fast. You want something quieter."

"She's quiet enough for me."

He thought of her for a moment as the pigeon in his breast.

"She's—oh, I don't want to miscall her, Danny, for I reckon she's had her troubles, but you know she's fast—you

know the things that have been said about her as well as I do."

"I don't care."

"But you don't believe they ain't true?"

"I don't care if they're true or not."

"Then there's some hope for you. If you'd said to me that Belle was just like the female in 'be thou hard as ice and chaste as snow thou shalt not escape camomile,' then I'd think you were just a poor loon that had to be protected, but if you're going into things with your eyes open—"

"I am."

'And how far have you gone?"

"No way at all."

Since she was being so unsympathetic, he would not tell her about the kiss.

"Then don't go any farther."

"I've gone too far to turn back."

"You say you've gone no way at all and yet you've gone too far to turn back. You *are* a loon, after all, Daniel."

"There's no good talking to you about it," he said sulkily, "I'm sorry I told you."

She melted at once.

"Oh, don't say that, Dan. I didn't mean to be short with you—but I was sorry to think of you . . . well, never mind. I wish you happy, I'm sure, though I don't expect it."

"Why not?"

"Because—well, I've told you before, and you didn't like it, so there's no sense telling you again. Besides, most likely if she's not the sort of girl for you, she'll see it herself and say 'no.' And don't think I shan't be sorry for you, though I say it'll be better if she does. I've nothing against her myself, but I shouldn't be acting friendly if I didn't tell you solemn that she's not the girl for you."

"Then who is she the girl for?"

"Oh, a mere dashing sort of chap—the kind that'll take her riding in the side-car of his motor-bike and give her tea at a hotel in Eastbourne, and 'ull dance with her sometimes, and buy her garters—a chap like Ernie Munk. All the Shackford girls are like that—fond of pleasure—'She that liveth for pleasure is dead while she liveth,' the Bible says."

"Now don't start preaching."

"I ain't. But there's no harm in you knowing what the Bible says about Belle Shackford."

"And about you, too. You go to the pictures every time you get a chance."

"Which is about once a year. Howsumever, I don't say I shouldn't go oftener if I could. Now, Daniel, you and me had better stop quarreling and go down and see if those kids haven't baked theirselves in the oven or cut theirselves open with the kitchen knives or otherways lost me my place."

(*To be continued*)

SHATTERING THE MYTH OF JOHN WILKES BOOTH'S ESCAPE

An Adventure in Journalism

BY WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD

(The legend has long been current in the Southwest that the man who was shot by Boston Corbett at Garrett's farm and identified as the assassin of Abraham Lincoln was not John Wilkes Booth but that Booth escaped to Texas and Oklahoma. Evidence in support of the story has recently appeared in one of the State Historical Journals in the West, and a prominent churchman has for years lectured on the subject to thousands of people. This legend has proved so strangely persistent that HARPER'S MAGAZINE asked Mr. Shepherd to probe the evidence to a conclusive issue. The story which Mr. Shepherd has brought back after an extended investigation, involving two trips to Texas and Oklahoma, is a timely, interesting narrative of a remarkable adventure in journalism.—*Editor's Note.*)

IN twenty years of investigating and writing for newspapers and magazines I have never encountered a more absorbing story than the Enid legend of John Wilkes Booth. To meet the believers of this legend in the Oklahoma country, where it arose; to hear them explain their firm belief that John Wilkes Booth escaped and was never punished for the assassination of Lincoln, but lived and died among them; and to discover proofs that they were wrong—has been one of my most interesting experiences.

This legend is no mild rumor. It has penetrated the office of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, as well as others, many times during the past twenty years. It still finds its way occasionally into the columns of the daily newspapers. When H. H. Kohlsaat recently published in a magazine an account of how the family of John Wilkes Booth secured his body from the government at Washington and buried it in the family cemetery lot in Baltimore, he received many letters from various parts of the country announcing that John Wilkes Booth had never been captured. He received a front-page article in a prominent Western newspaper which in 1924 carried the story of Booth's escape and of his death at Enid, Oklahoma. An officer in the American army sent him a book relating the Enid legend. Mr. Kohlsaat was called to account for not knowing that John Wilkes Booth was never punished. The Enid legend came to the front from everywhere. Therefore I was asked by the editors of HARPER'S MAGAZINE to put the Enid legend, if I could, through the sieve of fact and history.

Perhaps the most extraordinary feature of the whole legend is that to this day, unless it has been recently disposed of, the body of a man who claimed to be John Wilkes Booth lies mummified and unburied in the city of Memphis, Tennessee.

My sifting of the legend imposed upon me within the past year the unpleasant task of viewing this body. It was in a coffinlike pine box, lying in a garage in the rear of a home on a fine Memphis residential street. For twenty-one years it had been preserved by Finis L. Bates, an eminent citizen of Memphis, a lawyer well known throughout the South. Up to the day of his death, Thanksgiving Day of 1923, Mr. Bates believed that he was holding the body of John Wilkes Booth; and that

in time, for the "correction of history" he could prove to the United States government that John Wilkes Booth had escaped punishment.

It was in the evening after dinner and after the unsuspecting colored servants had retired to their quarters that I was escorted to the garage to see the mummy. There was the body of an old man, with bushy white hair, parted low, as young Booth parted his. If this were Booth's body, then Booth must have lived to be sixty-five years old. My hostess, the widow of Mr. Bates, and her son pointed out to me the raised eyebrow. Booth's right eyebrow had been scarred in a stage duel. They called attention to the right thumb, which closely hugged the index finger. The lower joint of Booth's right thumb had been crushed in a stage curtain and he always carried his cane in such a manner that the handle would hide this injury.

FINIS L. BATES
Who spent many years in trying to establish the truth of John Wilkes Booth's escape

Could I see a slight irregularity on the bone of the right ankle?

Booth broke his ankle when, in jumping from the President's box at Ford's Theater that April evening, his foot caught in the draping of an American flag.

It was difficult for me to see these distinctive marks. The skin of the mummy was like wrinkled parchment. But there was enough of a suggestion of such marks to prevent anyone from then and there declaring that this was not the body of John Wilkes Booth.

John Wilkes Booth had been a handsome man and the despair of lovely women. Could this long gray hair, still curling and plenteous, have been the adornment of that young man who mastered the stage of his day with his talent and his physical beauty? This poor old man, unburied yet after twenty-one years of death!—could he have been John Wilkes Booth? And if he could, what a fate it would be—more ghastly than any punishing judge could impose—that his body should not be laid to rest. Strange thoughts to try to think out on a cold garage floor in the heart of the residence district of one of our fine cities, under the light of electric lamps, with a neighborhood radio concert beating in your ears and with two smiling, amiable hosts studying your bewilderment.

I was glad enough to go back into the warmth and light of the big house.

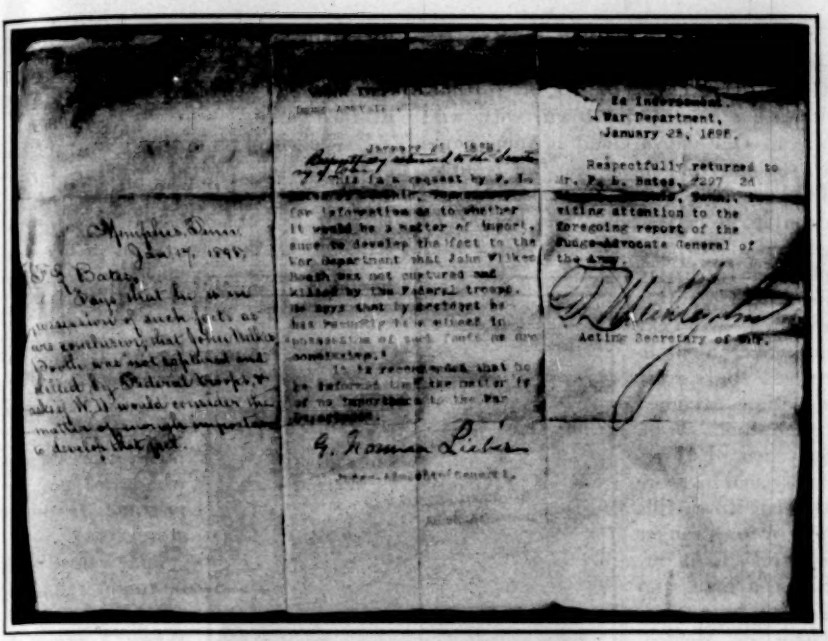
And from this house I went out through the South to different cities and towns to trail down, as best I could, the legend that John Wilkes Booth was never captured and did not pay the penalty of his crime, but that he died a suicide in the city of Enid, Oklahoma, in January, 1903.

At the outset I must say there would have been no legend of Enid if the records of the War Department concerning the capture and burial of John Wilkes Booth had not been prepared in secrecy and if many of the facts about it had not been shrouded in wartime mystery. In haste, without public notice, without civilian identification, with few onlook-

ers, the body officially described as that of John Wilkes Booth was disposed of. In 1914, before the Great War, it would have been difficult to understand the haste and mystery which surrounded the burial of Booth's body; with the Great War fresh in our minds and with a lively appreciation of what little chance civilians have to know of official war-time doings, it is easier to comprehend the secret military methods which were followed in disposing of the remains of Lincoln's assassin. The secret service department of the army had charge of the Booth affair. Colonel L. C. Baker, a detective, was given sole responsibility for the capture of Booth by Secretary of War Stanton. Colonel Baker put his cousin, Lieutenant L. B. Baker, in charge of the field search. The two Bakers controlled subsequent events—one in Washington and the other along the highways of Maryland and Virginia. They held themselves accountable to no one except the Secretary of War. They even acted as their own censors in telling their story of the capture and death of Booth. A reporter for the New York *World*, at that time writing of the capture of Booth as it was related to him by the officials, practically told his readers that his story was being censored. He began, "A hard and grizzly face overlooks me as I write. This is the face of Lafayette Baker. I tell you the story of the capture of Booth as he told it to me." And he ends his story by throwing doubt on it all, by saying, in effect, "When Herrold, Booth's companion, came out of the burning barn, he said to the soldiers, 'Who is that man that was with me in there? He told me his name was Boyd.'"

Even at the time there were those who doubted that the Bakers had captured John Wilkes Booth. And the two Bakers made no attempt to prove conclusively to the public that the body in their possession—that of the man shot in the Garrett barn ten days after Lincoln's assassination—was that of John Wilkes Booth. This body was brought to Washington on the steamer *John T. Ide*. A group of military men viewed it on a monitor two days after the news had been flashed out to the world that Booth had been captured. A diary written by Booth had been found on the body. There were thousands of citizens in Washington who knew John Wilkes Booth by sight, but not one of them—not even one of his stage associates—was asked to identify the remains. The identification was entirely an official affair. The only civilian who was asked to view the remains was Dr. J. Frederick May, of Washington, who had once performed an operation on Booth's neck. Doctor May, on seeing the body, said, "I don't recognize that as Booth." In later years, however, Doctor May explained in a booklet entitled *The Mark of the Scalpel* that Colonel Baker, there on the boat in the presence of the body, explained to him that Booth had been a fugitive for almost two weeks and that he had suffered for want of food and drink and sleep; whereupon Doctor May reluctantly identified what seemed to be a scar on Booth's neck which might have been the mark of the operation, and expressed his amazement at the astonishing change which suffering had produced in the person of Booth.

Then suddenly one night the body disappeared from the boat. History is befuddled as to what was done with it. The story of the Bakers is that they placed it in a rowboat, having removed it from the deck in a blanket. They carried weights in the boat to give the impression that they intended to sink the body in the Potomac. Instead, they rowed through the darkness to where the penitentiary bordered the river, and through a hole which had been made in the penitentiary walls they thrust the body into a penitentiary cell and there buried it, by lantern light, under flagstones. Dr. George L. Porter, high in the medical service of the Union army, had charge of the Lincoln murderers and suspects. He says that he and four soldiers buried it one afternoon in a cell in



WAR DEPARTMENT CORRESPONDENCE (1898) IN REGARD TO BATES' CLAIM

the old arsenal where the War College now stands. For four years—indeed, not until the body was removed because of building operations and turned back to the Booth family—the public did not know what disposition had been made of the assassin's body.

In short, there was mystery enough about the capture and burial of Booth—due to justified caution, perhaps, in view of the wartime conditions and the fear that the Confederates would find the body and treat it as a hero's—to render it not unreasonable to entertain the Enid legend. Booth *might* have got away. There was a loophole for him. It is this one loophole that made the Enid legend not entirely incredible.

With these facts in mind I sat through several long drowsy summer afternoons in a home in Memphis, listening to a sturdy white-haired Southern lawyer telling the strange story of what had befallen him in his very early days when he went to Texas to get his start in life. His name was Finis L. Bates. His forebears and relatives had been eminent in civilian and in governmental life; he himself had been a state's attorney general. When he was a cub attorney of twenty-one in Texas he had had an amazing experience which shadowed and to a great extent molded his entire life. He became acquainted with a man whom he believed to be John Wilkes Booth, *eight years after* Booth had assassinated Abraham Lincoln. I could not doubt this man's sincerity or his utter sanity. I listened enthralled as he spun me his yarn, in soft Southern dialect, of those days in 1872 in Texas and of the years of time and thousands of dollars he had since expended in trying to establish in the public mind, "for the correction of history, sir," his belief that John Wilkes Booth had escaped punishment. The gist of his long story, which sent me trailing through the South and West, was this:

"When I was a young lawyer, in the early 'seventies, I went to the town of Grandberry, Texas, to seek my fortune. It was a small, wild town, with wild ways. One day a client of mine came to me and told me a story of trouble. In those days and in those parts of the country, grocery keepers and keepers of general stores used to sell whisky and other alcoholic drinks. They were required to take out government licenses. Bars were sometimes attached to the stores. Well, my client had recently sold his store at Glen Rose Mills near by to a stranger named John St. Helen, a man who came up from somewhere in Mexico. This John St. Helen had failed to take out a license for selling liquor, and my client had been indicted and summoned to court for this failure. Of course, a mistake had been made. It was John St. Helen who should have been arrested. The federal authorities, in a town two days distant from us by horse, did not know of the sale of the store.

JOHN WILKES BOOTH
(with autograph)

"I sent word to this John St. Helen that I wanted to see him, and he came to my office within a day or two. I never in all my subsequent years and experiences saw such a man as this stranger. He was indescribably handsome. He had a poise and a carriage that commanded instant attention. His voice and his speech fascinated me as they fascinated all with whom he came in contact. He was strangely out of place in this wild Western country. But in those days you did not ask a man in Texas about his past—you took him at his face value.

"When I told him that a warrant had been wrongly issued for the former owner of the store for selling whisky without a license, St. Helen admitted that whisky had been sold in his store since he had purchased the place. But he had not known that it was necessary to secure a license; he showed an unfamiliarity with storekeeping which did not surprise me. He was no storekeeper.

"He asked me if he might retain me as his lawyer. When I agreed to this he said, 'I don't dare to go to a federal court. It's a matter of life and death with me. Can't you persuade the man who sold me the store to go to court and plead guilty? I will pay the fine and all expenses.'"

The upshot of this negotiation was that the former storekeeper went on a two days' journey in a buggy with the young lawyer, Bates, and pleaded guilty. From a pocketbook containing a liberal supply of money which John St. Helen had given him, the boy lawyer paid the fine and all the expenses of the trip.

"John St. Helen met us when we drove into the main street of Grandberry and was delighted with the news. I returned him his pocketbook, not emptied by any means, and he put it into his pocket without counting

the bills, and thanked both of us profusely."

Not long after that, as the Fourth of July of the year 1872 approached, John St. Helen invited the young lawyer of Grandberry to come to Glen Rose Mills to deliver the Independence Day oration. Ranchers and cowboys came from many miles to the great barbecue. But on that day the leader of the occasion was not the promising young lawyer from Grandberry. It was John St. Helen—slender, flashing eyed, golden voiced, and eloquent—who carried off the honors.

"As soon as he rose to introduce me," my white-haired host told me, "I knew that the oratorical honors were not to be mine. I knew I could never stir such emotions in that rough audience as he commanded. The crowd cheered and cheered, and demanded, later in the day, that he speak again. His fame as an orator was fixed that day.

"But after a time he sold his store at Glen Rose Mills and moved to Grandberry, where he set up another store. I noted that he did little actual store-keeping. He had a very able Mexican who did most of the work. He lived in a comfortably furnished little room in the store building. He and I used to spend many hours together every day.

"He turned me to Shakespeare and to Roman history. He gave me innumerable lessons in oratory. He taught me what to do with my hands and feet before an audience. He taught me gestures and voice inflection. His imitations of public speakers who made errors in platform manners were excruciatingly funny. Whenever a play came to town he was sure to see it. More than once he took young men who came to town as actors and gave them hours of lessons in the dramatic art. They always knew instinctively that this strange man was a master worth listening to.

JOHN ST. HELEN

The tintype given to Mr. Bates by St. Helen with the request that after his death it be sent to Edwin Booth

"He drank heavily. His drinking spells were followed, very often, by spells of illness.

"Once he became very ill; the doctor thought he could not live. St. Helen sent for me and I hurried to his little room at the store. I found him exceedingly weak. And he seemed very uncomfortable mentally. When the doctor had left he sent the boy out of the room and motioned to me to come to his bedside.

" 'I don't believe I shall live,' he told me. 'Reach under my pillow and take out a picture you'll find there,' he said.

"I found a tintype under the pillow, a picture of him.

" 'If I don't live,' he told me, 'I want you, as my lawyer, to send that picture to Edwin Booth, in New York City, and tell him the man in that picture is dead. Tell him how I died.'

"I promised him and then I called in the Mexican boy and told him to get some brandy. He and I turned in where the doctor had left off. We

rubbed St. Helen with brandy from head to foot until we were almost exhausted. And we pulled him through. Though he was very weak the next day, the doctor found him better. Within a few weeks he was up and around again.

"At last, one day, he mentioned to me his strange request. 'Take a walk into the country,' he said. 'I want to tell you something.' "

Along the road leading from the little town, John St. Helen told the story which affected Finis L. Bates' entire life.

" 'I am John Wilkes Booth,' he said to me," continued Bates. " 'I am the man who killed the best man that ever lived, Abraham Lincoln.' "

Here was a client speaking to his attorney. For hours, Bates told me, he tried to disprove to St. Helen his own amazing claim; he thought he saw madness in his friend. Why, Booth had been killed at the Garrett home, in Virginia! Boston Corbett, a sergeant, had shot him in a burning corncrib. Booth's body had been taken to Washington and had been sunk in the Potomac thirteen years before. Booth's diary had been found on the body. Everybody in that plot against Lincoln and the government had been executed; they were all dead.

" 'Not I,' said St. Helen. 'I am John Wilkes Booth and I escaped.' "

They had other talks on the subject and then one day St. Helen (rather impatiently, I judged from Bates' tale) said, in substance:

" 'Look here! I'm going to tell you as a lawyer some things that only John Wilkes Booth himself and no other man on earth could know.' "

In the story that followed, John St. Helen put Finis L. Bates on the trail of historical or official facts that kept Bates busy all his life, that caused him to write a book entitled *The Escape and Suicide of John Wilkes Booth*, full of the mystery of what happened in the city of Washington on that indescribable night of April 14, 1865, and that caused him, years afterward, to keep unburied a body which he believed to be that of John Wilkes Booth.

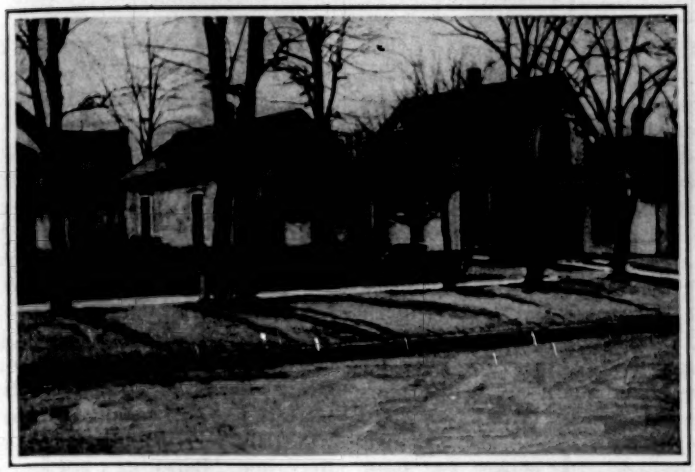
"'How do you suppose Herrold and I got away from Washington that night without the help of men high in the government?' demanded St. Helen. 'I rode into Washington on the morning of that day, intending to take part in a plot to abduct President Lincoln and carry him to Richmond, Virginia. But at the bridge Herrold and I were told that Richmond had fallen. Then I knew the abduction plot had failed. The sentries had held us at the bridge because we had refused to give our names. But when I saw that with the fall of Richmond there could be no abduction, I told the sentries that I was John Wilkes Booth, the actor, and that Herrold was my friend, and they let us pass into the city.'"

In what follows I am not going to name a very high official who was designated to me by Bates. It is part of the Enid legend that a certain government official of great power and position planned the killing of Lincoln and helped Booth to escape. Let his name be Blank.

"'That afternoon,' Bates quoted St. Helen, 'I met Mr. Blank.'" According to St. Helen's story Blank had been in the abduction plot, and he was greatly disappointed because it had failed.

"'Are you too faint-hearted to kill him?'" St. Helen said Mr. Blank asked him, over a glass of brandy. 'And then,' St. Helen said, 'Blank told me how Lincoln was preparing to ruin and devastate the South. "I can arrange matters so that you can escape," he told me. "Lincoln is going to Ford's Theater this evening."

"'Mr. Blank showed me that he could give Herrold and me the password at the bridge. He made it appear to me that I would be committing not assassination but an act of war. And so I yielded. He gave me the password late in the day, and that night Herrold and I gave the password to two sentries at the



THE COTTAGE IN EL RENO WHICH DAVID E. GEORGE TRIED TO PAINT

bridge and the sentries permitted us to go through.'"

This story did not convince Bates, he told me.

"What kept General Grant and his wife from going to the theater with Lincoln that night?" Bates told me that John St. Helen asked him. "If I were not John Wilkes Booth how could I know what I'm going to tell you now? I told Mr. Blank, who was urging me to kill Lincoln, that it would be certain death for me to go into Lincoln's box with General Grant present. It had been announced in the afternoon papers that Grant would be there. Mr. Blank told me that he would arrange matters so that Grant would not be there. And Grant wasn't there. Blank had only a few hours in which to act. I don't know how he arranged it but he kept his word. Grant was not there. Up to a late hour in the afternoon, Grant intended appearing in the box with Lincoln—his first public appearance as the hero of the war. But a few hours later he was on a train leaving Washington. I don't know what happened. But Mr. Blank kept his word to me."

Mr. Bates dug out from among his papers a letter which he had received years later from General Grant's secretary. It said that something had happened at the White House that afternoon to disturb Mrs. Grant: a rumor, something she had heard, some intuition of trouble. And she had persuaded General Grant to leave the city with her, foregoing the gala presentation with the President at Ford's Theater.

"How could any man but Booth have known that?" Bates asked me.

"Well, then, if this John St. Helen told the truth, who was the man who was shot in the corncrib at the Garrett Farm?" I asked Bates. And Bates told me he had asked the same question of John St. Helen.

"It must have been a soldier named Ruddy," St. Helen told Bates. "After the escape from Washington I had ridden in a negro's wagon under a pile of furniture to a ferry. After I had crossed the ferry I discovered that my diary and some other papers had fallen out of my pocket. I asked this Confederate soldier to go back on the ferry and catch up with the wagon and get my papers. When he returned he could find out where I should be hiding.

"I slept in a room of the Garrett

house that night, with Herrold. The next day Herrold went off to Bowling Green to get me a pair of shoes. On the afternoon of that day, while I was lying out on the Garrett lawn, I saw some Union soldiers riding past. I knew they were looking for me. I dropped my field glasses on the lawn and, without saying anything to the Garretts, I went out into the woods back of the house and got away. It must have been Ruddy, bringing back my papers, who was caught in the corncrib. Look up the records and see if my field glasses were not found on the lawn."

Finis Bates, in after years, did look up the records; the glasses *had* been found on the lawn.

Bates looked up many records; looking up records became part of his life work.

There *were* strange doings in Washington that day. It is a fact of record that all the sentries were removed from all the approaches to Washington on the afternoon and evening of the day of the assassination; all of the sentries except those at one bridge. And these sentries permitted Booth and Herrold to pass and held back an honest citizen—John Fletcher, a liveryman—who was trying to recover from Herrold his stolen horse.

Quietly and without ceremony or farewells, John St. Helen departed from Grandberry, Texas, as if sorry he had spoken to Bates, even in confidence.

Twenty-five years went by. The tintype remained in Bates' possession, but John St. Helen dropped from Bates ken.

Finis L. Bates, however, challenged by St. Helen's story, began to delve into history. In a great mass of material which he accumulated during his lifetime were letters from one of the sentries who permitted Booth to cross the bridge; from Lieutenant D. D. Dana, aide to the provost marshal of Washington at the time of the assassination; from Grant's secretary; from members of the Garrett family; and from many others who took part in the strange events of that time. Bates, as a lawyer, received in time enough confirmation of the story of John St. Helen to cause him to believe it. But John St. Helen had disappeared.

At last, by a stroke of luck, Bates found F. A. Demond, of Cavendish, Vermont, who had been one of the sentries at the bridge the night Booth escaped.

All of the mystery that John St. Helen put into his story was in the story of this sentry. Demond was eighteen years old in 1865; he was sixty-nine years old when he made his statement for Finis L. Bates. But through all the years Demond himself had been puzzled by the strange orders he and his fellow sentries received at the bridge that night: they were orders that gave freedom to the murderers of Lincoln and held back all others.

As Bates compared the story of the strange John St. Helen with the story told by Sentry Demond, is it amazing that he began to believe that John St. Helen must have been John Wilkes Booth?

"I was sent down to guard the end of the bridge from Washington to Uniontown, Maryland," Demond told Bates. "On the morning of April 14, as Private Drake and myself

IN WITNESS of all of which I hereunto subscribe my name this 17th day of June, A.D., 1900, in the presence of the witnesses whose names are subscribed hereto.

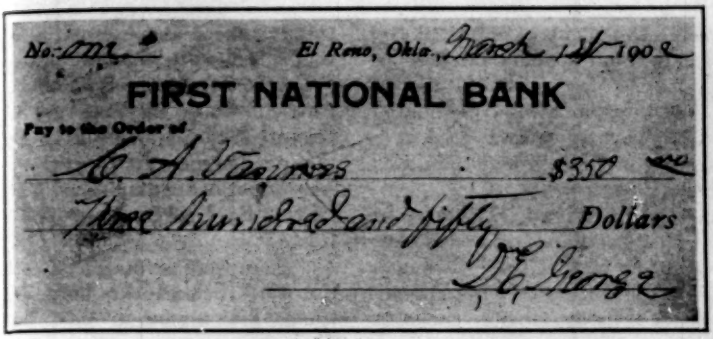
D. E. George

Signed & Seal Loved -
In presence whereof I have hereunto set my hand
this 31st day of December 1902 -

David E. George

SIGNATURES FROM THE TWO WILLS OF DAVID E. GEORGE

The upper one was made at El Reno in 1900, the lower at Enid in 1902. Compare the signatures with that of Booth on page 706.


No. 202 El Reno, Okla., March 14th 1902

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Pay to the Order of

C. A. Vanness $350 00

Three Hundred and fifty Dollars

D. E. George

CHECK OF DAVID E. GEORGE TO C. A. VANNESS
Given in payment for the cottage in El Reno, Oklahoma

were sitting on a timber by the side of the road, two men came along. I asked them where they were going. They said, 'Only looking around.'"

They refused to give their names. John St. Helen had told Bates that he did not give his name until he heard that Richmond had fallen and had decided that the kidnaping plot had failed.

"While talking with them a captain came along on horseback; he was one of the aides of General Augur, the provost marshal. He wanted to know what the trouble was. Booth took him aside and talked with him. Then the captain said that they were all right. But Drake and I said that we took orders only from Lieutenant Dana, and the captain rode off.

"About two o'clock an orderly came from headquarters and told us to let the men go. We did so. We thought it was funny but we had to obey orders."

An hour later Booth, according to history, was at the Kirkwood hotel in Washington, trying to get in contact with the same official whom John St. Helen had named in his talk with Bates. Booth left a note for this official, which was later found by military detectives.

The sentry's story of what happened that black night on the bridge strengthened more than ever the belief of Bates that no one but Booth could have known what St. Helen knew.

"At nine o'clock that night we shut the gate and Drake went on guard," Demond told Bates.

"Just as we were getting ready for guard duty, a little after ten o'clock, Lieutenant Dana came to us and told us not to let anyone through without a password—'T.B.' with the countersign 'T.B. Road.'

"*We thought that strange, for it was the first time that we ever had a password to use since we were on that bridge.*"

Almost at the very hour that Lincoln was to be slain the sentries were given orders which forced them to assist the assassin to escape!

It was a day of mystery in Washington, that 14th day of April. John St. Helen had told Bates that during the afternoon of that day a government official had promised to assist and protect him if he would kill Lincoln. And here, in the evening, these sentries at the bridge are puzzled by the order that they are to permit no one to pass who does not know that double watchword—"T.B." and then "T.B. Road." John St. Helen told Bates he was given these passwords by Mr. Blank late in the afternoon; now Bates has the story of the sentry who was amazed at receiving them.

Booth and Herrold, riding five minutes apart, gave the proper passwords and passed through into the South.

"But we were puzzled by what had

happened," Demond told Bates. "I said, 'It's funny what's going on here tonight.'"

At that very moment Washington, two miles away, was horror-stricken by the shooting of Lincoln and the attack on Secretary Seward.

The story of Private Demond convinced Bates that John St. Helen's story was true. The fact that he was unable to disprove the story of St. Helen preyed on his mind. Finally, twenty years after St. Helen had told him the story, Bates wrote a letter to the War Department in Washington suggesting that Booth had not been captured and that it might be possible to find him still alive. He rereceived a reply, coldly official, which said merely that the War Department would not be interested in the project.

The date of this letter to the War Department (1898) is of the utmost importance in proving the sincerity of Finis L. Bates, for this letter was sent *five* years before the Enid legend arose. On the story of John St. Helen alone, Bates, after years of investigation, was willing to rest his case; was willing to declare that Booth had escaped punishment.

And then came the Enid legend.

While Finis L. Bates, in the city of Memphis, was carrying on his law practice and was from time to time journeying about the country to talk with those who might know something of the Booth case, or was trying by means of correspondence to discover the whereabouts of John St. Helen, there appeared in the little town of El Reno, in the spring of 1901, an elderly man who gave his name at the Anstien hotel, where he registered, as David E. George.

Oklahoma was then a territory. The federal government was preparing to give the land to the public and, though the land distribution was still many months away, thousands of land-buying citizens were thronging to El Reno, Enid, and other Oklahoma towns to select land which they hoped later to receive as gifts from the government. It was into this turbulent and exciting atmosphere that this dignified man of mystery came.

I talked recently with Mrs. N. J. Anstien, whose husband was the proprietor of the hotel at El Reno where this strange man first appeared. There is no doubt in her mind, she told me, that David E. George was John Wilkes Booth.

"There were several little cottages in the yard behind the hotel and Mr. George took a room in one of these. He was a striking man. His hair was curly and jet black. He dyed it, of course. I imagined he was about sixty years old.

"He was a fascinating talker when he wanted to talk. He never spoke to us about his family. One day he told my husband that his trade was that of a house painter. My husband wouldn't believe him. His hands were not caloused or stained; his fingers were long and slender, like a woman's. I could not imagine that he had done a day's work in his life. Just for fun my husband gave him an order to paint the little cottage in which he lived. Mr. George puttered around for several days and made a terrible botch of things.

"'I told you he was not a painter,' my husband said to me.

"He used to get very sick from overdrinking," Mrs. Anstien continued. "He would get up out of bed and go out into the yard and pump a pitcher of water and take it back into his room to drink. I took care of him many times, carrying food to him. He was always extremely grateful. It was pleasant in those wild days to meet such a gentleman as he was. I was not surprised to hear afterward that he was John Wilkes Booth.

"I remember one day while he was sick in his cottage room, a father and mother brought their daughter to him. They insisted that he should marry her. They said the girl had fallen in love with him and that it was not her fault. They did not claim that he had wronged her, except mentally. They thought he had a great deal of money and that he was a

fine gentleman. I was out in the yard when he sent them away. He went into a tremendous fury and I heard him shout 'Madame, I have not wronged your daughter. She does not say I have wronged her. Out! Out! All of you. Begone!' He talked like an actor in a tragedy. When they had left I went into his room.

"'Me! Me!' he was saying. 'They challenge me!' And then he said to me, 'Why, they don't know who I am. Why, I killed the best man that ever lived.' I thought his talk was all part of his spell of fury and I did not know, until a year later when he was dead, what he meant."

DAVID E. GEORGE'S HOME IN EL RENO

This four-room house was purchased with the check reproduced on page 711.

This strange old man made an impression on men and women wherever he went. It was easy for me to trace his twenty-two-year-old trail through the town affairs of El Reno and Enid. He was a proud old man, vain of his appearance.

He was very careful about dyeing his hair and mustache; he purchased his dye of a druggist who remembers this customer.

"But I never thought he was John Wilkes Booth," the druggist tells you—(every elderly person in El Reno and in Enid, three hours away, either believes or does not believe that David E. George was John Wilkes Booth)—"he bought house paint from me and when he died he owed me forty dollars."

He read theatrical journals, sitting in a rocking chair in the little lobby of the Anstien hotel. He talked occasionally with guests of the hotel who seemed worth while, but not every Tom, Dick, or Harry could find him willing to converse.

Then one day he announced that he would buy himself a house in El Reno. He told his host that he was no longer a young man and that it was time he settled down. The house he bought is standing in El Reno to-day. He bought it from a man named Vanness.

In everything that David E. George does, from now on, you will see a wandering, friendless, proud old man trying to protect himself from a friendless end; trying to make sure that there will be help and comfort and peace and friendliness about his bed when he dies.

He must have used all but his last dollar to make a payment of three hundred and fifty dollars for the simple little four-roomed house which he bought in El Reno. He found a man and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Simmons, who were willing to live in the house, rent free, and give him care, board, and lodging.

He drank in the town saloons, but even in his cups he seemed to be able to command the respect of his fellow-drinkers. He recited poetry and he was sentimental. Even among those who did not believe that David E. George was John Wilkes Booth I found a man who could remember George's barroom poetry. He was W. H. Ryan,

who in recent years has been mayor of Enid.

"I never thought he was Booth and I don't think so to-day," Mr. Ryan told me. "But he could recite. I can easily remember a verse I used to hear him repeat." And then Mr. Ryan quoted:

> Come not when I am dead
> To shed thy tears around my head.
> Let the winds weep and the plover cry,
> But, thou, oh foolish man, go by!

"But did he quote Shakespeare?" I asked.

"It may have sounded like Shakespeare to the men in the saloons who heard it," he answered, laughing. "But we didn't know much of Shakespeare in Oklahoma Territory in those days. He could recite very well, very impressively."

He made other friends, outside of barrooms. Guests in the home where he lived found him interesting; he entertained them with his conversation; to them he was fascinating, a man of mystery.

But in following his trail you discover that this strange person, even in this household, was carefully selecting those persons who might aid and be kind to an old man who might soon be dying.

One of these was Mrs. Anna Smith. In the courthouse at Enid, Oklahoma, I found a will which David E. George had made in favor of Anna K. Smith; it was dated June 17, 1902, a few months after he came to El Reno. He became acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. George E. Smith and impressed them with the fact that he had considerable property. They befriended him—and he made a will which would leave to Mrs. Smith "all his property." He named her husband as the executor.

Another person to whom the old man tried to cling was Mrs. Ida Harper, wife of the Methodist clergyman of El Reno. She was among the visitors who called on the family with which he lived. A month after he had established himself in the little house, and three months before he had made his will, he came into the house one afternoon, greeted Mrs. Simmons, Mrs. Harper, and another lady who was calling, and passed to his own room through the one where they were sitting. Within a short time the women heard him calling for help. They ran into the room and found him ill, lying on his bed. His eyes were dilated as though he had taken a drug.

"I'm very ill," he said. While the other two women ran out of the room to make strong coffee, George called Mrs. Harper to his bedside.

"I believe I'm going to die," he said. "I'm not an ordinary painter. I killed the best man that ever lived."

I give her story as she made oath to it when George was dead, almost a year later, and as it appeared in Bates' book.

"I asked him who it was he killed, and he said, 'Abraham Lincoln.' I could not believe it and thought he was out of his head, so I asked 'Who was Abraham Lincoln?' 'Is it possible you are so ignorant as not to know?' he answered. Then he took a pencil and paper and wrote, in a peculiar but legible hand, the name, *Abraham Lincoln*. 'Don't doubt me,' he said. 'I am John Wilkes Booth. I am dying now.'

"He told me he was well off; and he seemed to be perfectly rational. I really thought he was dying. He made me promise that I would keep his secret until he was dead. He said that if anyone should find out he was John Wilkes Booth, they would take him out and hang him and the people who loved him would despise him. He told me that people high in official life hated Lincoln and were implicated in his assassination. He said that Mrs. Surratt was innocent, and the thought that he was responsible for her death as well as of others stalked before him like a ghost. He said he was devoted to acting but that he had to give it up because of his rash deed, and the thought

that he had to run away from the stage when he loved so well the life of an actor made him restless and ill-tempered. He said he had plenty of money but had to play the role of workman to keep his mind occupied."

A doctor came in while George was talking to Mrs. Harper, and he drew the old man back to life. Mrs. Harper kept her secret for a time.

Just as St. Helen had disappeared from the knowledge of Finis L. Bates after telling his strange story, so David E. George, thirty years later, was suddenly lost to his acquaintance in El Reno. His over-drinking proved his undoing with the Simmons family; Mrs. Simmons told her husband she could not endure hearing the old man talk and rave to himself. So the Simmons family took over the house, giving a note to George for three hundred and fifty dollars, and the old man went away.

I could not find that he had said good-by to anyone, even to Mrs. Harper to whom he had told his strange story.

And now the old man is coming to the end of his trail. We pick it up at Enid, a few hours' train ride from El Reno. He registered at the Grand Avenue Hotel. It was a good hotel as hotels went in Enid in those days. The office was on the second floor; on the first floor was a store. Guests slept in cubby-holes separated by partitions that did not reach to the ceiling. One took no comfort in his room except while in bed. In the lobby were rocking chairs where guests did their reading, talking, and smoking. It was in early December that George registered here; the hotel is gone now and so is the register.

Drinking made up the few weeks of life that was left to the old man; drinking and days spent in bed in his miserable little room under the depression of alcoholism. I could not piece together exactly what happened to him in the Grand Avenue Hotel. But I found in the courthouse at Enid a will which he made. On the face of it, it is an ordinary will. But as I delved into the facts, this piece of paper told of tragedy; a story of a weak, tired, helpless man at the end of his days, too hard pressed by the world.

First, in this will, he gave a seven-hundred-acre tract of land—which he did not possess—to a nephew, Willy George, who was never found.

Next, he bequeathed to "my friend," Isaac Bernstein, the money from a life-insurance policy for three thousand dollars, his watch, trunk, and all his wearing apparel. There was no such policy. Isaac Bernstein kept the saloon where George drank; when he made this will George had known him for less than a month.

Next, he bequeathed life insurance amounting to twenty-five hundred dollars "to my friend, George E. Smith, after he shall pay all the expenses of my illness and all funeral expenses." There was no last illness and though David E. George has been dead twenty-two years, there has been, at this writing, no funeral. And there was no life-insurance policy for twenty-five hundred dollars.

He left one hundred dollars to "my friend, S. S. Dumont." Mr. Dumont was the hotel proprietor, to whom the sad, helpless old man was indebted for food and lodging. He left another hundred dollars to "my friend, L. S. Houston," together with the Simmons note for three hundred and fifty dollars. The will does not say who Houston was, but I discovered that he was the lawyer who drew up the will. It is hardly possible that George, who had been in town only a few weeks, even knew him. But an aged man, penniless, must find some way (even if it be by bequest) to pay a lawyer who draws up his will. And then he gave the remainder of his property, though there was none, to the Roman Catholic Church of El Reno. He made Lawyer Houston his executor.

He made this will on the last day of the year 1902.

There is a man living, and I have talked with him, who signed this will as a witness. He is Charles S. Evans, one of

the leading druggists of the lively Enid of to-day.

"I remember signing the will," he told me. "I lived at the Grand Avenue Hotel then. I was a drug clerk. I knew the old man and used to talk with him in the hotel lobby. I've always sort of thought he might have been John Wilkes Booth. That forenoon the clerk of the hotel, R. B. Brown, came running in through the back door of the drug store, which was near the hotel, and told me that Mr. George was dying and that he was making his will; they wanted me to be a witness to it. I hurried over to the hotel. Dumont, the hotel proprietor, Charlie Wood, another drug clerk, and Lawyer Houston were in the room. George was lying in bed, looking very weak, with his eyes closed. There were three witnesses —Brown, Wood, and myself. They asked old man George to sign the will, and he opened his eyes and sat up. He took the pen in his hand, and I was surprised to see how strong he was. He put down his signature and then lay back on the bed again and closed his eyes while we put down our names."

These were creditors of the old man—Dumont and Houston and Bernstein the saloon keeper; and the old man had no money; he was at the end of his rope. In that sad will he promised to pay after he was dead. Did they ask him to make the will? Or did he call them in to make it? There is no way of knowing. But the harried old man got up from his sick bed, after a day or two, and opened the new year of 1903 with more drinking at Bernstein's. He had new credit there now; and he had new credit at the Grand Avenue Hotel. He would pay, if not sooner, at least when he was dead; and the payment he would make after death would be far greater than any debts his hotel keeper or his saloon keeper would permit him to assume; they had their hands on the old man's affairs; and Lawyer Houston, their friend, was the executor of the will.

Two weeks of drinking and illness, drinking and illness—and then what happened? Did his credit again run low? And did his creditors again press him? An old man who cannot work, who is very proud and cannot beg, must still have his whisky if he has used it through long years; he must have his tobacco and his food and his bed.

Then he played a trick on everybody in Enid. He wrote a note and thrust it into his coat pocket. He went to the drug store where he knew the clerks and complained about a dog which had howled during the night. They too had heard the dog.

"Give me some poison and I'll kill him," he said.

A clerk gave him the poison, and in the forenoon of January 13, 1903, he took the poison and died. They had heard groans coming from over the partition of his cubicle. The clerk and guests had run to his "room." Doctor Field, who happened to be passing, had been called in. A clerk had climbed over the partition and had opened the door. Doctor Field had rushed in, but it had been too late. The poison bottle had stood there, empty.

Doctor Field is an old man now. I found him the other day in Enid, sitting in the room of the leading undertaker, W. H. Ryan. He remembered the incident clearly. So did Mr. Ryan. Mr. Ryan was an undertaker's assistant then, working for W. B. Penniman, the furniture man, at fifty-five dollars a month. Since then he has become wealthy and one of the city's leading business men. He has been mayor. Mr. Ryan remembered that he went for the body of the old man who had poisoned himself in the Grand Avenue Hotel and took it to a back room in the furniture store. They have remembered that day and its happenings.

The local newspapers told the story; a well-dressed man had killed himself with poison in the Grand Avenue Hotel; his name was David E. George. Mrs. Ida Harper heard the news.

"While I was fixing up the body," Mr. Ryan told me, "the Reverend Mr. Har-

per came into the room and looked at the corpse.

"He gave sort of a cry and then he said to me, 'Do you know who that is?' I said, 'Why, his name is George.' 'No, sir, it isn't,' said the Reverend Mr. Harper. 'You are embalming the body of John Wilkes Booth—the man who killed Abraham Lincoln.' And then he told me the story that George had told Mrs. Harper. Of course I took special pains with the body after that; I did the best job of embalming I've ever done. If it was Booth's body, I wanted to preserve it for the Washington officials when they came. But they never came,' he added. 'At least, not so far as I ever knew.' "

The newspapers printed Mrs. Harper's story and it reached Finis L. Bates in faraway Memphis—Bates who had known John St. Helen and had been floundering for twenty-five years with his unsolvable puzzle. Bates hurried to Enid. The town was in excitement. There was talk of burning the body if Mrs. Harper's story proved true; a pyre in the town square was suggested. Penniman, the furniture man who was also the undertaker, didn't want trouble. He knew that Bates was coming from Memphis to look at the body and he met the visitor at the train and advised him to keep silent.

"Don't let folks know who you are," he said. "If you identify that body as Booth's and the public hears about it, we'll have trouble."

It was two o'clock in the morning when Finis L. Bates was escorted into the rear room of the furniture store. Twenty-five years had passed since he had seen John St. Helen.

"My old friend! My old friend St. Helen!" Bates said, and then began to weep.

"I was watching his face," Mr. Penniman told me. "I've seen hundreds of identifications in my time and Bates' identification was genuine. He was sure that George was St. Helen."

Mr. Ryan, too, remembers the identification. Mr. Ryan does not believe that David E. George was John Wilkes Booth.

"Bates didn't persuade me that night that it was John Wilkes Booth's body. I never have thought it was. Booth had black eyes, they say. Well, a hundred times in that back room I went to the corpse and raised the lids and looked at those eyes and they were dark blue. I pointed out the blue eyes to my friends. I've always said the eyes were blue; and Booth's eyes were black."

Excitement came thick and fast in Enid that January twenty-one years ago. When Bates' story became public knowledge there was no doubt in the public mind that here was the corpse of John Wilkes Booth. Men, women, and children thronged by the thousands to look at the body in the rear of the furniture store. Newspaper reporters *proved* in ingenious ways that the body was Booth's; the editors of both local newspapers said they believed that George was Booth. Newspapers in St. Louis and Kansas City carried stories to this effect, sent to them by the Enid correspondents. All comers were permitted to see the corpse. Any visitor could get his name into the paper by merely saying, "Why, I once saw Booth on the stage, and this man looks like Booth." The Booth they might have seen could not have been more than twenty-five years old; this old man had reached the sixties; but no one doubted such identifications.

"That back room was a queer place," Mr. Ryan told me. "Almost every day some visitor would find something new, and some new story would go out." It was in the midst of this atmosphere of excitement and rumor that Bates was trying to solve his life problem. For more than a quarter of a century he had been puzzling over John St. Helen's story; and now he was sure he had found St. Helen dead. He went about hearing the stories of all those who had known George. He was a lawyer and took depositions; people gave oath to the stories he wanted to put down. It was

these depositions that form the backbone of Bates' legend of Enid.

Bates carried into the back room the photograph which he had taken from under the pillow of John St. Helen. A number of people insisted that it was a picture of the dead man, though the dead man was in the sixties and the man of the photograph in the thirties.

There was no funeral, no burial. Penniman the undertaker could not see his way clear to put the body away if it was that of John Wilkes Booth—the government officials might want it. And there was still a standing reward (unpaid by the government, he was told) for the assassin of Lincoln. None of the local officials wanted to take the responsibility of insisting on burial; the government men might come some day and claim the body.

Days, weeks, months passed, and then the years went by. Enid became accustomed to having the mummy on display in the rear room of the furniture store; it was one of the sights of Enid. Townfolks brought visitors into the store and said, "We'd like to see the body of John Wilkes Booth." "Go right on back," the proprietor or a clerk would say.

No one claimed the body. So Finis L. Bates, with the permission of W. B. Penniman, the undertaker—who had been appointed administrator of the old man's effects and affairs—took the body back to his home in Memphis.

"There was a mystery about the old man, all right," the undertaker, W. B. Penniman, told me in his present home in Columbus, Ohio, a few days before I sat down to write this strange tale. "We handled hundreds of bodies taken from all sorts of places in those days; from haystacks and box cars, from fields and roads and hotel rooms. We never found a body that wasn't identified and claimed in due time and buried at the expense of relatives or friends—except one: that was the body of poor old George."

And there you have the Enid legend of John Wilkes Booth. To prove it or disprove it had been my task.

Two pennies were in the old man's pockets when he died, and that was all, except a note. It was dated the day he died; it knocked into a cocked hat whatever financial hopes may have been entertained by Jack Bernstein, the saloon keeper, and the men who were in the gruesome gathering at the bedside of the old man that day in his hotel room. It read:

"I am informed that I made a will a few days ago and I am indistinct of having done it. I hereby recall every letter, syllable, and word of that will that I may have signed at Enid. I owe Jack Bernstein about ten dollars, but he has my watch in pawn for that amount. D. E. George."

What he left belonged to Anna K. Smith, one of the ladies who had been kind to him the time he had tried to settle down peacefully in the little house in El Reno. But what he left was nothing.

No one had claimed the effects of David E. George. Mr. Penniman, the undertaker, had taken charge of the few papers which were found in his room—so an old-time clerk in the office of the probate court at Enid told me. And so I went to the home of Mr. Penniman in Columbus, Ohio. From the basement he brought a musty old grip full of papers.

"I haven't looked at them for years," he told me.

Among them we found a canceled check. That check brought me to the end of *my* trail. There it had lain for years, unseen by Bates and unexamined by any of the leading believers and supporters of the Enid legend. It was in the handwriting of David E. George. It was the check for three hundred and fifty dollars he had made in payment for the little house in El Reno.

Within two days I held that check in my hand in an attic room in the War Department in Washington where are stored the dusty relics, archives, and exhibits in the case of John Wilkes Booth.

With permission of the War Department and in the presence of two guards, I had access to all the documents in the Booth case. In the other hand I held a little book, covered with red leather and lined with decaying silk—the diary of John Wilkes Booth, found on the body taken from the Garrett corncrib. It is such an important historical document that it is not kept with the rest of the papers but has special protection in a safe. In one of the pockets of the book were the photographs, carried by Booth through his flight, of four exquisitely beautiful women.

Putting the check and the diary side by side, I had my proof. Different hands wrote that check and that diary. One was the hand of a man who wrote laboriously; a man so unaccustomed to check-writing that he spelled out the number of his check, "One," instead of using the numeral, as if this were the first check he had ever made out in all his long life. The other was the hand of John Wilkes Booth. That afternoon in the War Department attic in Washington I ended, to my own satisfaction, the Enid legend. George was not John Wilkes Booth.

No mystery remains in my mind about the end of John Wilkes Booth. The signature on David E. George's check backs up evidence from another source which might perhaps be disputed, but now need not be. There is in the Booth family plot in a cemetery in Baltimore, an unmarked grave. In that grave, four years after the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, was placed a body which had been turned over to Edwin Booth and the Booth family by the government at Washington on the order of President Andrew Johnson. The rough casket bore the name of John Wilkes Booth.

In that casket, according to contemporary accounts, was the body of a man dressed in the uniform of a Confederate soldier. It is said that a member of the Booth family identified it as that of John Wilkes Booth. On one foot, when the casket was opened at the time of the transfer, was found a riding boot. On the other foot was a soldier's heavy brogan. It had been slashed with a knife across the instep to ease a broken foot.

John St. Helen's messenger who, St. Helen said, was killed instead of Booth, would not have been lame as Booth was with a broken bone. John St. Helen's messenger, "Ruddy," who he said had been sent away by Booth to buy a pair of shoes for the fugitive, brought no shoes to the Garrett place. No new shoes were found there, but a crutch was found in the barn—the crutch on which Booth had hobbled away from the home of Doctor Mudd, who had dressed his broken shin.

The evidence against the Enid legend is overwhelming. But what a strange story it is! And into what times and places its trail leads! If John St. Helen and David E. George were one and the same man, what kind of man was he? The very name "John St. Helen," was one that John Wilkes Booth, with his delusions of grandeur, might have chosen. This man told a story which fitted so plausibly into the true and inner account of the movements and experiences of the assassin of Abraham Lincoln that, to this day, it throws into high relief the very elements of the official records which are mysterious and unprovable.

To my mind there is little wonder that Finis L. Bates, with the facts at his disposal, believed in the story of John St. Helen; there is little wonder that there are still those who, being only half-informed, still credit the strange Enid legend of John Wilkes Booth.

ORANGE BIRDS

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

I THINK perhaps after all
That I should like to be old.

I will paint little black lacquered boxes then
With orange birds
(No one will be doing it any more)
They will say, "Orange! How hideous!
They were done that way in her day."
And I shall nod benignly, and go on painting—
Painting futile orange birds for a present
To my young self
That had no time, because she had to be living.

I will read and make emphatic judgments on old essays,
And write little new ones, chiseling them
Very long, very meticulously, because then time won't count,
And nobody will read them after they are done, so why hurry?
I shall sentimentalize over my old friends and lovers
Very tenderly, very satisfyingly, because they will mostly be dead;
I shall wrap myself in how we loved each other, omitting how we failed each other,
Because I shall know then that even such things as that didn't matter,
Only the delicate painting of orange birds
And the delicate shaping of trivial perfect essays:
For time will not be a thing to use then,
But to get rid of.

The young people, tiptoeing around me,
Will pretend to me that I matter
And that the world still takes seriously what I do.
They will be kind, I think. So I shall not let them know
That I know I do not matter, and like the painlessness of it:
Nor even how wonderful it is
To be able to paint orange birds
That nobody wants
On little tin tea-boxes that I have lacquered black,
And not care whether people want them or not,
And to carve little ivory essays
About forgotten arguments and people,
Laughing to myself complacently over my own demoded humor.

I wish I were painting futile long-tailed orange birds
On little black tea-boxes.

THEY WENT BY LIKE MOUNTED FIGURES OUT OF AN ANTIQUE RUSTIC FRIEZE

LEGEND

Awarded First Prize in the Second Harper Short-Story Contest

BY FLETA CAMPBELL SPRINGER

THEY went by on the narrow sandy road like mounted figures out of an antique rustic frieze. Two tall, amazingly tall young women, in dark print dresses and men's straw hats, riding slowly, one after the other, on horses as exactly alike as they. Long black straps of loosened harness depended like decorations from shoulders and flanks, like brush strokes accenting the elongated lines of the riders, who sat sidewise, facing us, two-dimensional in the quiet evening light; and their dresses hung straight and full from their long fine waists to their feet. As they passed, deliberately, without haste, the measured effortless footfalls of their horses soundless on the yielding sand, the dark eyes of these women under the sunburned down-turned brims of their identical hats rested upon us calmly, incuriously, turning evenly with their passage, impersonally, as the eyes of pictures seem to turn.

An illusion of figures coming from no imagined place, carried forward to no destination more real than the remote and inevitable termination of a myth.

They passed, but the moment endured, as if for their passage a single instant of time had prolonged itself.

Beside me, Martha on her knees before her tiny plot of flowers, so precious in that arid land, knelt upright and motionless as if she too were held by some strangeness in the air.

"Were they—" I asked, my voice rude on the stillness, "*were* they as tall as they seemed, or was it—the light?"

Martha smiled.

"No, it wasn't the light," she said. "They're just as tall as they looked."

That then, heightened as it surely was by some unnatural quality of the atmosphere, was my first impression of the two sisters known as "the Klinger girls." And I was never to see them afterward, passing as they sometimes did, not regularly but now and then on those magical windless evenings after the boisterous days, without a recurrence of that same sense of their unreality, of figures out of some heroic legend of which I knew neither the beginning nor the end. I was later to see them in other lights, at other times of day—and the illusion was still there.

Its persistence may have been partly due to the scarcity of the information I was able to elicit concerning them—a lack all the more striking in a community where the idiosyncrasies and activities of neighbors constituted almost the sole items of daily news. I had been half afraid of the commonplace details I should presently have through Martha in response to my questions about the two tall sisters. But there were no details. I had seen them pass twice, and returned to my questions a second time, before I had accumulated more than the simple facts of their name and that they lived "over on the river road."

Was it far? No, not far, but it was out of sight. You couldn't see it from here.

Was there a family? A father. Just a father and the two girls.

What was the father like?

"Like?"

Yes, was he like the daughters—tall? Yes, tall. All the Klingers were tall.

Farmer? (I don't know why I asked that in a country where no one did anything else.) Martha was going on with her work, and she answered me in the tone of the competent farmer's wife she was. Not much of a farmer, she guessed. He was away most of the time.

"Business?" I asked.

She didn't know whether you'd call it business. He was supposed to be a kind of a horse trader, she thought.

Horse trader! Why was I glad? The daughters of a horse trader—I could never have thought of it, and it seemed so exactly right. I could venture further then.

"And the daughters," I asked, "do they work somewhere? Where are they coming from when we see them passing here?"

"They've a forty down below." She nodded toward the south.

"Below where?"

"Between our land and Pierson's."

"But I thought your places adjoined, yours and Pierson's," I said. We had passed that way often enough since I had come, on our way to the Colony store—a perfectly level stretch.

"No," said Martha, "Klinger's forty lays in between."

"Queer I never noticed it," I said.

"No house on it," said Martha. "Maybe that's why. Just a little old tool shed for the plows and things."

Plows. Did the Klinger girls plow? I remembered the black straps of work-harness thrown over the horses' backs.

Well, Martha didn't know as they *plowed*—but they cultivated some, she guessed. Guessed they wasn't much for housework; rather be out with the horses anyhow.

I asked what they grew on that vague forty, and Martha seemed not exactly to know. They'd started, like everybody else, with grapes, but they let them go. A little of one thing, a little of another now, she thought. Mostly feed for the horses. Guessed they just about made their feed. Not much on farming, any of them.

No animosity in all this. Just an absence of interest; not even interest enough, it seemed, to wonder at my curiosity. She answered my questions as if I had asked her the time of day. Nothing offered, nothing added beyond the facts. And her work took her just then to the cellar, where I presently heard her churning busily away.

At supper that evening, with Martha's husband in his neat blue jumper sitting across from me, I brought up the Klingers again. It occurred to me suddenly to ask the sisters' names.

"Their first names?" said Martha. She seemed to ponder a bit. "Why, I don't know 's I ever *heard*. Did you, Jim? Do you know their names?"

And Jim didn't know as *he*'d ever heard. "They're always together and I never heard 'em called anything but 'the Klinger girls.'"

The subject dropped. Not a word from either of them about it's being queer, their not knowing the names. Nor any curiosity as to what they were. For a moment I wondered if some scandal about the Klinger girls had produced this reticence. But that, I immediately told myself, would have produced the opposite of reticence. For scandals were rare enough in the Colony, where everybody had, as Martha said, "too much work to do to think of much devilment." It was one of those subdivisions of the vast worn-out wheat tracts of the Pacific slope, colonized some four or five years before by all those tired, disillusioned, or tragically hopeful souls to whom the promise of owning at last a few acres of land is as the believer's promise of Paradise—and so to be labored for unceasingly to the end of life.

Strangers from everywhere a few years ago, now bound together by the same problems, the same struggles, the same antagonists—the "Company," and the stubborn resentful land. All their differences, peculiarities, their most trivial activities known and familiarly discussed. Already I knew the histories of half a dozen families.

Yet the Klingers had come with the rest, from what direction no one seemed even to have asked.

I had known foreigners to be treated in this way in country communities. But here were Tony Fuergacci, the Italian, and Chris Pierson, the Swede, whose foreign ways furnished endless comment for my hosts. And the Klingers were, so far as Martha could tell me, "just straight Americans," although, among those more stockily built sons of the soil, the Klingers with their exceptional height, their lean brown faces, and their dark bright eyes did have the look of belonging to a different race. A look also of those who live among people who speak an unknown tongue—that look of receiving impressions only through the eyes.

Perhaps somewhere, far back, there was gipsy blood. "Horse trader" suggested that. And their indifference to the land. Two forties, when the others dared but one. If they made the payments, well and good. Grazing for the horses. A spot to pitch a tent.

Indifference. That was it. Indifference to their neighbors' god. A god to be served, to be feared, to be propitiated with sacrifice. Did they follow, then, these strangers, some ritual and tradition of their own? Whatever god they served, it was a god that left them free, a god of few demands.

Weeks passed in which we saw no more of the Klinger girls. Disappeared out of our sight and our conversation—as if they didn't exist.

And then one noon at table I was recalled from some reverie into which my thoughts had strayed, to hear Jim across from me saying something about a heifer that had "broke through the fence again."

"That heifer seems to think a poke's put on her for a dare to go through the fence. Well, I'll have to get out and hunt her this afternoon. She travels, too. Keeps right on goin' once she's out. Wish I knew which way she went."

And Martha quietly said, "Better ask the Klinger girls."

I caught the edge of her dry little smile, waited an instant and asked, "Why the Klinger girls?"

Martha glanced at Jim, still with the dry little smile.

"They're spiritualists."

"Spiritualists!" I jumped at it.

"Well, they find things," she said. "Found Orville's horses for him; didn't they, Jim?"

"It's what Orville tells," said Jim.

"Found them—how do you mean?"

They told me the tale quite casually, that very casualness giving the most unusual touch.

Several summers ago, it seemed, three of Orville's horses had strayed. He had searched the better part of two days when, going down the river road, he passed the Klinger house. The sisters were carrying water from the well, and Orville pulled up and called:

"Seen any stray horses down this way?"

They set down their buckets. No, they said. Had he lost some horses? He told them three—a sorrel and two bays. They shook their heads; they hadn't seen anything of them, no.

Orville started on. The girls took up their buckets and started toward the house. Presently Orville heard them call; he stopped and turned in his saddle. The sisters had stopped again.

"Did you look down on the Company's lower hundred?" the nearest one called.

"No," Orville answered, he hadn't got down there yet.

"That's where they are," she said.

"Did you see 'em there?" asked Orville, astonished.

"No," she said, "but that's where they are. Right inside that big bar gate below the draw, eating the green grass. One of the bars is down."

Orville asked her some question about how she knew.

"If you go there, you'll find them," she said. And the two sisters went toward the house.

Orville didn't know why, but he turned his horse about and rode back to the corner, struck straight through to the other side of the Colony, and turned down the road that led to the "Company's lower hundred." He followed that road until he came to the draw and beyond it the big bar gate. And there were his horses, the three of them, the sorrel and the two bays, eating the long, lush grass, just inside the gate. And one of the bars was down.

That was the story. They left it there. But I had to know what they thought.

"Well," I asked, "what about it? Did they ever find out?"

"Oh, guess it's true, all right," said Jim, and began to push back his chair. "Well, got to get along. Got to find that heifer before night."

I watched him while he reached for his hat where it hung inside the kitchen door. Then as he turned to go, "Are you going to see them?" I asked.

"Who?"

"Why, the Klinger girls."

He gave me over his shoulder his slow, good-natured grin—a grin which acknowledged my little joke. Then he clapped on his hat and was gone.

Martha was clearing the table but I sat on at my place.

"So they're spiritualists," I said when she came in from the kitchen again.

"I don't know as they claim to be, but I suppose you'd call it that." And then, as if merely to illustrate the point, she told me about the message they brought to Mrs. McAllister.

I knew the McAllisters. We had seen them only the day before at the Colony store. I knew they had lost a son.

"He used to work in the City," Martha said, "and one day, about half past nine in the morning it was, Mrs. McAllister was doing her morning work and she saw the Klinger girls coming down the road—on their horses, of course—she thought on their way to the store. But pretty soon she heard a knock and there they stood, both of them. You know they don't neighbor much, and Mrs. McAllister was surprised when she come to the door. 'Your son's in trouble,' they told her, 'we thought we ought to let you know.' Mrs. McAllister was excited, of course. She kept on asking what, and they said maybe she'd better telephone."

"That was all they'd say; wouldn't say anything more. And as soon as they'd left Mrs. McAllister run all the way to Pierson's to a telephone, and got them to call up the City for her. Well, it seems her son hadn't been very well for a couple of days, and he'd took worse the night before. They didn't tell her then, but he'd died that morning about seven o'clock. I guess that's what they meant, the Klinger girls."

"Did they say they knew it?"

"I don't know as they did. Of course Mrs. McAllister thinks he appeared to them, so they could let her know. You couldn't tell McAllisters anything else."

Martha took up her neglected stack of plates and disappeared through the kitchen door. When she came back again I said, "Why didn't you tell me all this before?"

"Why, I don't know," she said, "just never thought of it, I suppose."

Never thought of it! And all the trivial commonplace things she *had* thought of to tell about people I had never even seen! And why had none of the neighbor women happened to speak of it? Did they fear, perhaps, to be asked whether they believed it or not? Or had it really gone out of their minds? There was nothing self-conscious in Martha's lack of interest. It lay deeper, maybe, than consciousness. For beyond the remark that they were "supposed to talk to spirits," a statement for which she furnished no incident, I got no more from Martha about the Klinger girls. And again they faded out of our conversation, as if they didn't exist.

It was toward the end of the month that I went one day with Martha to register. The Company had sent round a man to see that the women were voting as well as the men. The registration clerk was a Mrs. Nichols, a widow who lived in a small frame house near the Company store, and who managed to support herself by means of a Notary Public's commission and such odd employments as this.

It was cool in her little front room and I waited there, reading a book while Martha did her shopping at the store. It was the quiet time of the afternoon, quiet and hot outside, quiet and cool within. Mrs. Nichols was busy copying. I sat and read my book.

After a while an old man came. He planted his stick inside the door and heaved up his gnarled old body. He let himself heavily into a chair, knees apart, stick planted stoutly between, and faced Mrs. Nichols across the plain oak table with its open register. A man who had once been strong and proud of his strength, and now he was old, too old and rheumatic these many years to work. I had seen him often, sitting outside in the yard at a certain place we passed—always the same chair, the same spot under the tree. Yet there was still

THE HANDS THAT GRASPED THE STICK WERE STIFF WITH AGE

THEY HAD MET TWO HORSES GALLOPING UP FROM THE RIVER

strength in his voice when he answered the questions put to him:

"Name?"

"John Delavoy Todd."

"Age?"

"Eighty-six." A touch of challenge, a touch of pride.

"Occupation?"

"Laborer," out full and strong.

The pen paused a moment above the white page of the register, then wrote it down. Laborer. A brave and beautiful word. Yet the hands that grasped his stick were stiff with age and uselessness.

There were other questions, other replies, but I did not hear the rest. And then he went, with an old-fashioned "Good day, ma'am" for each of us, and a kind of loneliness in his eyes.

There was quiet again in the little front room. Mrs. Nichols went back to her copying, I to my book.

Ten minutes had passed, perhaps, when a shadow darkened the door and I glanced quickly up.

One of the Klinger girls stood inside. Tall and quiet she stood, in her dark print dress, and regarded us silently from under the down-turned brim of her hat. Something disconcerting in the calm regard of those live dark eyes, like the eyes of a creature unused to spaces so small as this in which she suddenly found herself.

"You came to register?"

She nodded as if the question were superfluous.

"The full name, please." The widow dipped and poised her pen.

"Charlotte Klinger."

The voice was like her; I cannot say quite how. A gentle voice; I do know that. So much did it seem a part of her that I did not even think of it till afterward. As I did not, till afterward, think of her face. A lean brown face

that only suggested to me how much like their father those daughters must look.

She made her answers deliberately, without hesitation, and yet with the slightest curious pause before each one, as if the question took that time to cross the space to her.

"Age?"

"Twenty-nine."

"Address?"

The pause. "Colony Station, R. F. D. 2."

She watched the pen moving on the white page of the register.

"Occupation?"

Again the pause; and then—

"Cartoonist," she calmly, astoundingly said.

There was a moment of utter silence in the little room. The widow's pen hung motionless above the page.

"You said—" she helplessly began.

"Cartoonist." No irony in the tone and no perverse intent. Instead, a kind of withdrawn self-possession and reserve. She had been asked. She told. And now repeated it.

Without even looking up or any

OVER THE DEAD MAN STOOD THE FATHER OF THE KLINGER GIRLS

further questioning, the widow wrote it down.

There came suddenly into my mind an advertisement I had seen in a magazine: "Be a Cartoonist! Can You Draw?" The name of a city, and post-office box. How many dreams had sprung to life at such chance words? How many saw themselves the thing they wished to be? Those muscular brown hands, so sure to guide a horse, might hold the feel of line—of form. "Cartoonist" though! Did some ironic humor lurk behind that grave exterior?

The routine questions and answers were going on, and one stood suddenly out. "Party affiliation," the question was. She waited a moment at that, and then, as one who seeks to comply with some request almost forgotten but now recalled, she said, "Democrat."

Only a shade less incongruous than "Cartoonist" it seemed from her. A shade *more* incongruous even it might have seemed in another place than this. "Cartoonist" and "Democrat," from the lips of surely as fearless and pagan a creature as ever walked the earth.

It was laughable. But we did not laugh. For there was somehow a touch of pathos in it too. Indeed when she had gone, taking her leave with as little ceremony as she had come, pausing an instant against the light for her laconic "good-by," we did not speak of her at all.

I do not know why I asked no questions of Mrs. Nichols—except that I felt she knew no more than I. And she ventured no comment of her own. "Cartoonist"—"laborer"—they called to each other in my mind—while I sat pretending to read my book.

And presently Martha came with a bevy of neighbor women to register. And the little front room was filled with their laughter and sociability.

That night I said nothing about the incident of the afternoon. I did not even mention seeing one of "the Klinger girls." Yet I should have thought it strange enough if Martha had withheld that incident from me. Was I also to become a part of that conspiracy of reticence?

Never did I hear the word "Cartoonist" in connection with the Klinger girls. And never, from that day to this, has it been explained.

Yet I thought of it in the days that followed whenever I thought of them in that indefinite region where they lived "over on the river road"—a region inhabited only by those vague shapes with whom, so it was said, "they talked."

The summer passed and I went away, to return the following year. And when I came it was to find the Colony astir with a thing that had happened a week before.

A man had been killed, a murder done—and the Klingers were accused.

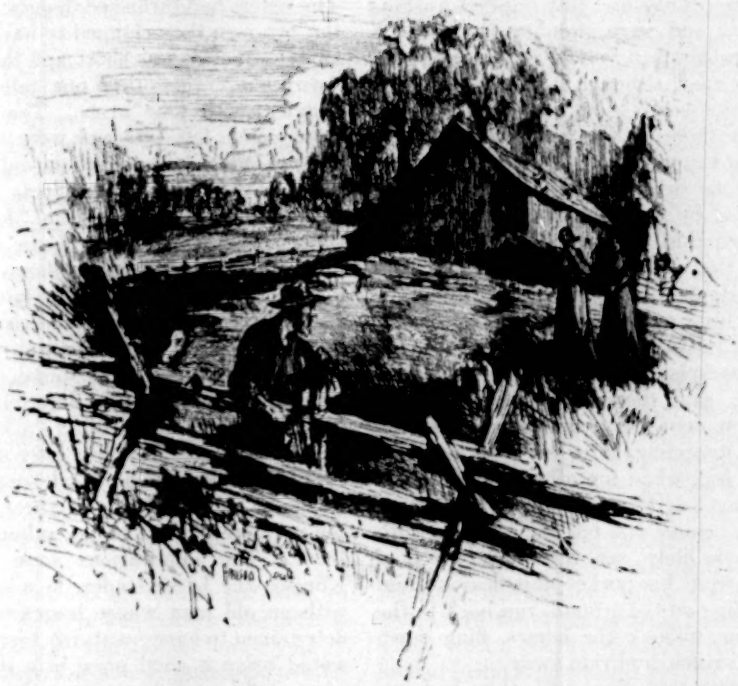
The Colony was astir as a forest is stirred, not by a breeze in the branches but when the roots have felt a tremor of the earth.

This was what was known. About four o'clock on an afternoon ten days before, two Company officials out on Colony business and driving down the river road, had noticed as they passed the Klinger place the sisters standing in the yard. Farther on they had met two horses galloping toward them, up from the river, to which the road leads down. The horses swerved and passed them, and they kept on.

As they entered the woods that line the river banks they had come upon a light wagon drawn off at the side of the road, the harness lying as if it had been hastily dropped. Grass was trampled, the underbrush disturbed. A few feet farther, where the trees were thickest, they had heard, or thought they heard, a sound; and sensing trouble, had left the car to investigate.

In an open space between two trees a poorly dressed old man, a stranger, lay dead on the ground, his skull crushed in—and over him stood the father of the Klinger girls.

He made no attempt to escape. But



THEY CALLED TO THEIR FATHER WHO HAD GONE TO MEND A FENCE

he stepped back when he saw them and said quietly, "He's dead."

They could see he was not armed, but near by on the ground lay a heavy stick, one end of it covered with blood. And there was blood on the horse trader's hands.

Questioned, his statements had become immediately conflicting and confused. Two strange men, he said, had killed the old man, robbed him, and got away. Asked if he had seen it, he said no, they had got away before he arrived. Asked how he knew they had robbed him, he said, "Because he had a roll of bills."

"Who was he?" they asked, and he said he didn't know; the man was unconscious when he got there, and he'd never seen him before.

At this they had told Klinger he had better come with them to the authorities; and he went, willingly enough apparently. Once there he was immediately put under arrest. At first they had thought he was going to resist; but when they had snapped the handcuffs on his wrists he had calmed down at once and asked them to send for his daughters.

At the Klinger place the two horses that had been seen galloping up the river road, and that evidently belonged to the murdered man, were found in the corral. The girls did not deny having taken them up. And within two hours both father and daughters were in custody—all three protesting their innocence.

This was the story they told. This the horse trader's remarkable alibi. Between three and four o'clock that

afternoon, the sisters said, they had been together in the back part of the house. They had just finished washing dishes and were standing by the sink when they had "seen" (it was the word they used, although it would have been impossible for them really to have seen from there)—they had "seen" something happening down by the river. An old man driving a wagon was being attacked by two men who had suddenly appeared at the side of the road. They saw the wagon stop, saw the old man lean down to answer some question, saw one leap and seize him from behind while the other attempted to go through his pockets; saw the old man put up a fight, saw them drag him from his wagon, struggling; saw them drag him, still struggling, into the trees, and one hold him while the other found a club, a fallen limb of a tree; saw him come up from behind and fell the old man with a single blow; saw them take a roll of bills from his pocket and, leaving him bleeding on the ground, run back to the wagon, unhook the horses, fling down the harness, and ride away.

Seeing this, they said, they had run out and called to their father, who they thought was in the barn; but he had gone to the pasture to mend a fence. They had found him there, told him what they had seen, and he had hurried across the fields to the river the shortest way.

The father corroborated this story. His daughters had come to him in the field, told him what they had seen, and he had gone to be of help.

And they continued to stay by the story through repeated grillings, through the inquest, through the Grand Jury proceedings which resulted in the indictment of the father for murder, with the daughters held as material witnesses. Why not accomplices I could not quite see, since their story was naturally held to be valueless by the authorities. Perhaps they thought it wise to avoid arousing sympathy for the daughters, who were better known than their father in the community.

There were elaborations of the story, of course; details gathered from all sides. The sisters had furnished descriptions of the two men they claimed to have seen. One, they said, was short and thin and "wiry-like," the other one taller and heavier, with long arms. They both wore slouch felt hats and were roughly dressed, "like hoboes," they said, "like tramps." The short one was in his shirt sleeves with a vest, a "kind of striped shirt," and wore elastic sleeve-holders, brown, with nickel snaps. The other one wore a coat. They saw them plainly, they said, and would recognize them anywhere. But no pair answering their description could be found.

They had also said, in describing the fight, that the old man had "a kind of stiff knee." And this was later discovered to have been true, which supported of course the prosecution's theory that the murdered man was not unknown to them. The implications were plain: Klinger, the horse trader, in a quarrel with an old man whose horses he had determined to have—a sturdy team that would bring a good price in a district where good work horses were at a premium. Or the old man, who had appeared from nowhere apparently (so far as their tracings could find) might have been the victim of an ancient grudge. An itinerant trader himself, perhaps. That would account for his being unknown. No relatives claimed him, although the murder was published far and wide.

Two weeks went by before they found a clue. A man answering his description and who walked with a peculiar gait because of a stiffness of one knee had stayed, with his horses and wagon, the night preceding the tragedy at one of those "Feed Yard" hostelries that still exist unnoticed in the side streets of some towns, at the County Seat. But at such hostelries there is no register, and men are not required to tell their names. They buy feed, camp the night, and in the morning pass on.

But a chance word dropped that night

led to the discovery that such a man had lived for a time in a certain isolated foothill district in the southern end of the state. He had occupied a small tenant farm, living alone in a little shack, and driven occasionally in to the village for groceries and supplies. Little was known of him except that he was supposed to have come from "the City," and that his name was Lee. About a month before he had left the community —it was supposed to return to the city again—but no one could be found to whom he had spoken of his plans. At any rate he had driven away with the wagon and team—immediately recognized by a neighbor, brought north for the purpose by the authorities, as the wagon and team of the murdered man. And the identification was complete. But there it stopped. They had discovered nothing but his name. Whatever past he had was lost in mystery.

The trial was set for the last week in July. No move was made by the defense for a delay—the lawyer employed by the Klingers deciding apparently to offer the story of his clients, however fantastic and irregular it seemed, relying perhaps upon that very quality for its effect. It was all that he could do, since his clients stood stubbornly by their story, refusing to consider a more reasonable defense. Not a word of corroboration had appeared. No trace of the two men the sisters claimed to have "seen."

The Colony talked but little. But the thing was there in their silences. When they talked at all it was casually, as if they were not too much concerned.

Jim, reading the news, would only shake his head and say, "Looks bad for 'em, pretty bad."

The time drew near and witnesses were summoned to appear.

Orville was summoned—Orville, whose horses the Klinger girls had "found." Mr. and Mrs. McAllister were called.

On the third day of the trial, held at the County Seat, I decided to go in. The State had presented its case with telling brevity: merely established the crime, offered the testimony of the two Company officials as to the finding of the defendant on the scene of the murder with blood on his hands, the confusing statements he had made; as to their seeing the sisters standing in the yard, and as to the horses of the murdered man found in the Klinger corral; established the fact that the defendant spent much of his time away from home, and that he made frequent trips to the City, that same City from which the mysterious Lee was said to have come. Here the State had abruptly rested its case, at about half past two o'clock of the second day, leaving the defense to offer, if they chose, that unprovable and fantastic alibi. And that, with a kind of hopeless haste disguised as confidence, the attorney for the defense had proceeded at once to do. Immediately, without even consulting his clients, he had called one of the sisters to the witness-stand where she had told her story without a single deviation from its original details. Then, with a counter-thrust of brevity, he had turned the witness over for cross-examination by the State. But the State's attorney had merely smiled and said "No questions" with the easy tolerance of one who wastes no words upon the obvious.

The defendant himself had followed his daughter to the stand and was still being questioned when the session came to an end.

It was the next day, then, that I decided to go in. There was a train from the Colony station at twelve o'clock, and one back in the evening at four. I spoke of it at breakfast, and within an hour Martha and Jim had remembered some buying they had to do in the County Seat, and had decided to go along. They might, they said, step round to the trial themselves for a few minutes if they got through their buying in time. Still that necessity to pretend a casual interest!

A hot ride in the train, a hot walk through blistering unshaded streets, and

I reached the courthouse at two o'clock. It seemed almost dark in the dim corridors after the blinding glare outside. An eddy of movement, of interest, led me to the courtroom door.

Air seemed to stop at that door. Inside, pressed forward, packed to the very walls and standing up, the silent attentive crowd strained forward toward the farther end of that room. Green blinds shut out the sun but not the light. The stifling heat of a thicket on summer afternoons.

The quarry brought to cover. The hunt gathered in at the death. And above on his bench the Judge, white-haired and rubicund, the master of the hunt—with a flower in his buttonhole.

Below him with their counsel, the defendant and his daughters, side by side. The father, once as tall as his daughters, a little shrunken now. The three dark heads. The dark bright eyes. Now more than ever they looked like creatures brought to bay. Watchful, expectant, still. On the table before them, their three identical hats.

Some colloquy was going on between the State's attorney and the Judge. The Judge leaned down from his bench to hear. The State's attorney—thin, keen, immaculate—stepped back with an amused little smile on his lips and spoke in his sharp, incisive voice.

"Miss Klinger for re-cross." Then added in a lower tone, "Miss Charlotte Klinger, please, will you take the stand again."

She rose without haste and made her way past the counsel tables, mounted the two shallow steps to the witness-chair between the Jury and the Judge. The familiar dark print dress invested her now with a curious simple dignity. Her hat lay on her lap—her strong black hair brushed back and gathered in a knot, as women do their hair who always wear a hat. She was handsomer than I had thought, and just a little strange.

Her eyes went to her lawyer, busy shuffling papers and untangling his glasses from the black ribbon by which they hung; then rested upon the attorney for the State.

"I believe, Miss Klinger," his tone was easy, conversational, "I believe you testified in your direct examination that you and your sister found the defendant, your father, mending fence in the pasture, and that he left you there to go to the scene of the tragedy?"

I noted again that odd effect of the question having to reach her first.

"Yes, sir," she said. And again her voice was like her, gentle but perfectly audible in the attentive stillness of that room.

"Were you not afraid—did you not think it might be dangerous for him to go alone to such a place?"

The pause. "Yes, sir, we didn't like to see him go alone."

"Then why did you and your sister not go along?"

"It was men's work," she said.

"I see." His voice was even softer now, more persuasively significant. "You didn't like him to go alone; you felt it might be dangerous. Why, then, did you not go for help when your father failed to return?"

Again the pause. "We would," she said, "but we saw the Company men go down and thought it was all right."

The State's attorney sent a look to the counsel for the defense—the look of a sportsman who cries "Good!" at his adversary's clever play.

Then he turned to the witness again. His tone was crisper now.

"About these men you claim to have seen. You have testified both on direct and cross examination that you saw, in some way saw, two unidentified men attack, kill, and rob the deceased. Will you kindly tell the Court what words, if any, passed between them during those events. Did you not also hear them *speak?*"

"We never hear," she calmly said, "we only see."

"Then see them *now!* Where are they *now?*"

"Objection!" cried the counsel for de-

fense. "No testimony has been offered as to the present whereabouts of these two men."

The Judge leaned forward across the bench. He silently lifted a book, and silently laid it down. Then he lifted another and laid it atop the first. Then slowly and judiciously he spoke.

"The Court has had occasion to admit into the record of this case certain—unusual evidence. The Court has been governed in this course by the highly peculiar nature of the defense here offered. Evidence has been offered concerning an alleged 'vision' claimed to have been had by this witness, and upon this evidence defendant seeks to base an alibi. The Court deems it therefore only fair to afford this witness an opportunity to prove to this jury her alleged clairvoyant power. The Court therefore overrules the objection of the defendant, and requests the witness to state whether or not, since the alleged first vision of which she has testified, she has ever, clairvoyantly or otherwise, seen those two men again."

His eyes met those of the girl in the witness chair.

Slowly her eyes left his.

"No," her answer came, almost inaudibly.

He leaned toward her across his folded arms.

"*Try*—try to see them now."

The whole room held its breath.

And upon that stillness her gentle, despairing answer fell.

"We never *can* see when we try. We've *been* trying ever since."

It lay upon that stillness like the weightless hand of truth.

At last, as if from some vision he himself had seen, the Judge drew slowly back.

"Proceed," he said.

"No more questions," said the attorney for the State.

"No questions," echoed the counsel for defense.

"That's all," said the Judge.

The girl in the witness-chair rose.

"One moment!" The State's attorney raised his hand. "One more question, please, just one."

He waited while she took the chair again. Waited then a moment before he spoke in that deliberately slow and careful voice.

"You and your sister are—very much devoted to your father, are you not?"

"Yes, sir," she said, and seemed to wait.

"That's all," said the attorney for the State.

She waited still until he said again, "That's all"—and then, bewildered, rose and made her way down from the witness stand, past the long counsel tables to her vacant chair.

"Next witness!" called the Judge, matter of fact, peremptory.

A stir ran through the court. It breathed again.

"Mrs. McAllister!" announced the counsel for the defense and stood to receive her as she came through the crowd, a nervous little figure in her Sunday best.

Nervous but determined, she took her place and faced the court. Led by the kindly questioning, her voice growing steadier as she gained confidence, she began to tell the story of the message brought to her by the Klinger girls.

The attorney for the State seemed bored. Presently he arose.

"I object, your Honor, to this testimony as incompetent, irrelevant, and immaterial."

"What is the purpose of the testimony of this witness?" asked the Judge.

"The purpose, your Honor," said the counsel for defense, "assigned by the Court in overruling my objection a few moments ago."

Again the look of sportsmen passed between the lawyers—and the witness was allowed to proceed as before. She told her story simply, in homely poignant words that somehow touched the heart. And when she had finished and counsel said, "Take the witness," the State's attorney was kindness itself, as one who regrets a duty unavoidable.

"Tell me, Mrs. McAllister, have you any means of knowing that these young women did not receive some word of your son's death before they came to you?"

"Oh, no, but they didn't!" she cried.

"But have you any *means* of knowing it?"

"They couldn't have," she said.

He did not press the point but left it there.

"You say, Mrs. McAllister, that until your son went to the city he had lived with you in the Colony?"

She nodded, "Yes."

"Did he know the two young women called 'the Klinger girls'?"

She seemed to hesitate at that. "Why yes, sir, I suppose he did."

"Intimately?" The word picked out between two silences.

"Oh no, sir! I don't think he knew them much at all."

The prosecutor's brows went up. There showed upon his firm thin lips a faint, uncomfortable smile. He leaned a little forward now.

"What did your son die of, Mrs. McAllister?"

"Why," she said and wavered, then went on, "he just hadn't been feeling right for a couple of days, and all of a sudden that last night he took worse, and in the morning he died. It was his stomach, though—he must have eaten something, the doctor said."

"And before that, had he been well?"

"Oh yes, sir! He was a fine strong boy."

"Do you know whether or not during that week your son had received any visitors?"

"Visitors?"

"*Women* visitors, perhaps. . . ."

Something black had entered the court. Something black and malevolent. He, that cool and alert intelligence; he, the destroyer of visions—what were these but "visions" he himself produced! From what cold diabolical chamber had they sprung?

Through them came the voice of counsel for the defense, booming his objections to the court. "No evidence has been offered here—no evidence has been offered!"

"Objection sustained!" said the court. But the "vision" was not exorcised.

"That's all," said the State's attorney.

"All," echoed counsel for the defense.

"You may go, Mrs. McAllister," said the Judge.

And the meager timid figure, brave in its Sunday best, also went bewildered from the stand.

Next came Orville, a knot of a man, who faced the questioner with sullen belligerence. For Orville had come against his will. "He'd be damned," Orville had said, "if he was goin' to be made a fool of in a court of law." But he was also afraid of lying in a "court of law." So he answered his questions in monosyllables. "Sure," he would answer, scratching his scraggly white mustache —"sure they told me where to look." And this with averted knowing eyes, as if he would have liked to add, "I s'pose they *put* 'em there." For here was a man who had told his story until he thought it was a lie, embarrassed now to have it proven true.

The State's attorney waited for him, smiling to himself.

At counsel's "Take the witness," I felt a touch upon my arm. Martha stood beside me, saying we must go if we were to catch the train.

I asked how long they had been here and she said they had just come in a few minutes ago. But I always wondered how long those "few minutes" might have been.

As we stepped from that long dim corridor out into the street, the blazing ball of the sun before us blinded us with light.

We talked little of the trial. I could only echo Jim's eloquent "Looks bad for 'em—pretty bad."

And so it did. And so it was, "bad for 'em" in the end.

The verdict came in Friday. "Guilty,"

as any sane jury would have said. Twenty years in prison for the father. The daughters let go free.

"They did their best to save him," everybody said.

"Twenty years!" said Martha, "That's as good as life."

And so it was, or so it would have been if there had not happened then the strangest thing of all. To me at least it seemed the strangest thing—and somehow strangely right.

For the horse trader did not go to prison after all. Oh, nothing supernatural—he was not spirited away. He took a cold, as you or I might do, in that overheated stuffy court and, within a week after the verdict, was dead of pneumonia.

The season of boisterous days and magical windless evenings after them had come again to the Colony. Again Martha tended her precious bed of flowers, and again in the quiet evening light I saw them coming, "the Klinger girls," exactly as I had seen them first—riding their strong deliberate horses along the narrow sandy road. Sidewise, facing us, their dark print dresses hanging straight and full from their long fine waists to their feet. And as they passed, the measured effortless footfalls of their horses fell soundless on the yielding sand, their dark eyes rested upon us calmly, turning evenly with their passage as the eyes of pictures seem to turn.

"Good-by!" It was Martha's voice.

"Good-by!" They echoed in unison. And rode on.

Beside me, Martha on her knees was motionless, as if held by the strangeness of that good-by.

"They're going away," said Martha, her voice soft on the stillness.

"Away?"

She nodded. "They say *he* wants them to."

I could still see them a moment before they vanished in the quiet evening light. An illusion of figures carried forward to no destination more real than the remote and unimaginable termination of a myth.

LIFE, TOIL, AND LOVE

BY GEORGE STERLING

IN quiet, in the very silent night,
She woke, though none had called, from dreamlessness.
A clock ticked, and the hour she could but guess.
She lit her lamp, arose, and made some slight
Beginning on the morrow's work. Her sight
Fell for a moment on a well-loved head;
Softly she kissed it, bent above the bed,
Laid by her shawl, blew out the needless light.

She stared a moment on the dark, and heard
Only the certain clock's unhurried chime;
Dreamless again her broken sleep began,
And nothing in the hush about them stirred;
Yet all that was in that small space of time
Had been a symbol of the fate of man.

ARE WE OUR BROTHERS' KEEPERS?

How Our Country is Fighting the Drug Evil

BY CONSTANCE DREXEL

FOR the first time in history an evil which humanity faces is to be combated by the whole world as a unit, and by a general scrapping of "national sovereignty," used as an excuse for non-interference with questions affecting the entire human family.

Not only is the effort of the United States to stamp out the drug evil a momentous task in itself, but the method to be employed is an innovation of even more far-reaching consequences. It is distinctly an American problem. One-hundredth of our population, or more than a million of our people, are addicted to the use of narcotic drugs. This is not a surmise but is the expressed opinion, in a report dated April 15, 1919, of the special committee of investigation of traffic in narcotic drugs appointed by the Secretary of the Treasury. This means that among the acquaintances of everyone who reads this article one or more persons are so afflicted.

But it is an international as well as a national problem. The known annual consumption in the United States of seven grains of opium per capita, according to latest statistics, does not give a hint of the appalling truth, for it is estimated that ninety per cent of the supply of non-medical drug addicts is procured through unauthorized channels, and thus is non-figurant in official statistics. We have discovered that the enactment of state and national laws, even if successfully enforced, is of little use when, day after day, quantities of the fiendish stuff are smuggled into our seaports and across our borders.

Therefore, because of this smuggling from the opium-producing countries into the world's richest drug market, we are face to face with the international aspects of the situation. To arrive at a solution we are about to co-operate with the League of Nations, mainly because that body was delegated by the Versailles Treaty to deal with the world traffic in narcotic drugs and because this government is a signatory of The Hague Opium Convention which in effect constitutes a part of the Versailles Treaty.

But there are gigantic difficulties in the way. We have discovered to our horror what had been known to the few—that races of the human family in Asia are being steeped in this vice through the consent and encouragement of European governments, which are frankly using the system of opium monopoly to obtain revenue and may be suspected of using this insidious power to retain their colonial empires intact. And another phase of the situation is that in India people not only smoke opium but eat it, and it is claimed that they like it. Mothers give it to their children to stop their crying. That is considered a "legitimate use" of opium there. His Highness the Maharajah Jam Saheb of Nawanagar summed it up to me at a dinner last September in Geneva, where he was a delegate to the Assembly of the League of Nations: "In my country we don't care for liquor; but suppose we tried to interfere in the liquor question in some other country, what would happen?"

That is the problem in a nutshell. What is the solution? The United States has taken the stand that the growth of the poppy and other drug-producing plants must and shall be curtailed strictly to the medicinal and scientific needs of the world, leaving no

surplus for smuggling into this country or for the drugging of Asiatic races. This is the interpretation which this government insists shall be made of the International Opium Convention signed at The Hague on January 23, 1912. And briefly, the representatives of this government who attended meetings in Geneva in May, and again in September, 1923, held under the League of Nations, succeeded in having this interpretation accepted as follows:

"1. If the purpose of the Hague Opium Convention is to be achieved according to its spirit and true intent, it must be recognized that the use of opium products for other than medical and scientific purposes is an abuse and not legitimate.

"2. In order to prevent the abuse of these products it is necessary to exercise the control of the production of raw opium in such a manner that there will be no surplus available for non-medical and non-scientific purposes."

But between having nations accept a thing "in principle" and actually being willing to put the thing into effect, especially in view of the delicate situation in the Far East, means a long, hard road to travel. And that is the task which the United States has assumed, the next step in the program being the participation of this government in two international opium conferences to be held in Geneva this November under the auspices of the League of Nations, at which time the representatives of the United States will make a determined stand for the actual carrying out of the principle that the growth of drug-producing plants must be controlled and curtailed throughout the world. In no other way can this vice be stamped out as a menace not alone to the peoples of the Far East but in European nations and in our own country as well.

The leadership of the United States in this world opium problem is nothing new. Secretary of State Hughes, in his letter of February 9, 1924, urging Congress to pass the joint resolution (H. J. Res. 195) introduced by Congressman Porter, authorizing an appropriation of $40,000 for the participation of the United States in the two opium conferences in Geneva, said:

"For nearly twenty years the United States has occupied a prominent position in urging international action in this regard and in carrying out the international obligations it has assumed for the control of the traffic, and I trust that Congress will authorize an appropriation that will permit the Government to continue in the future as it has in the past."

Indeed, some students of the question assert that but for the acquisition of the Philippine Islands by the United States, the drug evil might never have been curbed at all and might now be a graver menace to civilization than any plague of the Middle Ages, instead of a problem which is now in a position to be eliminated as a degradation to the human race, if the United States can carry out its program. It was on July 24, 1906, that the Right Reverend Charles H. Brent, then Bishop of the Philippines, wrote to President Roosevelt pointing to the fact that the United States had inherited the opium traffic in the Philippines, and suggesting that an international conference on the subject be called in the Far East. As a result, President Roosevelt on October 14, 1907, called an International Commission which met in Shanghai, China, in 1909, to make an investigation of the abuses growing out of the opium traffic and to suggest a means for their prevention; and thus the United States, as pointed out by President Wilson in his message to Congress on April 21, 1913, "initiated the world-wide movement toward" the abolition of the traffic in habit-forming narcotic drugs. On September 1, 1909, another International conference proposed by President Taft met at The Hague to give effect and sanction to the resolutions of the Shanghai Opium Commission, resulting in the adoption of The Hague Opium Conven-

tion of 1912, and a third conference at The Hague in the summer of 1914.

But there were many loopholes of escape in that convention. Progress in eradicating the great evil might not have been interrupted, however, but for the outbreak of the World War which caused the machinery of control of the traffic, notably in China, to break down. At the Peace Conference, realizing that something had to be done, this problem was one of the humanitarian questions "wished" upon the League of Nations, whose Covenant provides for a "Permanent Advisory Committee on the Traffic in Opium and other Narcotic Drugs."

The proud record of the United States in the Philippines proves that this government was ready to practice what it preached. By act of Congress of August 5, 1909, it was provided that:

"Importation or shipment into the Philippines of the following articles is prohibited: . . . (g) Opium in whatever form except by the government of the Philippines and pharmacists duly licensed and registered as such under the laws in force in said islands, and for strictly medicinal purposes only."

This legislation suppressed completely the traffic in opium and exploded the ages-old argument that the abusive use of opium in the Orient was a necessary evil. This is proved by the figures of the imports of opium by the Philippine Islands from 1900 to 1903, prior to the passage of the acts of Congress:

	Pounds
In 1900 there were imported	224,115
In 1901 there were imported	369,037
In 1902 there were imported	137,583
In 1903 there were imported	254,547

and the figures showing imports of opium from 1918 to 1921 subsequent to the passage of the acts of Congress:

	Pounds
In 1918 the import was approximately	235
In 1919 the import was approximately	237
In 1920 the import was approximately	1,550
In 1921 the import was approximately	192
Total	2,214

As a result, visitors to the Philippines very rarely, if ever, see the sunken eye, the emaciation, the pallor, the nervousness, and, in many instances, the abscesses on the body from the use of the hypodermic syringe which are so common in certain other Oriental countries; and smoking of opium practically does not exist. We ourselves have proved by our action in the Philippines that the traffic in opium can be effectively suppressed and its use limited to strictly medicinal purposes. This is in flat contradiction to the assertion of European powers which have colonies and possessions in the Far East.

In the United States itself, this government has faithfully carried out all the provisions of its international obligations under the Hague Convention. Indeed, by means of the Harrison Narcotic Act of 1915 and the Jones-Miller Act of 1922, this country has gone farther than any other signatory of the Hague Opium Convention in the stringency of its national laws, thus reducing the per capita consumption annually to approximately seven grains, according to statistics presented in a recent report of the Federal Narcotics Control Board submitted to Federal Prohibition Commissioner R. A. Haynes. In addition, the United States also is the first country to stop the manufacture of heroin, as provided in the Porter bill (H. R. 7079) amending the Narcotic Drugs and Import Act. Yet in spite of all this, it is stated that ninety per cent of the habit-forming drugs used in this country enter through illicit channels, thus outside the control of our national laws, and thus bringing us face to face with the problem in its international aspects.

Early in the spring of 1923, after the problem had been slumbering for a number of years, the entire country was aroused by the sudden increase in smuggling of narcotic drugs, the growing number of addicts, and the appalling rise in crime which physicians and penal authorities laid directly to the door of habit-forming drugs. Congress took up the matter, and the problem is unusually well defined in the Porter joint resolution passed unanimously by both branches of

Congress, and approved March 2, 1923, wherein it is stated, in part, that:

"The annual production of opium is approximately one thousand five hundred tons, of which approximately one hundred tons, according to the best available information, is sufficient for the world's medicinal and scientific needs. . . . It is the imperative duty of the United States government to safeguard its people from the persistent ravages of habit-forming narcotic drugs."

It is to be noted that the resolution called upon the President to urge a proposal upon the governments of certain nations, but it was not many weeks before President Harding and the State Department decided that the more common-sense method would be to accept the invitation of the League of Nations to use that international machinery to obtain the desired ends. Accordingly, on May 9, 1923, Secretary Hughes wrote to Congressman Porter, Bishop Brent, and Dr. Rupert Blue, former Surgeon-General of the U. S. Public Health Service, ordering them to attend "on behalf of the United States and in a consultative capacity, a meeting of the Advisory Committee on Traffic in Opium of the League of Nations to be held on May 24, 1923, at Geneva." Mr. Porter was chairman of the delegation, which was augmented by Edwin Neville, of the State Department, as advisor. Another American also was present, Mrs. Hamilton Wright, of Washington, D. C., an "assessor" member of the above Advisory Committee, not as a representative of the United States but appointed by the League's Council.

The American delegation succeeded in obtaining the adoption of the American interpretation of the Hague Convention, as already quoted, by the Advisory Committee. But since the findings or report of this committee have to be discussed for adoption or rejection by the Council and the Assembly of the League, the American delegation was again ordered to make a determined stand at the discussion of the opium question in September, which is done largely through the medium of what is known as the "fifth commission," composed of one of the delegates or alternates of each country represented in the Assembly. In addition to the adoption by the Committee and the Assembly of the American principle that the effective control of habit-forming drugs can be obtained only by limiting the production thereof to the quantity required for strictly medicinal and scientific purposes, a proposal to hold an international conference which would determine ways and means of putting this principle into effect also was adopted, though changed to the holding of two conferences, one immediately following the other. This was done at the insistence of the British delegation, which desired a separate conference of the governments owning possessions where opium is smoked or eaten. However, the United States may be represented at both, and moreover has authority in the first conference because the "Drafting Committee" is at present working on the agenda of both conferences. This "Drafting Committee" was appointed last December by the Council of the League of Nations, composed of a representative of each of the six most interested nations. The United States is represented by Edward Neville of the State Department, who has spent most of the last few months at work in Geneva, naturally under the direct orders of the State Department and of Congressman Porter, who will head the delegation to the November conferences.

What are the difficulties in the way? They are summarized in a statement written for this article by Mrs. Hamilton Wright, widow of Doctor Wright, appointed by President Roosevelt and by President Taft as one of America's delegates to the Shanghai and The Hague opium conferences. After his death in the influenza epidemic in Washington early in 1918, his widow, though left with four young children, determined to carry on his work. She was well

qualified, having accompanied her husband to Shanghai and to The Hague, besides having a political and international background, as her father was United States Senator from Minnesota and her uncle United States Ambassador to France. Realizing that the work of the Hague Opium Convention was at the point of being nullified as a result of the World War, Mrs. Wright went to Paris during the Peace Conference and was instrumental in having the opium problem referred to the League of Nations, and later was appointed on the League's opium committee. In 1920 she made a trip to the Far East to study the situation on the spot; since then she has traveled to Turkey and to Persia to make a survey of poppy-growing in those countries; she was present in Lausanne to urge the Turkish representatives to agree to ratification of The Hague Opium Convention, a provision included in the Lausanne treaty. All this was done on her own personal initiative, but now her experience is highly valued in Washington where, with Mr. Porter and Mr. Neville, she is one of a committee of three charged with this government's arrangements for the November conferences. All this constitutes a remarkable example of what a woman, single handed, may accomplish even in a question with such ramifications as the world-wide drug evil. At this point I cannot help recalling a conversation we had in Washington three years ago, when I sought her out after she had returned from a meeting in Geneva of the League's advisory opium committee:

"The only way to get rid of this evil is to limit the growing of the poppy and other narcotic plants strictly to medicinal and scientific needs." Well, that seemed a wild proposal at the time, but now, accepted by the American government, it has a chance of early fulfillment. All of which gives weight to Mrs. Wright's statement:

"It is not my purpose to go at length into the obsolete and untenable principle which still holds sway in the Far Eastern colonies of European powers—namely that the welfare of a people can be based upon their physical and moral degradation. It is a paradox that men should live on their own death; yet to-day the largest percentage of revenues obtained in the Eastern colonies of the civilized countries of the West are based upon opium. Yet it cannot be ignored that to the producing poppy-growing nations it is also an economic question."

This "economic" phase of the problem is the rock upon which the ship is floundering. There are Governments engaged in the opium traffic which regret it, finding themselves caught in a snare set two centuries ago for unborn generations. It devolves upon them to extricate themselves from the sins of their fathers, so that future generations may be free from the shame of raising revenue gained from the exploitation of the weakness and vice of human beings.

The unvarnished truth is to be found, in America, in foreign government records on file in the Congressional Library in Washington, and in a recent book, *The Ethics of Opium*, by Miss Ellen N. La Motte, an authority on the opium question in the Far East. In a brief article it is impossible to give more than a cross section of the situation by citing a few official statistics as examples. In addition to the high grade of opium exported from Turkey and Persia, the countries to which the lower grade of Indian opium is exported are as follows, the quantities being given in chests each containing 140 pounds of opium, 16 chests or 2240 pounds making a ton.

	1917–18	*1918–19*	*1919–20*
England	3,051½	2,400	900
Ceylon (British)			
Government	0	0	60
Private merchants	60	70	0
Straits Settlements (British)			
Government	4,789	3,961	3,750
Private merchants	385	142	275
Hong Kong (British)			
Government	405	450	450
Private merchants	0	51	369
Macao (Portuguese)			
Private merchants	450	500	0
Japan			
Private merchants	971	1,930	980
Indo-China (French)			
Private merchants	3,050	3,490	995
Java Government (Dutch)	1,800	2,400	2,000

	1917–18	1918–19	1919–20
Siam			
Government	850	1,750	1,400
Private merchants	800	0	0
British North Borneo			
Government	20	140	144
Mauritius (British)			
Government	0	0	12
Private merchants	15	42	23
British West Indies			
Private merchants	1	0	0
New South Wales (British)			
Private merchants	5	0	0
Fiji Islands (British)			
Private merchants	1	0	1
Brazil			
Private merchants	0	2	0
Total number of chests exported:			
Private merchants	5,738	6,227	2,643
Colonial and other governments	7,864	8,701	7,816
Great Britain	3,051½	2,400	900
Grand total (chests)	16,653½	17,328	11,350

In 1922 the Indian finances got in such a bad way that a special committee was sent out to investigate and to see what savings could be effected, so that the budget might balance. This committee was headed by Lord Inchcape, and its findings were published in the spring of 1923 by His Majesty's Stationery Office in London. The survey of the Opium Department ends with this recommendation:

"*Conclusion.* Having reviewed the expenditure under the opium head, we recommend that the possibility of reducing the price paid to cultivators for opium be carefully watched with a view to reduction. We are informed that there will be a reduction of about Rs. 20 *lakhs* in expenditure in 1923-24, and, in view of the importance of safeguarding this important source of revenue, we recommend no further reduction."

The charge that a large percentage of the revenue in the colonies and possessions of European powers in the Far East is derived from the sale of opium is substantiated by the following statistics from official documents:

The Budget for 1923, Government of Indo-China (French Possession) shows—

	Total Revenue	Opium Revenue
	piasters	*piasters*
1922	71,795,510	14,900,000, or 20 per cent.
1923	70,353,610*	14,900,000,* or 21 per cent.

*(Estimated)

In reply to Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, who asked in Parliament last session for details of the amount of revenue received by various colonies from sales of opium, the Colonial Office supplied these figures:

	Proportion of revenue from opium per cent
Hong Kong	22.4
Straits Settlements	45.5
Federated Malay States	16.8
Sarawak	14.0
Ceylon	0.75
Johore	34.25
Kedah	38.3
Percis	44.3
Kelantan	23.5
Trengganu	37.7
Brunei	14.9
North Borneo	12.3

The Statistical Year Book of the Kingdom of Siam, p. 40, shows the amount of the opium revenue in *ticals*.

	Revenue	Opium Revenue	Percentage
1916–17	82,911,149	19,275,702	23
1917–18	86,494,066	21,179,721	24
1918–19	93,409,470	21,444,418	23
1919–20	96,066,960	23,221,569	24

For Macao (Portuguese Possession) *Whitaker's Almanac* gives the revenue for 1920-21 as $2,631,981. The population is 78,000. The minutes of the Fifth Session, Opium Committee, League of Nations, page 139, state that the average consumption of opium in this possession is 2266 grains per head.

For Netherlands East Indies (Dutch Possession) the *Statesman's Year Book* for 1923, p. 1171, shows that the estimated receipts from opium for 1923 are placed at 46,546,600 guilders, which is approximately 11 per cent of the total revenue of this possession.

There are a number of other possessions of European powers whose official documents show an opium revenue of from 25 to 60 per cent, but those from which we have quoted will serve to prove the contention.

It seems strange, does it not, that the European powers and Japan have stringent anti-narcotic laws to protect their own people, as have the self-governing dominions of the British Empire, but in the Far Eastern colonies and possessions of European powers the lid is off? As already explained, the United States has

clean hands in this matter. It refused to raise revenue out of opium in the Philippines and it protects its people there against the curse even more stringently than it does in the forty-eight states of the Union. To quote Bishop Brent from an address before the Opium Committee of the League of Nations in May, 1923:

"The earliest and greatest mandate we strong nations can assume, without which all other mandates will be ineffective, is the moral mandate by which we honestly protect the higher welfare of weak or small nations by demanding for, rather than conceding to, them the same safeguards and privileges that we demand for ourselves.

"*Give us this day our daily bread* interpreted for other nationals than our own can not read *Give them this day their daily opium.*"

Another phase of the economic question to be faced is in Persia and in Turkey, where the highest grade poppy for drug manufacturers is best grown. Peasants and merchants make a good living out of the cultivation of the poppy, for which excellent prices are obtained from drugs marketed in the United States, Switzerland, Germany, and other countries. If this cultivation is suddenly ordered curtailed, what crop is to be substituted? Turkey and Persia have little share in the silk industry. Yet experiments have shown that the silk worm could flourish there. It is possible that the silk industry could take the place of a restricted cultivation of the poppy. Anyhow, this question will have to be taken under consideration if America's program is to gain headway.

China offers still another problem. According to information obtained by the China Society of America and furnished for this article through the courtesy of Professor Robert McElroy of Princeton University, Managing Director of the Society in New York, the situation in China is as follows:

"Increasing seizures of opium by Customs officials show that poppy cultivation is very profitable and that the area of planting has increased. This in spite of the fact that the Central Government forbids poppy cultivation. However, Peking has little control over the provinces and the Tuchuns (Provincial Governors) finding that the cultivation of poppy is a fruitful source of revenue for the support of their armies, have systematically encouraged and developed production within their respective areas. In some provinces they have actually forced cultivation by penalizing the farmer who neglects to grow poppy. In addition they tax the fields and also levy a toll on opium exported from the province.

"It is difficult to estimate the extent of increased production due to taxation but in view of the above situation it is evident that this factor has had an important bearing in the expansion of poppy areas. The recrudescence of poppy cultivation has resulted in heavy smuggling operations and in spite of the fact that Indian opium is officially excluded from fifteen provinces there is reason to believe that large supplies of the drug enter China clandestinely from this source."

But alas, the responsibility for this situation rests more upon European powers, and Japan, and to some extent the United States, than upon the Chinese themselves. Here is one example: in order to prevent the Chinese from building up their own factories and industries and commerce, and to protect that vast potential market for the business of other nations, China is prohibited from raising a duty or tariff of more than 5 per cent on imports, and she is prohibited from obtaining revenue from exports, so that other countries may have her goods cheaply. This whole tariff matter was thoroughly thrashed out in the Washington Conference on the Limitation of Armaments in 1921, resulting in certain provisions of the Nine-Power Treaty which would allow China to increase her tariff revenue from 5 to 7½ per cent. This treaty

further provided that within three months after the final ratification of the Treaty an international commission of experts would be appointed to go to China to aid in re-organizing her tariff and revenue system. But this Nine-Power Treaty signed in Washington has not been put into effect owing to the fact that France has not yet ratified the Treaty.

However, China will not necessarily be a stumbling block in the principle of "limiting production of opium and other narcotic drugs to the strictly medicinal and scientific needs of the world," because it will be the policy of the American delegation to settle this matter regardless of China, or rather, to treat China as a separate entity.

And so it is a hard task that America has envisaged. But there is this much to be said about it. For the first time an American delegation goes into an international conference backed by the legislative and executive departments of the government and with the cards all on the table. This statement applies to the participation of the United States in the opium discussions of the League of Nations in May and September of 1923, when the American program was accepted. But it applies still more to our participation in the two international opium conferences to be held in November, an act of Congress having authorized our delegates to take part, the same act unmistakably exposing America's terms in the conference.

America is watching, and therefore it is hardly an exaggeration to state that, upon the degree of success or failure of inducing the other nations to co-operate in this humanitarian undertaking, depends largely the future extent of America's participation in similar undertakings affecting the whole world.

TO THE GHOST OF JOHN MILTON

BY CARL SANDBURG

IF I should pamphleteer twenty years against royalists,
With rewards offered for my capture dead or alive,
And jails and scaffolds always near,

And then my wife should die and three ignorant daughters
Should talk about their father as a joke, and steal the
Earnings of books, and the poorhouse always reaching for me,

If I then lost my eyes and the world was all dark and I
Sat with only memories and talk—

I would write "Paradise Lost," I would marry a second wife
And on her dying I would marry a third pair of eyes to
Serve my blind eyes, I would write "Paradise Regained," I
Would write wild, foggy, smoky, wordy books—

I would sit by the fire and dream of hell and heaven,
Idiots and kings, women my eyes could never look on again,
And God Himself and the rebels God threw into hell.

A GREAT CLUB WOMAN

A Story

BY MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

MRS. AUSTIN TAYLOR was concluding her speech before the district meeting of Federated Clubs. The beads on her new dark-blue georgette dress rose and fell a little more quickly over her ample bosom in this last moment of inspiration, and the trite words came freshly from her thought.

"And I feel, as I look over this splendid audience to-night, that we women are true guardians, divinely appointed perhaps, who will forever be faithful to our double trust: guarding the body of society which is the community and its soul which is the home."

She meant it deeply. She seemed to see a thousand grave and intelligent women turning from their kitchens and bedsides to the meetings of city councils and competently turning back again. Her heart was warm and sweet as she looked over the faces of the seven hundred women in the hotel ballroom. They were tired faces of maturity, most of them, out of which the self-consciousness of sex had gone. They wore blunt hats and dark, serviceable, "best" dresses, and powdered badly or not at all. Faces in repose, not all happy, not all fine or noble, but at the moment all touched with the lift toward thought which blended them for a minute. Mrs. Taylor knew them. For fifteen years she had been through club exploits and battles with their cruelties and braveries. She knew how to parry a blow and how to be politic in the midst of suspicion or anger. But as she looked at her audience to-night she felt only its group-nobility.

They stood to sing the Star Spangled Banner in conclusion, their untrained voices sinking and rising with great enjoyment, and they gave the song a certain intelligent savor in spite of their flat and dragging notes. Then the aisles were quickly blocked with groups of women as they left their seats, discussing and commenting and praising the success of the district meeting. Mrs. Taylor stepped down from the platform to mingle with the women. She had just been made president of the District Federation and her responsibility was sitting heavily upon her.

Coffee was to be served in the lounge of the hotel. The women all went downstairs from the auditorium, the country women admiring the magnificence of the hotel and enjoying silently their participation in it, hugging it to them to be enjoyed more fully when they were home again. Waiters dashed to and fro with plates of cakes and trays of coffee and the noise became immense and yet subdued, for there was no hint of riotousness.

That was what bewildered a few exquisitely dressed girls and their escorts who had dropped in at the "Palace" to have a few dances and see who was there. At half past ten the usual crowd was beginning to drift in for dancing in the "Palace" lounge. The girls stood in the doorway, surveying the uncustomary crowd with mingled disgust and amusement.

"What's this circus anyway?"

"Ladies' Clubs Convention," grinned the waiter as if he too were able to find something funny in the scene.

"They certainly look like club women," said one girl to her escort, inviting him to observe the full contrast of her beauty against these elder non-brilliant women.

"Aren't they ghastly? I think club women are terrible and it's a bit thick when they monopolize the 'Palace.' Let's go somewhere else, for Heaven's sake, before these old hags give me melancholia."

They drifted away and Mrs. Austin Taylor, seeing them go, noted them in her mind, thinking, "I wonder if we couldn't get a junior auxiliary for that kind of girl. They have so little opportunity. Nothing is offered them except amusement. I must take that up with my board. Maybe Janice could help."

But at the thought of Janice, her daughter, Mrs. Taylor hesitated. Janice didn't like club work.

Some one bustled up with congratulations, some one else offered a project for consideration. A plain, shabby woman with a splendidly experienced face under her old-time sailor hat came up to tell of some work she was trying to do among farm girls in her part of the state. She wanted Mrs. Taylor to come and talk to them.

"They need inspiration," she said, "some of them are farm girls who want to get away from home, and some have been away and want to go again. The cheapest habits of the city and a piece of silk underwear are all that they bring back when they do go. If you could talk to them—I'm not a good talker myself."

It was sweet to be the center of it all. The pleasant expansiveness of generous response fairly shone from the district president's face. Women asked her advice and her help and praised her speech. The compliments even grew a little stale, as if each one had been heard too often, and unconsciously Mrs. Taylor listened for the new phrase, the new form of laudation. An old lady coming up to shake her hand nodded at her sagely.

"I've been a club woman for thirty years," she said, "I belonged to Sorosis years and years ago. I've joined nearly a hundred clubs in my day! I'm a great club woman and I'm proud of it."

"We'd all be proud if we could be great club women," answered Mrs. Taylor, putting fresh meaning into the commonplace swing of the words and smiling at the vigorous old lady who held her hand so tightly in her two thin blue-veined ones.

"You keep right on, my dear—you're on the right track," the old lady concluded and went off, cackling a little in her delight at having a hand in king-making. Presidents had come and gone in many clubs to which she had belonged, and she had greeted them on many a fine occasion.

Suddenly Mrs. Taylor looked at the old lady, the professional club woman, in somewhat the manner that the debutantes had looked at her. She didn't want to grow like that and she resented the presence of a person who caricatured the business of being a club woman, one to whom mere membership in clubs was in itself sufficient. Perhaps something like resentment had been back of the thought of the girls in the hotel who had felt that all these women caricatured feminine beauty and love and desire and all the delight of being a woman. As they had turned away, so Mrs. Taylor turned from the old club woman to her own group of efficient friends.

It was late that night when she went home. The Taylor family had no car, though Janice seldom went out except in one. They lived in a comfortable house, for Mrs. Taylor through all her activities maintained the machinery of her home and kept it running. She was glad to get home to-night. Tied up in a bundle in her mind were all sorts of things to think about and she wanted the privacy and safety of her own home and room so that she could think of them. Downstairs was darkened. A light in the hall still burned dimly—left for her. Janice, she supposed, was out, and Mr. Taylor no doubt had gone already to his room with his papers and his dyspepsia. It was part of Mrs. Taylor's creed that her husband should not be disturbed by her comings and goings.

She pulled the chain of the hall light

and looked at herself in the mirror as the light grew stronger. It was a competent face—she liked it and found it good to look at, was a little vain of its reflected sanity and wisdom. Then into the midst of her complacence she heard the faintest sound, a sound which she could not place at first. Not a creak or a flapping shutter, not her husband's familiar dull snore, surely not a mouse. It was so far from her imaginings that she had to listen again before it was defined to her hearing. It was a thick sob, sounding like one of many sobs, a tired sound as if the person had wept a long while after suppressing grief. It came from Janice's room. Mrs. Taylor went softly up the stairs and opened her daughter's door.

Janice's room was like Janice. If Janice had been born a decade before she would have had dotted muslin and a draped dressing table and photographs round her mirror and a bird's-eye maple "set." In her own generation she had, of course, painted furniture with a narrow bed-couch, covered with a taffeta spread bordered with an artificial ruffle and headed by a stiff bustlelike bolster. Pale green taffeta and tiny gold wreaths on the furniture marked the highly developed and sophisticated simplicity of her generation. Her dressing table had no host of photographs. Out of a hammered-silver frame a young man gazed with shadowed eyes at another young man with shadowed eyes on the other side. In between the gentlemen lay a tangle of brushes and mirrors and little boxes, each one expensive and charming.

Mrs. Taylor noticed none of this. Her eyes had gone straight to her daughter who sat at the absurd spinet-desk of enameled green, with her head on her arm, sobbing so desolately that even the opening of the door did not disturb her.

"What's the matter, Janice?"

Janice sprang up and turned. Her face was swollen and it was so unlike her that it startled Mrs. Taylor. Janice never let herself look ugly. For that matter she never wept. That was what was so strange about this. Janice didn't weep for small things, for any things that her mother knew about.

"What's the matter, angel?"

It was an old fond name that Mrs. Taylor had used to use—and it somehow came unconsciously to her lips now. Janice's face was hostile. She started to refuse, to deny, and failed.

"Nothing — nothing," and suddenly she was sobbing again in the strange wild way.

Mrs. Taylor drew her daughter down beside her on the green-taffeta couch. She took up an absurd amount of it herself, and Janice half struggled away.

"Are you ill?"

But Janice sobbed again.

"Some trouble with the girls—some man?"

Janice's head was bent. Her thick, fine, honey-colored hair sprang away from the matched waves of the hairdresser. At the nape of her neck it lay soft in the little hollow. Janice didn't let them clip it there, thought Mrs. Taylor irrelevantly, and it was much prettier so. How thin the child was!

"Can't you tell me?"

"You wouldn't want me to tell you. You'll never know," threatened Janice.

"Nonsense. Of course I must know what's troubling you like this. I don't want to force your confidence, angel—"

That had always been the theory. They had been close but Janice had been taught as much as was possible of life, shown good ideals, and trained to stand on her feet. Her confidence was not pried open.

"I want Janice to stand alone," Mrs. Taylor often said, and minded of that now, she went on.

"But I think it will do you good to tell me. There is no difficulty that cannot be solved, no hurt that remains very long. The sting goes out of everything after a few days, Janice. This is doubtless only a trifle."

Janice rubbed her face with a square

Drawn by Frances Rogers

JANICE SAT AT THE SPINET-DESK, SOBBING DESOLATELY

of orange linen which matched her one-piece dress.

"Trifle?" she said, "I suppose so. I'm just sort of up against it. I'll double and turn and get out. A girl's a damned fool to let herself in for anything—"

"Don't swear, Janice."

Janice shrugged.

"And tell me about it."

"It's a baby," said Janice, defiantly. "Is that a trifle? I don't know."

Something in Mrs. Taylor shrank and cowered and refused to listen, denied and hated what she heard. But she heard her voice go on as she had trained it to go during club meetings when there was dissension around her and she wished to calm it.

"I think you had better explain yourself a little further."

"There's no further. It's just that I'm going to have a baby. That is, I won't have it, of course. But it's too hideous—the whole business."

"But Janice—you know about such things. It wasn't surely—"

"Of course I knew. I . . . mother, you just don't know what girls get away with nowadays. There's nothing I don't know. It's such a mess. I'm no ingénue. But I don't know how to get out of it. Can you help me?"

Mrs. Taylor looked at her daughter. The swelling was almost gone from her face. Her lips had their usual contour, full and charming. She looked like a study of innocence. No ingénue, she said.

"Is it some one you're going to marry?" She hated to begin like that, for she had often urged that the regeneration of girls themselves was the solution of such a problem, not a forced marriage.

Janice did not answer. Her mother took her by the shoulder.

"You must tell me who it is," she said fiercely.

Janice drew away shaking her head. A color rose into her face, the blush of an ashamed embarrassed girl.

"I couldn't tell you that. I'm not the sort to talk over things like that."

"But you must."

Janice was silent with a stiff, frightening silence. She was silent against entreaties. Talk she would about some things but not about others, judging what was decent by a code of her own. Then suddenly she seemed to remember.

"This was the night of your big shebang, wasn't it, mother? I'm horribly sorry. What a thing to come home to! Don't you worry about this. It's strictly my business. I can look after it all right." She nodded sagely and never had she looked so young or so pathetic as in that moment of threatening to search into ugly mysteries. "You go to bed, mother, and forget about me."

"Janice—why did you—"

"Don't worry, mother. I'll fix it up somehow. Girls aren't what they used to be."

But Mrs. Taylor had heard enough. She closed Janice's door between them in a kind of panic. To her this cool, terrible talk from a child was like listening to blasphemy. She sought her own room and somehow undressed and lay in bed, hearing only the gentle snore of her husband. What would he think? Would he blame it on her? She felt responsible to her husband for the first time in fifteen years, with a responsibility tinged with fear of condemnation. He was very good to her and proud of her and gently adequate to their needs, but how would he face this? Was it her fault? Janice knew everything and admitted that this was trouble of her own making. It was not neglect. Mrs. Taylor's whole mind rose up to deny that she had ever neglected her daughter. She had made a study of her, rather—first the child-study classes, then the adolescent girl—her thoughts failed and then staggered on. This business would have to be suppressed. It would ruin her in club work if anyone ever knew. No one must know. Janice would see to that. She could rely on Janice. She could rely on Janice—once more she saw Janice standing in her pale-green room with her bold ugly words and her pale frightened face—it had been pale and frightened—and her courage!

Janice slipped back into short skirts, into child clothes—into baby dresses. That lovely baby to come to this—her beautiful baby whom people used to point at when she met them on the street and turn to admire! Janice's baby—the child of what in the club world they called a "delinquent girl." All the terms went topsy-turvy. Janice wasn't delinquent. Janice was ignorant, disclaim her ignorance as she might. Ignorant of the claims of society, the penances of society, the beauty of the things she was destroying. She was helpless in ignorance.

Mrs. Taylor rose from the bed, an awkward ghost in her thick muslin nightgown, and went back to the room where Janice lay with her arms behind her head. She sat down, crumpling the sheet in her hands.

"Were you fond of him, Janice?" she asked.

"I still am—terribly. He doesn't know anything about this. He just isn't here."

"Don't you want to send for him?"

"I can't. It's a mixup. Don't worry, mother. I was an awful fool to tell you."

"You must have the baby, dear," Mrs. Taylor told her gently.

The moon came in on Janice's face. She didn't stir or look at her mother.

"Funny," she answered quietly, "do you know I was just thinking about that, and that it would be a pity—"

"Hush," said her mother, "I'll be right with you."

The newspapers said simply that owing to the resignation of Mrs. Austin Taylor, Mrs. John Newton, the vice-president of the District Federation, would automatically succeed to the presidency. That was all that was printed. But everybody knew. One mouth gave the facts to the next and the word went around, an embroidered word. There were those who said caustically that Mrs. Taylor would have done better to do less club work and take better care of her own home; and some of these were women who only a month ago had urged her perfect home life as one of Mrs. Taylor's greatest claims to distinction. There were those who were horrified and those who smiled a little, those who were deeply sorry and those who hinted that they had known all about it months ago. Many women were ready to call it a public scandal, and they all wondered and whispered and guessed at the unknown identity of the man. It was, of course, a savory morsel of news. Girls who get into moral difficulties were not rare, but those of a certain status in society are not infrequently shielded from public notice.

Various people suggested to Mrs. Taylor that this was quite possible. Mrs. Taylor, who had aged and thickened in four months, seemed impervious to suggestion. Even those women who had been close to her could not reach her. Mrs. Otterson, who had been chairman of the civic committee and who was fond of Mrs. Taylor, went straight to her. She found Mrs. Taylor sitting on the side porch of her house. The shadows were deep because of the woodbine lattice. It was a comfortable, untragic scene and Mrs. Otterson, who had keyed herself up to coming, felt relaxed. Mrs. Taylor plunged into discussion.

She was clearly hungry for news of the club activities. More than once she bit her lips, refraining from giving advice or suggestion which was not her right to give.

"We do need you," said Mrs. Otterson.

"I doubt it," replied Mrs. Taylor; "it's all going on well enough without me, Ella. That's clear enough. I'm glad it is. I'm lonesome for the work—but it doesn't need me."

"Couldn't—possibly—couldn't Janice go away for a year or so to some place where she would get well quickly?" asked Mrs. Otterson.

"She's better off here, Ella. You know what's wrong with Janice. Don't beat about the bush."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, I'm sure." Mrs. Taylor sighed. "She's learning a great deal now and before she's through she'll see why things

are as they are—why society makes it uncomfortable for such cases and why it is better to conform. But that's the least of it. If she has her baby and loves it all the rules will be clear. More than the rules—the reasons. I don't want my daughter to be an outlaw, Ella. I've been telling about communities and homes for years. I don't want Janice barred just now—chased away."

"It is a very expensive object lesson," the other woman said dryly. "It takes you away from the work you are needed in and makes a recluse of you—all for a spoiled girl—"

The spoiled girl, the "delinquent," came round the corner of the porch. She carried a great bundle of cinnamon phlox against a white dress and her face was the face that masters love to paint.

The mailman was coming up the walk and she was watching him with curious held-in impatience. He did not turn in at the Taylor walk and the girl straightened almost imperceptibly as if meeting a daily blow.

"I suppose you wouldn't tell me who it is," asked Ella Otterson.

Mrs. Taylor shook her head.

"I don't know. That's one of the things that Janice doesn't want to tell. And her father feels as I do that it would be wrong to try to force her. We never have forced Janice's confidence," she added with a trace of her old pedantry.

Mrs. Otterson rose to go, nodding at Janice who was already out of earshot. "Well, dear, I'm terribly sorry. I just hate to see you wasted. Under the circumstances, with women what they are, of course you had to resign—but it's dreadful."

"Not dreadful at all. I miss the women terribly. I like to work with women. Yet after all, Ella, there's a good deal in understanding women. Janice is the girl who is going to make the generation after ours. You feel advanced when you begin to understand about her. I'm learning lots of things. About the—silk-underwear and shingled-hair points of view. I can't understand that generation from the standpoint of high-necked muslin nightgowns. But I'm learning."

The visiting club woman went down the steps a little bewildered, and when she was out of sight Janice sauntered into view again, her eyes sharpened to hardness.

"Did she crucify you?" she asked.

"Why should she?"

"Oh, it is rotten," burst out Janice; "you liked your old clubs so and now the harpies camp on your trail and knife you because of me. I'm not your fault. I think I'll run away."

"You promised you wouldn't," answered her mother smoothly, "you said you'd stick it through and stay here with me. If you don't believe it's disgrace—and you say you don't—why run away?"

"It's not disgrace," said Janice, "it's strictly my own business, that's what it is."

"In that case, don't run away."

They had been over the same ground interminably in the last few months. The defiance which marked Janice now was an outgrowth of her loneliness and her mother knew it. But that she defied instead of sobbed showed strength which Mrs. Taylor welcomed and was proud of even as she pitied.

Mrs. Taylor was defiant too. This story was an old one to an experienced woman in civic and social work. She knew the rules and the arguments, the things one should try to impress on girls whom you wished to make over into useful members of society. But now, in the midst of the emotions which interfered with theories, she had to make new principles—build them out of living pity and fear and conscience.

The newspapers hurt. It was like living outside the world and getting news of it. The Federated Clubs were always active in this work and that—holding meetings, listening to talks, advocating civic reform. It was ironical that these were the six months during which the city should have been agitated by the

need for a new home for girls too young to enter the state reformatory. Mrs. Taylor had read a paper on that need not long ago. Now she sat at home and read the birth announcements in the papers, and envied young girls walking up and down with baby carriages, and went over the old ground again and again as to whether there were any justice in the terrific penalties put on girls who overstepped the rules. In the background was her husband. He had retreated into a philosophy which kept him safe. To his daughter he was uniformly kind and considerate. It struck Mrs. Taylor once that his attitude toward Janice was much as his attitude toward her club work had been. He gave her plenty of room and kept out of the way. Yet she noticed now and then that he would sit for a long time lapsed in thought and his face would be both wise and weary.

It rained on the night Janice's child was born—fierce, cold, winter rain. Outside the house sheets of water struck against the windows constantly, angrily. But within no one paid any attention. It occurred once or twice to Mrs. Taylor in the midst of her vigil that she had been a stupid woman. How much time she had spent in worry in the last months over non-essentials. The only thing that mattered was the lives upstairs. Janice had known that all along. Janice was right. New life was bigger than any argument about its legality. There had been times in the past months when secretly she had felt that if by some chance the child did not live it would be easier for Janice to come back. Another city and a year or two in some university would make Janice forget. But now, in the midst of the driving rain outside and the driving pain within, Mrs. Taylor had no time for such meditations. The baby was tremendously important, as important as Janice. When she and her husband finally sat down to a cup of coffee in the kitchen, with the house stilled upstairs, they looked at each other in happy and vast relief.

"We must do the best we can for Janice now, Austin. She's going to need a lot of help. Oh, isn't it too bad she hasn't anyone but us just now when she has a right to have a husband; we must make it up to her."

"There is such a thing as a law of compensation," answered her husband, "I don't know whether you have ever heard much about it, my dear, but it means among other things that a person can build up compensation within himself for what he loses. I've found it so. So far, Janice hasn't failed herself."

Six days later Janice turned on her pillows and called her mother. The nurse had gone out and Mrs. Taylor was sitting by the window sewing.

"Listen, mother," she said calmly, "I guess you'd better write Alec. It's been rather rotten to keep all this from him. He certainly ought to have a chance to see his baby."

"Alec?"

"He's her father—Alec Blackmorr."

Mrs. Taylor let her work fall in her lap. She had never thought of Alec Blackmorr when she had let her mind dwell on the possible man. That shy, sweet-faced boy of twenty-one or so, with the vast fortune and the dominant mother.

"You see, he didn't know anything about it. He's so rich I couldn't go after him, could I? Besides, that wasn't the idea. We were just crazy about each other. And then we had a fight. But I've been thinking he might like to see her. You can write him. But you must not beg him to come. He's been abroad all summer but I saw in the paper that they've landed in New York."

Mrs. Taylor began twelve letters. There was a condemnatory letter, a pathetic letter, a cruel letter, a letter which dwelt on responsibilities to society, and others. Finally, with a wastebasket full, she wrote the one she mailed. It was only seven lines long and it said exactly what Janice had wanted her to say: "You must only come if you want to come. She asks nothing from you and

only offers you a chance which she feels it is wrong to deny you."

When she had mailed it she wondered what some of her club friends would have said if they had seen that letter which transcended all the rules and all the restrictions and commands of society and went back simply to personal feeling, refusing to build on anything else. She felt very free and very independent all that day and the next, and then, when there was no telegram, no message, and she knew her letter must have reached New York, bitterness began to grow in her.

"Did you hear from him?" asked Janice.

"Not yet, dear."

"Oh, how stupid of him," said Janice slowly. And then—"Mother, you've been wonderful not to preach at me these last months. I think I'd have gone crazy if you had." The weariness showed now in her lovely face. "It's better to stick by the rules. I've never been much on this civic stuff, but I know that you couldn't have a lot of people like me around. You can't play it alone. If it hadn't been for you I couldn't have got through, you know, and when I think of the girls who haven't any support it makes me sick."

"Don't excite yourself, angel."

"I'm not. I'm just sorry—not particularly for myself. I'll get on all right. But for the baby and you—and father."

She turned away with a weariness which frightened her mother. One white hand lay very limp on the bed cover. All the sophistication which had trimmed her manner had been ripped off. She was only a tired, abandoned girl. And though the things she had said would have pleased her mother in their thought, Mrs. Taylor did not think of the vindication of society coming from the young scoffer. She only thought, rather horribly, that Janice might die and that she must be roused somehow to interest in living. She pushed the bassinet close to the bed and went downstairs to telephone the doctor.

It was at that moment that a pale young man who had forgotten to pay for his taxi came up the steps of the Taylor house and rang the bell as he reached the top step. When Mrs. Taylor let him in he stood looking at her wildly for a minute and fumbled among words that refused to come.

"I didn't know," he broke out, "I thought she hated me. I've been desperate for her and keeping away."

"She's upstairs," said Mrs. Taylor briefly, "go up alone."

But she herself turned blindly away and wept, alone in her living-room. The path was clear now. There was no mistaking the feeling of that young man. And the wheels of the world would be oiled with the Blackmorr money. In a month it would be recounted as a society escapade and, after the young people had gone away for a year or two, it would be forgotten. Janice was safe enough.

She went to the door of her daughter's room and saw what had been lacking to the last few weeks, the man in her room who belonged there, and the ecstatic rhapsody in which they were forgetting parents and society.

Mrs. Taylor was right. They chose Europe for a year. When Janice sailed from New York and stood on the upper deck waving to her mother, she was dressed more beautifully than ever before and looked so radiant that people left off gazing at their own friends and watched Janice with her husband on one side and on the other a nurse who held the baby for a last glimpse of the grandmother. Janice had not forgotten. She was cool and imperturbable in her usual way, but Mrs. Taylor remembered what she had said as she kissed her good-by. "It's turned out all right for me but it's put an awful crimp in you, mother. I'm not going to forget that, or that it might not have turned out for me any better than for a lot of others."

The shadow of the "others" so close in her danger would always be in the back of Janice's mind, directing her thought, playing guard to escapade. As

for Mrs. Taylor, she knew well enough that if it had been a rascal or a poor young man or a married man, the conclusion would have been vastly different. It was that conclusion she was trying to figure out in her own mind and whose difficulties she kept trying to solve.

When she came back from that New York trip she looked at herself in the hall mirror as she had done on the night when she came home from the Federated Club meeting after having been made president. That was only fifteen months ago. The face that had reflected sanity and wisdom then was different now. Doubt was hammered into it. The eyes were quicker and the face sagged from the mouth. Under her neat blunt hat, a club-woman's hat, her hair was quite gray.

Mrs. Otterson came to see her a few weeks later.

"I do hope now that Janice is in Europe you'll be able to get back into club work," she said as she rocked. "They certainly need you. The organization is simply going to pieces. It needs you pretty badly. I think that if you'll run for district president there wouldn't be a bit of opposition."

"After all this, Ella?"

"Well, this turned out pretty well," said Mrs. Otterson, and Mrs. Taylor could hear the echoes of a thousand opinions in composite. "Janice was a foolish child, but girls aren't what they used to be. You straightened her out and it's to your credit. Besides, of course, she's done very well."

"She did very well—yes," answered Mrs. Taylor. "Especially before her marriage."

"And it's nice for you to have her so well settled," went on Mrs. Otterson. "You ought to be able to get Mrs. Blackmorr interested in club work. Some one said the other day that she might lease that old office building of hers to us for a woman's club. What do you think?"

"Let them ask her."

Mrs. Otterson dropped that.

"I'd like to tell them, just informally, that you'll run for president. The district needs to be put on its feet. If you do your best with your possibilities, we might have a state president from here soon. It's about time one came from this part of the state."

Mrs. Taylor shook her head. She had a vision of herself as district president, state president. But it had no appeal. The old enthusiasm, the old desire to lead had been somehow shaken out of her. There had been in her too poignant a struggle for her to regain the calm and detachment of leadership. She was trained to comradeship in trouble.

"It will never be me, Ella."

"You're not going to give up your work, are you, Mary?"

"I'm not sure what my work is," said Mrs. Taylor.

"Well, you mustn't get bitter. Doubtless some people were nasty, but that's the way the world is, Mary."

Mrs. Taylor nodded quietly. But she was obdurate. No hint would she give that she would ever consider high club office. When her visitor had gone she sat looking peacefully after her, wondering at her own stoppage. She held no bitterness or resentment. But the thing didn't call her. To form women into little bands, to talk to them about theories of home life and community life didn't seem vital any more.

The postman came up the steps with a couple of letters. One was from Janice—a letter of short, smart phrases, full of the excitements she was having, the fun, the observation of people. Janice was rebuilt, thought Mrs. Taylor, and built on rock this time.

She opened the other letter. It was on blue-lined paper and the signature remained unfamiliar until after she had read it twice. Then she had memory of a woman with a splendid face under an old blue sailor hat, talking to her in the Palace Hotel about her work with country girls. Evidently this woman had not heard the gossip about the Taylor family, for she wrote freely:

"I have formed a club now and girls come to it from all over the district. They are not school girls and some of them are pretty hard. They have sometimes had experiences which make them so, though I always hate to call such girls wayward or delinquent. I wish you would come and talk to them. These girls need to be invigorated, shown how to be women by some one who they will feel not is trying to reform them. I know how busy you must be and that you are not district president any longer, but if you could come—make them feel the dignity of being women and the need of some social responsibility—as you made me feel it once."

The light was in Mrs. Taylor's eyes again. She went into the house and almost unconsciously to her desk, one side of which was still piled with neatly folded club folders, and drew toward her a sheet of note paper.

"I shall be glad to come—" she wrote.

FRUIT OF THE FLOWER

BY COUNTÉE P. CULLEN

MY father is a quiet man
With sober, steady ways;
For simile, a folded fan;
His nights are like his days.

My mother's life is puritan,
No hint of cavalier,
A pool so calm you're sure it can
Have little depth to fear.

And yet my father's eyes can boast
How full his life has been;
There haunts them yet the languid ghost
Of some still sacred sin.

And though my mother chants of God
And of the mystic river,
I've seen a bit of checkered sod
Set all her flesh aquiver.

Why should he deem it pure mischance
A son of his is fain
To do a naked tribal dance
Each time he hears the rain?

Why should she think it devil's art
That all my songs should be
Of love and lovers, broken heart,
And wild sweet agony?

Who plants a seed begets a bud
Extract of that same root;
Why marvel at the hectic blood
That flushes this wild fruit?

THE PRESIDENTS WE DESERVE

BY ELMER DAVIS

WHENEVER somebody more than usually atrocious is elected to high public office, we serious thinkers are apt to console ourselves with the reflection that under a democratic system a people gets the government it deserves. It is time to get rid of this facile optimism. In a few days some twenty-five or fifty million of us will go to the polls and express our choice between Mr. Coolidge, Mr. Davis, and Mr. La Follette. It is not the contention of this article that any one of these three gentlemen is a superman. None of them incites comparison with Washington, Napoleon, or St. Augustine. Nevertheless, whichever one of the three is elected will be a better President than the American people deserve, or would have acquired by their own efforts. In fact, of the seven Presidents of the past generation not more than one or two have been as bad as we deserved.

Voluntas populi suprema lex. The will of the people in public affairs is generally to let somebody else do it. If George does it I retain the privilege of criticism and can complain bitterly about the mess George has made of it, but if I do it I shall not only have to postpone the cultivation of my own interests and devote valuable time and attention to the public welfare, but shall be deprived of my sacred right to abuse the conduct of the government. The electoral-college provision of the constitution doubtless has its origin in distrust of the popular intelligence, but it could have been supported far more soundly by the argument of public indifference. The electoral college amounts to nothing because of the unexpected rise of the party system, but there is substantially an operating electoral-college system in the nominating conventions which pick the candidates among whom the voters must choose.

The chief difference lies in the fact that our nominating colleges, instead of being composed of the wisest citizens, as the Founding Fathers expected, are composed mainly of those who want the job badly enough to work for it and to spend their own money on railroad fare and hotel bills. This might have been foreseen by the Constitutional Convention if its members had gone behind the returns in the history of past republics, and had given less attention to the machinery of government and more to how it was worked. Every form of government in every country has been run by the people who wanted to govern, who wanted it badly enough to spend all their efforts toward that end. Anybody who cares enough about politics to give it the greater part of his attention can achieve a considerable participation in the business of government, even if he attains only a nuisance value. The once prevalent doctrine that practical politics requires a certain astuteness can hardly survive a contemplation of the men who are at present engaged in practical politics in the United States. The average politician is even more incompetent than the average golfer, but he has the advantage of practicing an art in which the factor of luck is considerably larger, and he has a better alibi for his score.

It can hardly be denied that in the United States to-day there are twenty first-rate minds in the profession of engineering, say, for every one in the

profession of politics. Henry Cabot Lodge is considerably more astute than the average politician; and, in his own autobiography, with admirable frankness he has preserved Henry Adams's approval of young Lodge's intention of entering the profession of literature, which, said Adams, offered more opportunity than almost any other to a man of moderate attainments. But it didn't take Lodge long to discover that politics, even more than letters, was the happy hunting ground of mediocrity which in that field would stand out like genius itself.

It was not always so, of course. The reasons for the decline in the average, if not the modal, intelligence of our public men have been much debated, and not very conclusively. The fact, however, is obvious to anybody who knows any large number of politicans or who even reads much about them. The great intelligent electorate leaves the selection of its rulers to men who are interested in politics, and politics has generally ceased to interest first-rate men. The direct primary has only confirmed the restriction of public life to men who are willing to spend their own time and their own money in seeking office, for themselves or others. It gives us all a chance to take part in the selection of our rulers, and in nine primaries out of ten nobody votes except people whose direct and immediate personal interests are connected not only with voting but with being seen voting right.

Ex nihilo nihil fit. The general run of the men who manage the parties and select the candidates being inferior, their ideas are inferior, and they naturally incline to prefer inferiority in others because that is all they can understand. And here is the genesis of that synthetic monster which overshadows American politics—the Available Man. Availability as the average politician understands it is a purely negative thing because the average politician is so nearly negative. The Available Candidate is one who has no enemies, against whom nothing can be said, to whom nothing need be forgiven because he has done nothing. The idea of nominating a man to whom much may be forgiven because he hath done much is incomprehensible to politicians whose own characters are so feeble, whose own records of achievement are so blank that they have nothing positive to offset anything which might be charged against them. You don't get grapes from thorns, figs from thistles, or great nominees from petty nominators.

No doubt this is very deplorable, but the unpolitical citizen who fumes about it ought to search his own heart and recall if, at the last election, he didn't vote for A because his opponent X was a Catholic (or not a Catholic, as the case may be); if he didn't prefer the negative Y to the capable B because B held unorthodox views on the liquor question; and if he didn't allow C's outspoken views in favor of (or against) the League of Nations to drive him into voting for Z, who never had views, or if he did never spoke them out, on any subject. We often have luck with our candidates, due to the operation of blind chance or an all-wise Providence, but we do get the party organizations and the nominating conventions we deserve.

Hence the Available Man. Availability, of course, as it is understood in American politics, means availability during the campaign only. It means a good candidate, not a good official. In the searchings of heart, the intriguing combinations, and the bitter quarrels that make up the operation of a truly unbossed nominating convention, about seventy-five per cent of the mental effort exerted goes to the seeking of a man who can get the requisite majority in the convention, about twenty-three per cent to the chances of the various aspirants for getting a majority in the electoral college, and not more than two

per cent at the outside to the aspirants' respective qualification for the presidency.

You would think that it would be plain enough for the understanding of even the average politician that a man who can successfully discharge the duties of the presidency is apt to be re-elected, and that it will serve even the immediate personal interests of the politician better to get a man who will have patronage at his disposal for eight years rather than four years. You would think so, but it is not. During the sixteen days of the late Democratic hostilities at Madison Square Garden several billion words were uttered, not more than a few dozen of which—outside of the nominating speeches to which nobody listened—were concerned with the capacity of the various candidates for the discharge of the duties of the office to which they all aspired. Obviously a man cannot be re-elected unless he has been elected the first time, and he can't be elected the first time until he has been nominated. So far the politician can see, and as a rule no farther.

A man who has been elected President but hasn't yet begun his term is somewhat in the position of a contender for a prize-fighting championship. To have become President is honorable and profitable; likewise to have become the logical contender, who gets his picture in the movie news reels all over the world and draws down a large sum of money, win or lose. To be a good President and to win the championship are pretty hard. Many are called but few are chosen. Nevertheless, most fighters' managers would rather have a man who can win the championship than one who merely rises high enough to fight the champion. Fighters' managers are not the most intelligent class of the body politic, yet we find plenty of candidates' managers who seem to be perfectly satisfied if their candidate is elected to office—if he becomes a contender. Whether or not he can hold down his job is a secondary consideration, if it is considered at all.

Deplorable? Certainly. Stupid? Well, not so certainly. Politics is an uncertain game, much more uncertain than the fight-game. Politics knows all the subterfuges and irregularities of the fight-game; fixed elections are not so common as fixed fights, but they probably would be if it were as easy to throw down a candidate as to persuade a fighter to do what is known among fans as "taking the tank." For you never can tell quite what the great intelligent electorate is going to do. There is more in it for the politicians if their candidate is elected twice than if he is elected once, but there is some sense in the average politician's determination to concentrate on a man who can be elected the first time, without worrying about what happens to him afterward. Very bad Presidents have been re-elected and very good Presidents have been beaten for re-election. It is a painful thought, but true, that virtuous conduct in office arouses only moderate interest in the great intelligent electorate. The turn of the weather is apt to influence more votes in a presidential election than the record of the candidate and his competitors.

So the politician who doesn't worry about what his candidate will do in office, so long as he gets there, is not so stupid as he may seem. He takes no thought for the morrow, for he knows not what a day may bring forth. If he doesn't try very hard to give us a good President, it is because we have shown that we are not particularly eager to have good Presidents. If he concentrates on the available candidate against whom nothing can be said, he has some reason.

Yet, even so, the zeal of the average politician in his search for an irreproachable mediocrity is rather surprising. You seldom see team work between two strong men in politics. If the backer is a man of brains, the candidate is generally a stuffed shirt. If the

candidate is a man of brains he may be supported by other men of brains, but he is apt to keep them very definitely in their place, and a low place at that. The partnership of complementary talents which has been so brilliantly exemplified in the sporting world by Dempsey and Kearns, by Billy and Ma Sunday, is without parallel in politics. The nearest approach to it, and that remote enough, is perhaps the case of Ma Ferguson and her ex-governor husband. Big men like to promote the candidacy of little men because little men are easy to manage; little men prefer little men as candidates because they are incapable of understanding big men. The rule is broken only when a big man, like Cleveland, Roosevelt, or Wilson, has shown the small men that he is the party's best asset; that he can win where smaller men would lose. Until somebody has proven his vote-getting ability, the small men who do the nominating naturally seek smallness in their nominee. They concentrate on the available man.

The *locus classicus* in the study of availability is the Republican National Convention of 1920, an assemblage of politicians who had an absolutely free hand in the selection of a candidate because they were reasonably sure of being able to elect anybody. We have Mr. Harding's own word for it that he got the nomination because nobody had anything against him. There were cogent reasons for many voters to oppose Leonard Wood or Hiram Johnson, and still more cogent reasons for the then ruling oligarchy of the Republican party to dislike these more or less self-willed persons. But there was no particular reason for any voter to be dissatisfied with Mr. Harding because he was comparatively unknown outside of Ohio. His disastrous effort to carry the Indiana primaries was rightly interpreted by the party leaders; Hoosier Republicans had not voted against Harding, they had merely voted for Wood, Johnson, and Lowden. With these three out of the way, they would all vote for Harding; and they did.

No doubt the decisive factor in bringing about Harding's nomination was the knowledge of his character which had been obtained by his colleagues in the Senate; he wouldn't have been nominated, for all that, if there had been anything against him in the political sense. But there was nothing against him except the fact, patent to anybody who studied his record and read his campaign speeches, that he was not big enough for the office. The politicians rightly judged that this was no objection at all—not only Republican politicians, but Democratic politicians who, in despair of finding any argument against him that would appeal to the voters, had recourse to a crude and stupid personal slander which did Mr. Harding far more good than harm.

In 1920, then, we got exactly the President we deserved. We deserved it because we permit nominations to be made by the sort of men who sat in that Chicago convention, and because we ratify those nominations in November. In 1920 any Republican would have beaten any Democrat. As to Mr. Harding's administration, it is sufficient to remark that his running mate and successor is asking for re-election largely on the strength of his diligence in trying to send his predecessor's friends and assistants to jail. If Harding had lived, he would probably have suffered for aspiring to a job too big for him, but the party that put him there because it knew that the job was too big for him might not have suffered even then.

Now we have a choice between three candidates, all of whom are better than we deserve. The Republican convention that met at Cleveland took Mr. Coolidge with about as much enthusiasm as it would have taken a dose of ipecac. It took him because it had to—not because we, the great intelligent electorate, constrained it to virtue, but because

Mr. Coolidge's own political insight had enabled him to identify himself with whatever assets the Republican party had left after the disaster of the previous winter. The only happy man at Cleveland was William M. Butler, and so far as could be judged from external observation he rejoiced in the maximation of his own ego rather than in the nomination of Coolidge. The convention took Coolidge because it knew that it had a fair chance to hold on to the national administration, and the accompanying emoluments and perquisites, if it nominated him—and that it had virtually no chance at all if it nominated anybody else.

Mr. Coolidge, in the opinion of this writer, is not the most brilliant representative even of the extreme conservatism with which he is identified. He has done a good deal to make conservatism ridiculous. Nevertheless he has the rare virtue of regarding money as something to be saved rather than something to be spent—not only private money but public money. That quality is badly needed in a President just now, but it hardly seems probable that we should have the wisdom to select that kind of President if left to ourselves. And certainly the sort of men who make up our nominating conventions would never of their own accord recognize an inclination to economy as a virtue at all.

Mr. John W. Davis is, or was, perhaps a more admirable type of conservative. The past tense is necessary because he has been recommending himself during the campaign as a liberal and progressive. Yet he was an afterthought, the first and spontaneous choice neither of the party nor of the delegates. With all allowance for Al Smith's brilliant record as Governor of New York and extraordinary knowledge of the business of state administration, as well as for Mr. McAdoo's talent for arousing a devotion like that given to the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan, one must feel that Davis or Underwood or Glass or Walsh would be a better President than either of them. Yet Davis and Walsh and Underwood were not seriously considered till Smith and McAdoo were out of the way, and Glass was never seriously considered at all.

Mr. La Follette certainly was the unanimous and apparently spontaneous choice of the members of the second Cleveland convention, but that convention was selected largely by La Follette himself and composed either of people who were known to be for him or of groups like the Socialist party which were known to feel that he was practically the best they could get. Mr. La Follette, like Mr. Coolidge, nominated himself; and like Mr. Coolidge he reinforced his genuine popular strength with a great deal of political skill. La Follette remembers Thurlow Weed's doctrine that the first axiom of politics is to be able to carry your own precinct. Wisconsin is always his. When things are going badly he can retire behind his intrenchments, like Ludendorff in Flanders, or Wellington at Torres Vedras, ready for an offensive when the prospect is better. And if he should by any chance be elected, it may be predicted that before his first year is out most of his supporters will feel that he is anything but the sort of President they deserve.

It is not La Follette's fault that his party is largely ragtag and bobtail; most of the talented men prefer their steady jobs with the old-established going concerns, the Democratic and Republican parties. If La Follette is elected this will be changed. King David's convention that assembled in the Cave of Adullam was also largely ragtag and bobtail. But when David got into office he set the example which most radical leaders have followed ever since, and took over as much of the conservatives' policy as seemed useful. Naturally he took over many conservatives too, since everybody loves a winner, and the lunatic fringe of Adullam presently found itself out in the cold. So would it be with La Follette. Prophecy is notoriously a gratuitous form of error, but it is no

bad guess that if La Follette were President most of the complaints against him would come from the Left Wing rather than the Right.

In the thirty years before the Harding administration we had three strong Presidents and two weak Presidents. Grover Cleveland was loved for the enemies he had made, but not by the majority of the men who nominated him three times and elected him twice. Like all politicians, they were afraid of him because he had made enemies; they nominated him because they had discovered that he could be elected. Yet he could not have been elected in 1892 if he hadn't been elected in 1884, and he couldn't have been elected in 1884 but for two or three lucky breaks.

McKinley was no brilliant President but he was good enough for the time. The McKinley administration had little to do with the wave of prosperity that came in at the end of the century, but at least it did not hinder it as a Bryan administration would have done. But McKinley was Mark Hanna's personal gift to the nation. Roosevelt was an accident to begin with and his own creation thereafter. The blameless Mr. Taft, sentenced to the White House as a sort of penal servitude, at least gave the public an object lesson in the futility of good intentions. Those who accepted him at Roosevelt's hands would have accepted anyone else as readily. We might easily have fared worse.

As for Mr. Wilson, he owed his nomination to the accident of the two-thirds rule, his election to the accident of Republican division, and his re-election to the inepitude of Mr. Hughes. Champ Clark was the President we deserved in 1912, and even Republicans will probably feel that the country was better off in Wilson's hands during the War years. When the great intelligent electorate is least dominated by powerful individuals, when it is most itself and its party delegates can function most in harmony with the popular thought, we get somebody like Harding or Franklin Pierce. That is the sort of President we deserve. The fact that despite the frequency of weak Presidents we have usually had the luck to have able Presidents when we needed them lends support to the view that Divine Providence gives special attention to the welfare of the American people. Some of us may feel, however, that even if we have this vast deposit of mercy subject to check, we have come dangerously near overdrawing our account.

OTHERS

BY FLORENCE KEADY

THEY are good folk to kindly know
And of them I will speak no evil,
Just as my ancestors long ago
Would word no ill of the fay people.

But hist! bend low while the peat fire's lit—
"They know more ugliness than the Good Folks' spite
"For O, they only need to talk a bit . . .
"And the loveliest things are in blight."

HE WENT BY, DRIVING LIKE MAD TO THE DOCTOR'S

THE ULTIMATE FROG

A Story

BY ROY DICKINSON

The stars were out. A moonlit cedar grove moved in the light breeze. There was a whippoorwill in the meadow below the camp. Four men who should have been asleep hours ago, choked between city walls, sat instead around a wood fire near a waterfall in the Ramapo Hills, and talked. It seemed to one of the men as though he could hear Nature taking long, deep breaths. He felt close to truth there among the ferns. The talk had turned as it sometimes does to religion, and Nicoll, like all men who feel the truth and then try to explain the infinite in copy-book catchwords—the only tools we have—was a little incoherent.

After Conan Doyle had been put in his place by one of the hard-faced ones from downtown, and a jobber in radio supplies had told why he didn't go to church, Nicoll said, "Whatever it is, it's here around us. Truth is inside each of us. I can't prove it by logic but I know. God is inside all of us. He is power, just waiting to be drawn out. There's only one mind in the universe. It's in you and it's in that waterfall and that grove in the hill. It's all the same thing. It's here now. We all go back to it some day. Sometimes I think Buddha Gautama had the right idea."

"When did *you* get religion, Nicoll?" asked Thompson the broker.

"There's a striving in us all," said Nicoll, ignoring the interruption, "and we like to kid about it. It's a hunger that we run away from to Mah Jong and bridge and the Follies—to orange juice and gin. Our little parades to church each Sunday are like the glycerine tears of a movie star. We want something real; we want to know where the blue begins, like poor little Gissing when he ran toward the dawn all hot and discouraged. We feel if we could only reach the far horizon we'd find what our souls hunger for. Yet it's a fact that every man who searches for

the ultimate is always a tragic figure. Sir Galahad searched far for the Holy Grail. The Maid of Orleans heard the voice of St. Catharine in an apple tree. It sent her on a long quest. Swedenborg talked to certain people on Christmas Eve in 1745, and a shoemaker of Goerlitz called Jacob Boehme looked into the soul of a pewter dish on a summer day in 1600. Men in all ages have groped toward the ultimate. They are driven by a hunger. You'll find this hunger all over the world now. If you'll read Ouspensky you'll find it there. It's in St. Paul, if you have a Bible.

"There's a hunger and a puzzled yearning in all of us that we can't satisfy. All over the world different people are groping in different ways and a blind desire is shaking the veins of the world like swamp fever. We're all surrounded by subdued voices and little whispers which tell us to do something, and we don't know what they are or what the something is, but it's all the same thing. The outcome is always the same when we listen to the little voices—the voices Mahomet heard and Swedenborg and Copernicus and Old Man Sanders, only Old Man Sanders lowered his range from the stars to the housetops. He tried to organize a frog quartet. Listen."

From away down the valley came that sound which Nicoll had long been hearing. It had reminded him of an old gray man and his striving for an ideal. It was the throbbing, resonant, deep-pitched cry of one who looked up from the mud toward the distant stars.

"You mean that noisy old bullfrog down in the swamp?" asked Thompson.

"I mean that voice of the silence crying aloud in the night," said Nicoll. "Let me tell you about Old Man Sanders." And save for occasional interruptions which had to do with Camels and pipe tobacco, the rest of the story is his.

I met Old Man Sanders one night out coon hunting. He was sitting on a log up back of my cabin on Malvern Brook. I'd heard of him often and how he lived with his daughter on the very top of Hogback Mountain in an old stone house, Dutch-Colonial. Everybody wondered how they ever built it way up there.

I spoke to the old man and sat down there on the log with him. The dogs went off through the woods. It was about two in the morning—the time everything stirs in the woods and a rooster wakes up long enough to crow once and then goes back to sleep. Sanders was a fine old fellow, friendly and normal, and he knew the woods. We talked about them a minute, then I asked him how his daughter was. I'd seen him go by my house that morning at breakfast time, driving the old flivver like mad, and Doc Grimes later in the morning at the post office told me she didn't have a chance. They took her to the hospital over at the county seat and operated in a last-minute attempt to save her life. So I was almost afraid to ask him.

"She's going to come through all right," he told me. He said it with absolute certainty and I told him I was mighty glad to hear it. I asked him in a minute what time he'd 'phoned over that evening.

"I didn't 'phone," he said.

Then he looked at me a minute and I thought—well, anyway he looked a little queer as he said:

"I heard it a few minutes ago on this log and I'm sure. I sat here praying for hours and then suddenly I knew it was all right. God told me. He knows it. He knows all those things. He knows them in me. Just when I came to the end of my rope and stopped because I couldn't go any further, He started in me, and it's all right."

Then he told me some more things along the lines I mentioned before, and I had an unusual experience. I knew he knew. I knew he had what I'd been groping for. I knew he'd had a moment of vision. Something had whispered to his spirit and I had felt a touch of its

"THERE'S ANOTHER WORLD, AND SOMEBODY HAS CLOSED THE DOOR"

wings. It was weird but it was fine and I felt different somehow. We talked a little more, then he asked me to come up to see him sometime. I called the dogs then and went on. He told me before he left that he suddenly saw when he received his message, plain and clear, the whole plan of divine wisdom. He was a practical old cuss and I knew he had something.

I didn't get up to his cabin for two weeks. Then one day I walked up. He took me in and showed me his daughter still in bed, but almost ready to get up. Doc Grimes had told me she didn't have one chance in nine hundred when they took her away.

We walked out in the shadows back of the house and I tried to get him to tell me some more about his message. But I could see he had lost it. A little remained. But just like those sudden

insights into the scheme of things you get sometimes under laughing gas, the great certainty he had was almost gone. Just as the truth fades out at the very moment of coming out of the anæsthetic, he told me he'd forgotten things that no one could remember and keep sane.

But he had kept two things. His absolute certainty that for an instant he had been one with God and all else in the world, and an intense desire to be of some service, to give something of his inner self. His close relation to God had started to fade out but he kept the knowledge that he should be the means of God's revealing something, of achieving something great and big, but he didn't know what it was or just how to go about it.

Like the Indian in his yoga I've read about, the old man had come face to face with facts no reason could ever know. He'd come out of his samadhi with his character changed, his life illumined, but he couldn't quite get back to where he'd been on the log when I first saw him. His experience checked up closely with several flashes I had had at intervals all through my own life, and I wanted to talk more about them. But he had come back to his practical relationship with the world. He was afraid of the other. Afraid he'd go too far with it. So we talked of practical things like the radio. He had listened-in the first time the night before down at Pete Lodge's house in the village. All the local stations had signed off, and then Pete, who had invited the old man in to show him the new toy, by some freak of chance picked up Chicago on a one-tube set.

Old Man Sanders was full of the wonder of it. They had picked up a male quartet out of the air. Probably four song-pluggers with patent-leather hair on the top of a Chicago office building. To him, though, those singers had some connection with the music of the spheres.

"Right through the walls their voices came, all the way from Chicago," he said.

That is how he came to get the idea that he had to make music. This sickness of heart, this desire to act as a means of revelation for something he had to get back, ever since he caught a glimpse of it out there on the log, made him want to put his vague desire into music. It was sort of pitiful, his attempts to get harmony out of a saxophone he bought from an advertisement in a farm publication. I'd often hear him when I was out with the dogs at night. I would go over and find him sitting on the same old log. He was in the presence of unforgettable things, but he couldn't attain them. He couldn't get back to the vision.

He told me one night after I had come over, attracted by the inharmonious grunts and cries of the saxophone giving out haphazard sounds under clumsy, earnest fingers. "It's no use, Mr. Nicoll, "I've been trying to find my way back, but I can't. There's another world right around me here and I can't get back in. Somebody has closed the door. But I could make it I know if I could get harmony out of this. I wander around and I try to play. But it's no use. Where have they gone—those things I saw, the friends that told me all I wanted to know?" So he gave the saxophone to Pete Lodge, who still plays it in the local band.

The speaker paused and remained for a time looking into the fire.

"Everybody has had *some* queer experience," said Thompson; "what happened to the old man then?"

Again an old bullfrog from the edge of the pond below uttered his deep-toned "Better go Round" and repeated his song three times.

When the bullfrog finished the speaker continued.

"Sometimes it's the chirp of a cricket in the wood of an old house, sometimes it's the sound of a pattering rain on the tree leaves, sometimes the song of a bullfrog that heralds to a man the con-

sciousness of the nearness of God. Everybody has some one call. The sound of a steamboat whistle at night away off, the moan of a light wind in the cedars, the bay of a distant hound, the toll of a church bell, or the night cry of a hoot owl—there is a sound for all of us.

It was two or three months after he gave away the saxophone that I saw Old Man Sanders again out on his log. I often talked about politics and the weather to him at the post office. But this night the bullfrogs were looking up from the mud of the ponds and singing to the clear, far stars.

He hungered to talk, it seems.

"It's warm here and dark tonight," he said, "and it's here I'll sit and think awhile and talk if you'll let me and not think I'm entirely queer. When it's like this and no light except the blinkin' stars, I hear them sing. It's like the voices of multitudes that won't make harmony. There's one now sings low; there's one, ye hear him way off, sings higher like. It's the voice of the world. Each singer there in the swamp is calling out to another. Like people they are, all over the world wantin' and hungerin' for the same thing they all crave. They squat there in the muck land and they look up and outside and beyond somewhere just past the stars they see, and they call to it. If they could just sing together now it would make a harmony, wouldn't it, Mr. Nicoll? But there they are, each in his own little mud hole, makin' each his own sound. There's no harmony. Each one sings his little chord. They can't see it's the same. They can't chime together to make God's real hymn."

SOME LADIES HAD CALLED AND SHE HAD SHOWN THEM THE DOOR

"Sort of a frog quartet you'd like to start?" I asked him.

"That's it," he jumped right back at me, eager as a kid, "a quartet each singing his own part, the best he knows it. All together in harmony."

"That's a good tenor down there by the lily pond," I said.

We sat there a few minutes more in silence. He seemed to be listening to the voices all around us that kept whispering in the grass. I felt the sense of loneliness we all get at times and saw an old owl go flapping lazily over the trees near us, a dim

form that momentarily shut off the stars.

I started as I heard the old man say, "I'll do it. It's the thing I have to hear."

I looked at his face in the dim light. He looked like a man who had set his heart on a great ideal, not like a man who was going to train animals. If I were talking to a gathering of mystics instead of a bunch of practical business morons round a camp fire, I'd tell you just what he did look like.

It was the expression of a man who has seen a thing he must do, though he die for it. It was, in a word, the look of a man who sees an ideal, who starts on the impossible quest, the far journey. We successful business men compromise with our ideals. That's why we are successful.

The man who can't compromise is doomed. He gets crucified. We know how well *we* do with far less than perfection. We'll never even try for the other. The people who do try we don't consider respectable or regular. We help crucify them. I thought these things again that night as I saw Old Man Sanders start down the slope after the first tenor for his frog quartet.

The troubadours of the meadow and pond sing the folk songs of the little people. Each is an individualist and makes vocal his longing for the places beyond this gray world. He who would blend the many voices of humanity or of nature has a mighty task.

Or as Nicoll put it, "Old Man Sanders had a hell of a time with those frogs." He caught the first tenor. A peeper this frog was. No one knows when a peeper sleeps. If you were little enough and could sneak up like a brownie, you'd see him sitting by a lily pad at the pond's shore with his throat puffed out, hitting a note as high as the highest C on a violin. This first tenor caused three nights of hard work for the old man and finally was caught and put in the little pond just back of the cabin. He was the start of the Great Frog Quartet. The next came harder yet. Away off the old man would hear him—some old green frog by a swampy stump singing to the stars his mellow madrigal, "Getta Jug o' Rum! Getta Jug o' Rum!"

"There's my second bass now," the old man would say with his ear cocked and that eager look in his eyes, and he'd start off over bog and fen and ditch and dyke in the direction of the far voice. It was on his search for the second bass he ran foul of Mortimer Pardee, the big lawyer. Pardee has a place up the valley. This frog with the mellow bass was in the duck pond near his house. I can imagine Old Man Sanders slipping up on the singer inch by inch and Pardee watching him from the dark of his top window. When Sanders crawled under the fence, the lawyer ordered him off the place. He told me later how the old man looked up at his window, crawled along on his stomach a yard or so, and then made a leap into the mud at the edge of the pond. Pardee ran down with a shotgun and, convinced a lunatic was trying to attack his home, fired a load of bird shot at a tall figure dripping mud and running down the hill. Old Man Sanders had secured the second bass for his quartet at the expense of a load of shot whistling by his ears and the belief of a neighbor that he had been visited by a lunatic.

There was a change going on in Old Man Sanders like that in any person's soul who tries for the ultimate, who won't compromise with his ideal. He said to me soon after the shooting episode: "I'm beginning to feel that maybe the vision that come to me there on the log is the true state, and that the dream is feeding the cattle and plowing the fields and the other motions we go through to get enough to eat and wear. Out there I think is the real world. It's the one here that's the dream. Heaven is here inside me. I can hear it sing sometimes."

He must have told something like that to Pete Lodge. I saw Pete one

evening and he told me he was getting worried about the old man.

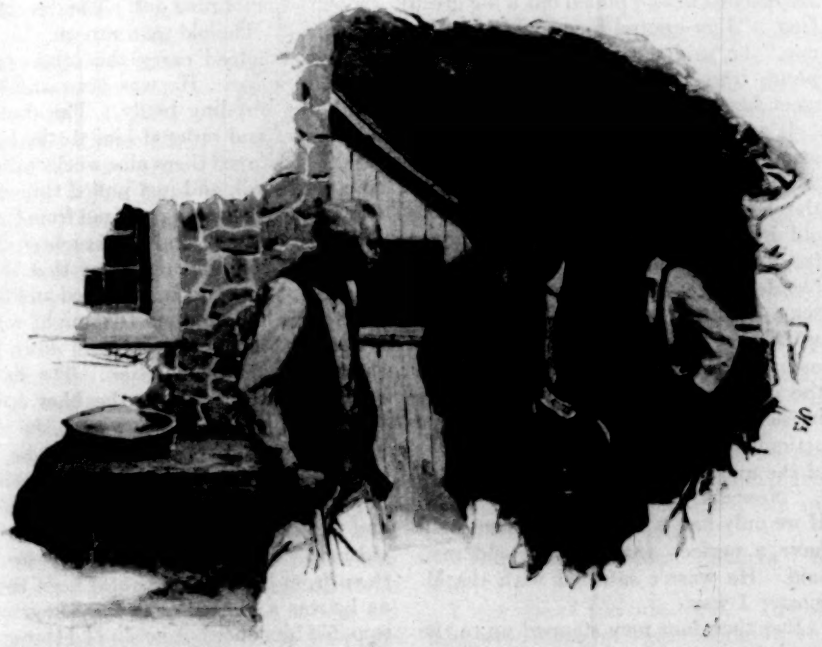
"Used to talk regular," said Pete, "but he's been gettin' wild lately. Allows he's sort of a Joan of Arc or something. He had a story in the magazine section of the *Journal* with him last night at the house. One of those picture-stories about a young musician. Took gas because he couldn't compose some sort of a symphony he felt swelling or welling or fermenting up within him, the paper said. The old man told me he knew just how this fellow felt. You know about him getting his feet all wet chasin' frogs around the swamp. It ain't right. I spoke to the doctor about it. Cracked, that's what he is. Going to make a frog quartet to give harmony at night. Doggone it, why didn't he speak to me about it? I'd 'a' taught him to play the harmonica and make all the music he wanted. But he's got his mind set on this frog thing, and ye can't get his mind off it."

For his first bass Old Man Sanders needed a green frog. On a summer night he is the singer you hear hitting about an octave below middle C. During the time he searched for him he spent some time out on his old log. He was being hounded then. Pardee and Pete Lodge and the others had compared notes and the neighbors had done the rest. The old man who had set his heart on an ideal was "cracked."

The ladies had talked it over at the Dorcas Society meeting and considered the horror of the daughter up there on Hog Back in the cabin with an insane father. Something had to be done about it. He wasn't fit to be at large or run the farm. The girl would be neglected.

I went up one night to the cabin. He was out. "Looking for a specimen," his daughter Kate told me. I asked her about it and when she found I was sympathetic she talked. Some ladies had called and she had shown them the door.

"If dad wants to get some frogs,



"YE HAD NO RIGHT TO TRESPASS, CAL"

whose business is it?" she said. "City people come up here and gather mushrooms and butterflies. Dad has a right to collect, and he's a lot more serious than they are about it. He won't quit. They'd better stop bothering him. He's getting right put out about it."

We talked for some time. She seemed to be altered. She had water colors up there and was working with them. She talked about "trying to be what she knew she had it in her to be." Unlike most of these mountain people, she seemed to have a purpose and a desire. I felt in my heart it had something to do with the old man and the log and his search for the frogs. Two new people seemed to have moved into the cabin. The change was evident everywhere.

At about nine o'clock the old man came out from the woods into the clearing. We were sitting on the porch and his two frogs were croaking, one high, one low. Once in a while they'd sing at the same time. He was excited as he called me. He had a bag in his hand. He reached in and pulled out a big green frog. "I've hunted four nights for this one," he said, and dropped it with a plunk into the little pond. Then we went back on the porch and listened.

It sounded like real music. The philosophy of song and the woods was there. There was the mysticism of creation in the harmony. The deep note of the old bull, the higher one of the green frog, and the shrill tenor of the peeper blended in a melody like an old folk song. I began to think of the "Ode to a Grecian Urn." It was the true harmony of the almost, the perfection of the nearly perfect. There was melody in the music as of a world striving to be articulate at some point beyond the light of the morning star.

"Now if I just had that pickerel frog. If we only had a second tenor here we'd have a perfect quartet," the old man said. He wasn't satisfied with the almost. I was.

Just then four men stepped up to the porch from nowhere.

"Could we speak to you a minute, Cal?" said one.

He left us and they all walked off a few steps. Their voices, low at first, rose a little, and I recognized Pete Lodge and the Constable Jeff Myers.

"Ye had no right to trespass, Cal," I heard one say.

"Well, ye better come along down for a few days," were the next words. At the flash of a pair of handcuffs something in the old man broke. The things his daughter had told him—the birdshot, the ridicule, the queer looks of the loafers at Jackson's store—all seemed to converge in that moment on the pair of handcuffs and the man who was trying to put them on his wrists. He stepped back and reached into a farm wagon. Then, as Jeff Myers leaped after him, the old man brought a heavy wagon spoke down on his head as hard as he could hit. The man fell and rolled over on his face. The handcuffs clanged on the rock. Sanders ran across the clearing. Somebody cried, "Stop or I'll shoot." A shot rang out. The daughter screamed. The old man ran on.

Then I helped carry the other man into the house. He was limp and his head was bleeding badly. The doctor came later and ordered him to the hospital. He stayed there nine weeks with a fractured skull, and just pulled through. Of course there was a real feud from then on. The old man and his daughter disappeared. I found out later that several complaints had been lodged and the constables had gone up that night with a doctor to bring the old man down to the village for observation. The flash of the handcuffs led to the blow with the wagon spoke, and it wasn't the old man's fault the constable didn't die.

You can't almost kill a constable with impunity even up here in the mountains, and the state police went out after the old man. He took a pot shot at one of them from behind a crag and from then on he was a hunted outlaw. They surrounded him once but he slipped through the lines. No one knew the woods better

and he managed always to keep out of their way.

It was several weeks later that I went in the car to look at some hounds in a mountain village about twelve miles north of here. I stayed all night with a trapper I knew in a cabin above the village. We were out late, talking over old times. Suddenly I heard them. The first tenor, the second bass, and the first bass. Somewhere from away off over the trees along the waterways the rhythm of their harmony came to me clear as an organ peal. Those frogs were inspiring. They surely were the same ones. I couldn't mistake that clear first tenor anywhere. We walked over in their direction, the trapper and I. The nearer we came the surer I was that there were the frogs of Old Man Sanders.

I asked Bill McKinney—that was the trapper's name—if he had heard about the trouble over our way.

"Did you hear how Old Man Sanders almost killed a constable a while back?" I asked him.

Bill gave me a queer smile and said nothing, so I knew he knew just where Old Man Sanders was hiding up there in the mountains and that it *was* his three frogs I'd heard. After we came in I went out again later and located the little pond about three miles away from Bill's cabin. I sat on a rock and listened to their harmony for some time, hoping I might meet the old man, but he didn't show up. Near dawn I came back again.

FROM THEN ON HE WAS A HUNTED OUTLAW

I said no more about the old man that day, but just before I left for home McKinney said to me, "Old Man Sanders is still lookin' all over the country around here for that last frog, but you needn't say nothin' to the troopers about it. That old man is crazy—like a fox. If they ever get him they'll be a damn sight smarter than any trooper I've met yet."

But they did find him after all. It happened this way:

We were down at Jackson's store waiting for him to distribute the mail. It was just after dusk. You must have read about it. They put it on an inside page in the city papers. It was a sensation here. Just happened about six weeks ago. A quiet night, some talk in the store about politics and oil and the new road. Then suddenly a shot from up the road. In a minute Jackson's boy ran in, white around the gills.

"They got Old Man Sanders," he said.

I was one of the first there. The old man was sitting on a gray stone with his back to a tree. He looked as if he'd

just fallen asleep there. He had been able to get as far as the rock after the shot hit him. He was dead. The rotten thing was that the troopers had seen him and ordered him to stop. But it wasn't any stranger who shot him. It was his own neighbor, Pete Lodge, who fired his fox gun at him as he started to skip up the side of the hill above Malvern Brook. The Coroner's Jury pronounced the old man criminally insane and all that. Lodge was exonerated officially, but they called him an assassin in the neighborhood till he finally got out.

The old man looked peaceful there on the rock. I was for lynching the man who fired the shot. I stayed there while the rest went for the sheriff. There was a little white box lying a few feet away from the rock. I was there alone with the dead man. The moon was dim. The brook sang. It was lonesome. Suddenly I felt that queer prickling of the scalp which comes even to brave men, one of which I am not, in the presence of something they can't explain. The little white box had started to move and there was no wind!

Then I heard a sound like the soft scuffle of a moth against the screen at night. I picked up the box and put it in my pocket just before the rest of the people came back.

In my cabin I opened the box and looked into the unblinking eyes of the ultimate frog—the final member of the poor old man's quartet, the one which had cost him his life.

He was a true pickerel frog. When I put him out in the pond in a little cage I fixed up, he hit middle C as true as a good 'cellist.

There was a moment of silence and then from the darkness beyond the embers some one asked an obvious question.

"Of course I did," said Nicoll. "I went up there with the second tenor two nights after the funeral. There are always people like me who try to pick up and carry on for a man who won't be satisfied with anything short of perfection. But it always seems to work out the same way."

The other three frogs had disappeared.

WINTER SOLSTICE

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

NOW is the time when Day's vast chariot-wheel
Makes shortest loops in journeying through the sphere,
And so we reach dark solstice of the year,
Where there is set on Beauty's tomb a seal.
Yet, in our dreams, Prometheus-wise, we steal
A gleam beyond the close-barr'd portal drear,
And walk by running waters flashing clear,
Or in green fields to pluck the violet kneel.

For longest nights can have but one-night stands!
Our dreams are right; soon back the sun must climb . . .
What though I sink into those dreaded hands
Awaiting all? My dreams reveal that, past
The outpost of my longest Night of Time,
I shall step lightly into Spring at last.

MILK-WHITE HERONS DRIFTING UP FROM THE TROPICAL COUNTRIES

SEA-ISLAND MAGIC

The Feathered Folk of the Carolina Marshes

BY HERBERT RAVENEL SASS

AFTER the rigors of winter, spring comes with especial exquisiteness to the long narrow barrier islands stretching up and down the Low Country coast between the marshes and the sea. She comes most exquisitely of all in the form of flocks of milk-white herons drifting up from the tropical countries like gleaming wisps of wind-blown snowy cloud. These flocks come in March and April, and when the white heron-clouds are seen floating airily up from the southward above the clean palm-fringed beaches, the fleets of blue-bill ducks, dotting the ocean waters all along the coast just outside the farthest line of breakers, know that it is time to move.

Squadron after squadron, they rise on the water and take to wing. Sometimes they travel many miles before they alight again, keeping always just outside the surf; sometimes they fly only a few hundred yards, spending the rest of the day floating on the warm water like little ships at anchor; and, as each squadron moves on, its place is taken by another coming from farther south. So, through early April, the procession continues, a seemingly endless multitude of ducks, in regiments and battalions, journeying northward by easy stages along the barrier-island beaches, with many halts and much idling, playing, and gossiping by the way. And at frequent intervals these bluebill fleets, riding the waves outside the breakers, look up and see drifting over them under the vivid blue sky another little white cloud of herons, bringing the summer up from

the hot regions where summer never ends.

Now this is no springtime idyl: but this coming of spring to the Low Country sea islands—riding up from the tropics on the shining, sunlit, rhythmic wings of the white-heron flocks—is a miraculously beautiful thing, and one must write of it reverently. It is typical of the sea-islands' magic; but many other things, great and small, tangible and intangible, contribute to the making of that magic. In the evening, as we sit listening to the roar of the surf on the barrier beach a half-mile away across the marshes and to the music of the wind in the palmettos and pines encircling our little camp, six long-legged, loop-necked birds, looming black and monstrous in the moonlight, sail slowly over our heads in single file, barely topping the summits of the pines—great blue herons, like cranes in a Japanese print, coming in to the woods to roost. In the dead of the night chuck-wills-widows, big brown cousins of the whippoorwill, sing eerily in the blackness, and at crack of dawn the red-berried evergreen cassena thickets ring with the loud joyful songs of cardinals and Carolina wrens. Then, when day has come, we hear the songs of the willets—shrill yet sweet and flute-like songs, coming from near and far, borne to us on the breeze that sweeps in from the sea across the wilderness of marsh.

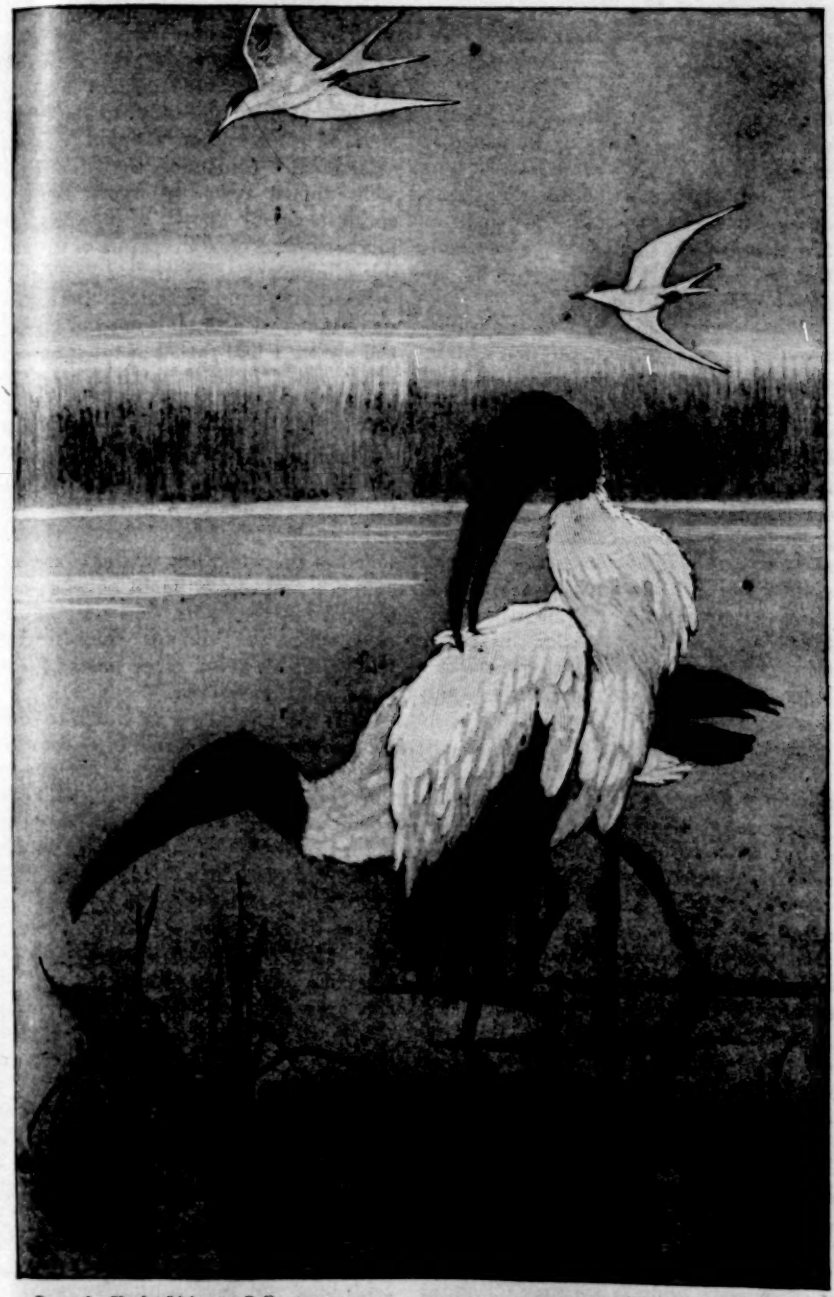
Through this marsh winds a tidal creek which will bring us, after many meanderings, from our camp amid the palmettos to the back beach of the long low barrier-isle fronting the sea. It is a creek of many memories, though it lacks the distinction of another marsh waterway where, not long ago, a great devilfish was seen forging slowly downstream, his vast batlike bulk stretching halfway from shore to shore. Perhaps the pirates knew this little river in the old buccaneer days, for a tortuous channel joins it to a deep wide inlet which was once a favorite pirate haunt. Undoubtedly, in the palmy time of the great sea-island planters, these quiet waters often saw the long boats and swift barges, rowed by stalwart singing negroes, in which the planters navigated the numberless creeks and rivers that wind in and out through the sea-island region and make it a sort of rural Venice.

All along this creek of ours are places to which we have given names of our own making. There is Porpoise Point, for instance, where, one autumn day, a herd of charging dolphins, racing round the point in pursuit of a school of mullet, nearly ran over us as we lay at anchor in a little bateau, fishing for whiting, croaker, and other small fry. To the left is Ibis Sound, an open space in the marsh covered with water at high tide, where in late summer we sometimes see long-shanked, fantastic, black-and-white wood ibises. To the right are the Haunted Sands where, it is said, the planters settled their affairs of honor in the old dueling days—sands where, if the legend be true, gentlemen of the old plantations, dead and buried these many years, still walk at night.

I am not so sure about the ghosts of the old planters. If they come they leave no tracks visible to mortal eyes. But there are other wanderers of the night whose visits are a matter of record, for in the morning the record may be read in the sands, and always it is an interesting tale.

In the wide open spaces about the inlets, in the sandy mud of the back beaches along the edges of the marsh, in the loose white soil of the front beaches above high-water mark, on the smooth slopes of the little valleys winding amid the lonely dunes, the wild creatures of the barrier-island jungles write fascinating stories.

Comparatively few wild four-foots inhabit the cultivated well-settled islands between the barrier islands and the mainland; but the dense semi-tropical woods clothing the interiors of most of the barrier isles are natural sanctuaries, and at night the wild things which live in them roam widely and inscribe in



Drawn by Charles Livingston Bull

THE BLACK-AND-WHITE IBIS IS A STRIKING FIGURE OF THE SALT MARSHES

the sands the story of their wanderings. These writings, too, are part of the sea-islands' magic, telling true tales of raccoons and minks in almost incredible numbers, of bay lynxes or wildcats, of swamp rabbits and cottontails, of slim does and lusty bucks of the island race of deer, differing in certain respects from the deer of the mainland from which they are cut off by the wide areas of marsh that lie between.

These trails of the four-footed island dwellers are everywhere, but one seldom catches a glimpse of the creatures that make them. This is part of their charm —this mystery which invests them. It is otherwise with the sea-island birds—herons of seven species and rails and ibises, eagles and vultures and hawks, gulls and terns and skimmers, willets and curlews and oyster-catchers, loons and cormorants and ducks, pelicans and gannets, plovers and sandpipers of many kinds, and various smaller feathered folk. Of them all—excepting only the bald eagle—I set most store by the wood ibises. They are birds upon which the mind loves to dwell and they stand out tall and grotesque and fascinating among the recollections of boyhood.

Late in the afternoon of a hot summer day I looked out across a broad tidal river near its mouth and saw above the woods on the opposite bank a straight black line drawn against the sky. A second glance showed that it was a line of birds, a feathered army strung out in a long column, stretching perhaps two miles from end to end. The river with its marshes was nearly a mile wide, but the black line was sharply etched against the glowing background of a brilliant sunset, and I could see that the birds were of great size. At that distance their wings appeared motionless, so that all that host of many thousands seemed to be suspended rigid and immovable in the air. I thought of whistling swans and of sandhill cranes, splendid birds which I had never seen and for which I was always on the watch. But it mattered little at the moment what these big birds of the sunset were: the wildness and strangeness of the scene, its magical poetry, were sufficient in themselves and filled the mind to the exclusion of every other thought. When afterward I concluded that the birds were almost certainly wood ibises, a species scarcely known to me then, the ibis became at once a creature of irresistible allurement.

So it has been ever since. Better acquaintance with the ibis has not broken the spell. I had rather see it than any other bird of the sea-island marshes. Not even the herons and egrets recall so vividly the lonely beauty of those wide salt-prairies, green in summer, golden-brown or olive-brown in winter, behind the barrier beaches. Nor was the charm diminished when I found that on certain marshes the wood ibis was not rare but common and that it might be seen there in flocks of hundreds, especially at low tide when the shallow sounds went partly dry, leaving large areas of soft black mud uncovered.

Only occasionally was I able to visit these places to which the ibises resorted in large numbers. They were always rather rare in the marshes which I knew fairly well and were generally seen in groups of three or four, or sometimes in squadrons of twenty or twenty-five; nor was I able to find their secret breeding places in the swamps of the mainland and study the great birds at home, brooding over their eggs in big nests in the cypresses or feeding their gawky young with fish or frogs brought in their long stout bills from the marsh creeks or the swamp lagoons. Thus familiarity never bred contempt: the mystery and fascination of these tall denizens of the open marshes and the island woods remained and have never worn away; and though I have seen many ibises since the passage of that first ibis army across the sky, the bird still possesses for me the attraction of the strange and little known, a creature observed at fairly frequent intervals but still hiding its secrets.

One thing which enhanced this sense of mystery was the fact that I never saw the ibis feeding. So far as my observation went, the bird lived on air. Doubtless this was due mainly to the fact that the ibises fed at low tide in the small marsh creeks and gullies where the tall grass hid them from view. There I could neither see nor hear them; but their senses were keener than mine.

Long before I came within gunshot, they rose with slow, powerful beats of their wide wings; and it was always a fine sight to see a squadron of a score or more of the big birds fly off across the marshes, alternately flapping their wings and sailing—and a still finer sight to see them climb, as they sometimes did, in wide spirals high into the air and then, at a great height, swing round and round in circles, soaring beautifully with only an occasional movement of their pinions. At such a time one forgot altogether the grotesqueness and awkwardness of the heavy, ungainly, rather sluggish-looking ibis of the mud-flats and saw instead a stately and buoyant creature of the heavens, a soarer second only to the soaring eagle himself and even more striking in the high air than the King of Birds because somehow the long neck and legs of the ibis gave the picture just the touch that was needed, while the sharply contrasting black and white plumage stood out with pleasing distinctness against the blue of the sky.

SOARING BEAUTIFULLY WITH ONLY AN OCCASIONAL MOVEMENT OF THEIR PINIONS

Since those days—heaven be praised—the ibis flocks of summer and early fall have dwindled very little if, indeed, they have dwindled at all. One day last June I traveled for fifty miles along the narrow serpentine creeks and rivers that wind through the vast green plains of marsh, five miles or more in width, lying between the wooded mainland (the swamp country of "Marion and his Men") and the barrier islands stretching southward along the ocean from Cape Romain—islands almost as wild and lonely now as when Stede Bonnet's pirates knew them or Edgar Allan Poe walked their beaches or rested under their palms. Up from the marsh, close to our boat, rose suddenly a large flock of ibises, hidden from us until that moment by the tall marsh grass and caught napping for once—a cloud of great long-necked birds, fifty-two of them in all, as big as geese and far more beautiful despite their grotesque naked heads and heavy bills, so close at hand that we could hear the swish of their white, black-tipped wings. Up and up they went, with slow, strong wing-beats, until they were well beyond gunshot range. Then, for a while, they drifted about in the air above us, some flying in one direction, some in another, passing and repassing, flapping their wings oc-

casionally, but for the most part sailing like airplanes to and fro.

That was only the first flock of many, for these are probably the best ibis marshes along the whole Low Country coast. Thenceforward, for forty miles or so, there was scarcely a minute when there were no ibises in sight, either resting in closely bunched flocks on little mounds in the marshes or floating about on motionless wings at varying heights, sometimes so high in the air that they seemed to be just under the white cumulus clouds moving slowly across the bright blue June sky. Probably there is no other region in America where one could see in a month as many wood ibises as we saw that day; for nearly everywhere else on this continent these great storks are rare birds now. And the ibis flocks were not all that we found.

We saw also on the marshes scores of American egrets, gaining in numbers now that the plume hunters have been compelled to quit their bloody trade; and we saw many hundreds of the indescribably graceful least terns or sea swallows, nearly extinct a few years ago, and found them breeding in strong colonies in sandy spaces about the sea-island inlets and on sand banks or keys in the inlet mouths. On one small key the eggs of the great royal tern were so abundant that in places we could scarcely walk without stepping on them; and by the shore of a certain inlet hundreds of black skimmers had scooped out their shallow nests in the sand and had begun to lay their creamy-white, brown-spotted eggs.

Everywhere on the marshes we saw the commoner herons—the great blue, the little blue, and the graceful Louisiana heron or "Lady of the Waters," perhaps the most abundant and certainly one of the most beautiful of all; and in one place, at the very edge of the sea, we found a large breeding colony of Louisianas with a few little blues among them, a colony over which a lighthouse keeper, who is a lover of birds, has kept careful watch for years. Here the young herons are reared in safety, looking out from their seaside nests amid the myrtles and cassenas at the white surf breaking within a few yards of them, watching the fork-tailed royal terns wheeling overhead, gazing across the water at regiments of brown pelicans ranged in long ranks on the sand banks at the inlet's mouth, perhaps listening on still nights in June and July to the sighing of the big sea turtles coming up out of the breakers in the moonlight to lay their eggs in the sands at the edge of the heron town.

Of the birds of the sand bars and beaches the pelicans are the largest and in many ways the best. They are common summer residents of the sea islands, breeding in hundreds on certain low sandbanks and flying ponderously up and down the coast, often wandering many miles away from their breeding places in search of the best fishing grounds. They are neither beautiful nor graceful, but there is something attractive about them, nevertheless.

One day in June, after a summer storm, a friend of mine, Captain Clarence Magwood, who lives on one of the islands, rescued a young pelican from one of a number of nests which had been flooded by the tide. Captain Magwood took good care of the youngster and fed him plenty of fish, and in time he grew into a fine big pelican, as dignified and pompous as the most impressive of the pelican patriarchs of the Bull's Bay colony. He became very tame and spent most of his time in the vicinity of Captain Magwood's house and wharf. When motor boats came to the inlet to fish, the tame pelican would often take wing and fly out over the water to greet the visitors, sometimes lighting on the boats and accepting eagerly any tidbits in the form of mullet or other fish that might be offered him.

As the autumn drew near, Captain Magwood began to wonder whether his tame pelican would follow the custom of the pelican tribe in general and migrate southward for the winter. The

question was soon decided. In October, probably at about the same time that the wild pelicans left for the south, this pelican disappeared. The instinct of migration had asserted itself and he had departed for those warmer climes where the pelicans spend the cold season.

Then the question arose whether or not he would return in the spring, and whether, in case he did return, he would remember his old friends at Captain Magwood's house and again become their pet. Early the following May these questions, too, were answered. The pelican reappeared, at about the same time that the wild pelicans came up from the south; but, although the bird was not as wild as the others, for a time it would not permit Captain Magwood to approach it, nor did it return at first to the house or to the landing. After some days, however, it seemed to get over its fear. It came boldly in and waited on the shell pile at the landing, which had been one of its favorite haunts, until Captain Magwood appeared, and it showed no more fear of him then than during the previous summer when it had seemed to regard him as its friend and protector.

But it soon became evident that there was a sad reason for this change of demeanor. The pelican was ill. Captain Magwood took his cast-net and caught some mullet for the bird, but it refused to eat. Shortly thereafter it died. An examination showed a small mark on its body which was probably the mark of a shot. The bird had come back at last to its human protector, perhaps hoping—if birds can hope—that he could put an end to the pain which was slowly sapping its life.

The pelicans, ibises, and herons are ingredients of the sea-islands' summer magic. A few herons may be seen in winter on the marshes or about little sheltered fresh-water ponds hidden in the dense island woods close to the sea, but in the main they are birds of the warm weather. Yet the islands have their winter magic too. Early one December morning as mild as June, we were fishing in the surf on one of the barrier beaches. It was not the season "full of sweet days and roses," but, none the less, this was one of those miraculous mornings which Victor Hugo had in mind when he said, "There is always one

THE GRACEFUL LOUISIANA HERON OR "LADY OF THE WATERS"

day when the valleys laugh and sing more gloriously and when the hills are more joyful together before the Lord." Except the sand dunes and swales behind us, there were no hills or valleys within many miles of where we stood in the surf; but sea and sky, palm-fringed beach, white dunes and marshes clad in their winter robe of soft brown flecked with gold, laughed and sang after their fashion and were joyful together.

We had made an early start from the little fishing shack amid the palmettos. Before dawn our lines, baited with fingerling mullet, were in the water; and although as yet the surf bass had given no sign, it had delighted us both to stand in the white breakers on that beach where there was no visible trace of man or his works and watch the marvel of the sunrise, a marvel all the more strange and splendid on the sea islands because there the rising sun seems to climb up out of the ocean. I have seen him, from the island beaches, come up like a ship on fire below the horizon, when I could have sworn that I could distinguish leaping flames, sparks, and even smoke; but that morning he came with a straight red shaft piercing the gloom above him like a long fiery sword, and when the light had grown strong enough, he showed us an ocean which seemed a plane of pale-green translucent glass, an ocean dotted with birds.

Every object on that perfectly smooth surface within a radius of several miles was clearly discernible. The big black loons, extraordinarily abundant that day, stood out most sharply of all, but even the little Bonaparte gulls, resting in hundreds on the glassy water, could be distinguished without difficulty at a great distance. Many gulls and two or three of the loons were floating within a hundred yards of the beach, but the squadrons of scaup ducks cruised farther out from the shore. Presently two great white-headed eagles came out of the jungly woods on the island beyond the inlet and, spiraling upward, circled far above us, mounting higher and higher, until at last they grew weary of watching us and sailed on set rigid wings straight out to sea.

When they had vanished in the sky mists, a herd of dolphins engrossed our attention as we stood knee-deep in the water, holding our rods at rest. They were close in shore, closer than they usually come, and they were having the time of their lives. They were not fishing but playing, darting here and there at high speed, throwing their tails above the surface, coming up from the depths with such a rush that more than once they rose completely clear of the water as they turned to plunge down again. Gradually they moved in nearer, exploring the beach slues which the high tide had flooded, until some of them actually passed over our lines; and once one big fellow, who looked fully ten feet long, turned sharply when he was directly in front of me and came straight toward me through the water.

For a fraction of a second I felt a trifle nervous about his intentions, but in a moment he turned parallel with the beach again, and I saw at once what his purpose was. He had entered one of the billows of the surf, and now he was racing down the length of it, his whole big body suspended and plainly visible in the wall of clear green water raised up above the surrounding sea. He had scarcely passed when there came a sharp pull at my line, and a few moments later a five-pound surf bass flapping on the sand was evidence that these fish, which are supposed by some fishermen to stand in deadly terror of dolphins, or porpoises as we know them hereabouts, can be found and caught in the midst of a porpoise pack.

Thereafter, for about an hour and a half, the strikes came in fairly swift succession until, by the time the tide had passed its crest, we had landed twelve bass, brave fighters all, though none was of more than medium size. When a glance at the surface of the inlet to our left showed that the ebb tide was running fast, we laid our rods on the sand

PELICANS FLY PONDEROUSLY UP AND DOWN THE COAST

and walked back to the edge of the dunes for a bit of breakfast and a rest. There was need of both. We had a greater weight of good fish than we could carry easily, and we faced rather ruefully the task of floating them in the surf to the other inlet where we had left the boat.

There is no occupation more conducive to daydreams than surf fishing in spring or early fall on the lonely beautiful sea-island beaches. When the bass are not biting there is nothing for the fisherman to do except stand quietly in the surf and wait for whatever members of the finny tribes come swimming along the green lanes under the breakers. Then, with the music of the surf in his ears, he often sinks into a pleasant mental doze and dreams his daydreams as the graceful terns circle and swerve in front of him, and perhaps now and then an osprey sweeps over, or a squadron of pelicans, flying in single file, pass down the shore beyond the breakers, so close to the surface of the ocean that often an intervening roller hides them from sight. At such times the mind, though almost torpid so far as concerns the affairs of the busy world which seems so infinitely remote from these quiet beaches, is often singularly sensitive to the sights and sounds of the moment. These sights and sounds shape the angler's dreams.

Thus, without moving out of my tracks in the surf, I have made some long voyages with the pelicans—not to distant countries but into past centuries. These deliberate feathered patriarchs, with their great heavy bills lying along their chests like long pointed beards, are the most pompous and dignified of all birds. Over and over again they have reminded me of bearded Spanish grandees, so that sometimes while watching them I have indulged in the fancy that here were the Spaniards come back once more to the islands.

It is long, as we reckon time, since these beaches last saw them. More than two centuries and a quarter ago they swooped down in two galleys upon the coast—a hundred Dons with an auxiliary force of Indians and blacks—sacked the Edisto plantations, then turned southward to Port Royal and utterly de-

stroyed the Scotch settlement there. Yet this is only one of the bloody chapters in sea-island history. There are many others, from the earliest days of the white man in America, down through the Indian wars and the Revolution, to the end of the War between the States; and, if we can trust tradition, one of the bloodiest of them all was the chapter written at Bloody Point, as it was afterward known, when the white man took a leaf from the Indian's book and proved that when the spirit moved him he could kill as relentlessly as any Redskin.

The seaside settlements had been harried beyond endurance. The next time a war party came, burning and pillaging and finally carrying their plunder in heavily laden canoes across Broad River and farther south through the marsh waterways, the settlers banded together and followed. At Hilton Head, according to the story, friendly Indians told them that the raiders had gone on towards Dawfuskie, and there in due time the whites saw the smoke of the savages' camp fires. The Redskins, believing themselves safe from pursuit, had taken their canoes a little way up the river, to avoid the surf breaking upon the point at the end of the island, and the white men, advancing cautiously, soon had their enemies in a trap. "The surprise was complete," says an old chronicler, "the massacre dreadful—the white sand was crimsoned with blood—some escaped by swimming, but nearly the whole of the party was destroyed. It was literally a bloody point to them."

More than a little history has been written in the sands of the sea islands; much of it literally written in the sands, for many stories which are now no more than tragic or romantic legends must have had facts for their foundation, though no one knows what the facts were. A book could be made out of sea-island history and tradition: but it is pleasanter to look for wood ibises and egrets on the marshes, to watch the terns and the skimmers and the bluebill fleets along the beaches, and to listen to the wild music of the curlews and the willets while, as Hervey Allen recorded it in his "Carolina Spring Song":

> . . . . all a mist-streaked, sunny day
> The long sea islands lean to hear
> A water harp that shallows play
> To lull the beaches' fluted ear.

OLD WINDS

BY MILTON OFFUTT

HE that is born to dream as well as die,
He that is doomed to love as well as lust,
Who may discern the gleam beneath the dust
And know that truth is but an older lie;
Who from his cradle claimed the starry sky,
Learning with years to mock the god called just;
He whom all women find it good to trust,
But none to love, and few to wonder why—

Let him remember old winds, and a gull's cry.
There is a jade more fickle, more unjust,
Never less winning while she broods a thrust,
Ever more faithful in her treachery.
Let him remember old ships that furl and fly
Out of the storm to sunshine, salt, and rust.

MAGELLAN CROSSES THE PACIFIC

The Final Chapter of a Great Adventure

BY ARTHUR STURGES HILDEBRAND

(In Mr. Hildebrand's two previous articles he told how Magellan organized his fleet for the historic circumnavigation of the globe and how, despite mutiny and disaster, he discovered and threaded the strait which is named for him and brought his fleet into the Pacific Ocean. This last article takes up the narrative at the point where the fleet, terribly depleted, set sail from Cape Dezeado on the western coast of South America to cross the Pacific for the first time, bound for the Spice Islands which lay no man knew how far ahead. It is one of the most thrilling chapters of all history and Mr. Hildebrand, basing his account on the diary of Antonio Pigafetta, makes it read like a romance.—*Editor's Note.*)

THE course northward from Cape Dezeado and the Strait was like a flight. Literally the ships ran for their lives. Where they were going, what difficulty lay before them and how they were to meet it, what was the aim and object of the whole voyage—these were overwhelmed and forgotten in the one desire to escape from Patagonian weather. The Captain General, indeed, did not lose sight of the main chance, but he deliberately put it from his mind and devoted himself to the attainment of the immediate object. That starvation threatened them all was a thought which could not be long absent from his mind; that his invalid ships were laboring in waters where any ship would be in danger was an urgent anxiety; the voyage was long, and it grew in his imagination as he considered it. But these things could wait their turn for attention. He was in the South Sea, bound for the Spice Islands. The sea which was the road to the Spice Islands could not be like this for long.

Indeed, summer lay before them; with every mile the signs of it rose up round them like a blessing. The men's spirits rose, and they began to look about them with a returning interest in life. Hour after hour they stood at the rail to watch the flying fish. In the cabin of the flagship Señor Pigafetta was busy doing what he could toward making the Patagonian language intelligible to those at home who would some day read of it. When he arranged his paper on the table and dipped his pen in the ink, Paulo the giant Patagonian, who had been taken on board, roused himself from his melancholy and said his lesson. He recited the names for the parts of his body which he touched, or of the objects round him in so far as he could have names for them, or for the actions which he would imitate. Señor Pigafetta took up the crucifix and kissed it, looking inquiringly at Paulo, who immediately understood, and cried "*Setebos!*" But as the weather grew warmer Paulo's health declined and he died, and the Patagonian vocabulary remained unfinished.

As the troubles of the past were thus fading into mere dim recollections, new troubles forced themselves upon their attention. Certainly, a door was closed behind them. The men knew their Captain General by now, and knew he would not turn back. Even if he should be willing, every man in the fleet would rather die where he was, without ever seeing Spain again, than face the Straits. They were embarked on the Pacific, come what might, for better or for worse. And they had utterly no idea of its ex-

tent. They did not know how much remained for them to do. It helped not at all to measure each day's run; there was no "total distance" in the calculation. If it should require three weeks they might perhaps endure it; if three months, they had not the faintest fighting chance. But perhaps the Captain General knew.

The Captain General could think of nothing else. In those old days in the Moluccas—days which seemed so remote and yet had incredibly and vaguely come near again—he remembered the aspect of that sea filled with islands. The peaks of mountains had been continually rising over the horizon, and it had never been more than a few days' sail to inhabited land; boats had passed continually—canoes merely, unfit for open water, making quick dashes in pleasant weather across inconsiderable reaches of sea. No, no; there must be islands . . . soon. "Must be" indeed; for certainly they needed them.

The food was almost gone. The water was yellow, thick, and stringy with unhealthy slime. They ate what they called biscuit; it was no more, really, than a disgusting powder wriggling with worms and stinking of the urine of rats. It was spread out on a board so that the worms could be picked out, and then scraped together into little heaps. . . . But it could not be far to land now.

Then came the scurvy. The causes of this disease, if set in a list, would be a list of the conditions in which Magallanes' men had been living for ten months. Each day found more men who saw in themselves the horrid symptoms they had been observing in their companions. They asked one another if it was thus and thus that it began, and knew the truth before they heard the answer.

There were hardly enough well men left in any watch to handle the ship. The strong did what they could, with the weak to help them. The helmsmen steered, unable from dizziness and fatigue to see what they were doing; unable from utter indifference to make it seem important. They worked at the pumps from time to time, and groaned from the deadly boredom of it as they slammed the handles up and down, and wondered dazedly why they took this trouble to keep the ship afloat. When an order was given to trim sail they stumbled to the sheets and hauled pitifully; the blood ran from the sick men's mouths and they sank down; the rope escaped from the hands of the rest, and they struggled up and hauled again. They stared at one another's white faces, and looked away, and did not speak. They dropped to the deck and lay like torpid reptiles, feeling each heartbeat a suffocating obstruction in the throat. They slunk away into corners and prayed for death—and only one in twenty died.

The lookout at the masthead was on his knees on the floor of the top, clutching the railing in deadly terror of falling, trying to raise his head to watch the horizon. He reeled under a reeling sky. He could not think how he was ever to get down—and did not care. He straightened up weakly and looked ahead; he leaned over the railing of the top and shut his eyes, and in a thin, choked, trembling voice cried, "Land Ho!"

It was on the twenty-fourth of January, 1521, sixty-seven days from Cape Dezeado, in latitude 16° 15′ South by the ship's account. A little island with trees! The wind blew over it and the surf rolled in upon it and the sea birds wheeled and screamed in the haze above the breakers. There was no other sign of life. The ships rounded up under the lee and sounded, and got no bottom. It was not possible to anchor, nor would there have been any reason to do so. The men looked across at one another and then at the island again; they could hear the trade wind in the trees above the roll of surf, but some evil spirit of unreality had touched the place and made it useless. The flagships wore

NATIVES OF THE LADRONES

An engraving by DeBry, the famous Flemish engraver (1590), showing the ships of Thomas Cavendish surrounded by natives in canoes. Cavendish's visit to the Ladrones took place in 1588, sixty-seven years after Magellan's, and his reception by the natives is said to have been strikingly similar.

around and steered the course again. The men looked back, feeling that they watched the fading of a last chance.

On the fourth of February land was sighted again. During the intervening days the men had been lifted an imperceptible degree by this increasing definiteness of possibilities. And the Captain General had before him always the picture of the ocean as he conceived it, with his three ships drawing their track across the chart. He had imagined a broad expanse of empty ocean lying to the westward of the continent—it was broader, to be sure, than he or any other man had guessed. And beyond that—scattered widely at first, but then with increasing frequency—the South Sea Islands! Now he was coming to them; one had been found; here was another.

But this second isle was no better for starving men than the first. It was as small and as barren, and except for the sharks that swarmed about it, as void of life. He named it Shark Island, "de los Tiburones." The first had been called "San Pablo," since it had had a certain importance; but for this one any name would do. He grouped the two together and called them the Unfortunate Isles.

The Moluccas were shown on the chart before him—a chart quite inadequate, badly warped as to longitude, filled with conjectural bearings and distances, and fading into blank parchment on its eastern edge. He spread it on the table and studied the position. The fleet was now in the latitude of the Moluccas. Due west, over the curve of the world ahead, lay the Spice Islands.

It seemed incredible. Yet there were other considerations: it was not the shortest way to the Moluccas that must be thought of; it was the shortest way to useful land. It would be more prudent to go farther north, in search of some nearer and surer land. China, perhaps. Or some new country.

Nothing was more important than that the men should have rest. Somewhere on the fringes of the Eastern World he must find a quiet island where the monsoon in the palm trees and the eternal surf on the curving beach made life a progress of timeless days. He wanted no great nation of the East, no proud monarch of pomp and pageantry, but simple, friendly, savage people for whom life meant food and sleep and laughter . . . they would come out in their canoes to meet the ships. . . . The men did not know. But he knew; he had been in the Islands. He kept on, west by northwest, and on the twelfth of February the fleet crossed the Equator.

The men were doing nothing more than enduring existence; they never thought of themselves as explorers now, or of any achievement that could give a meaning to their presence there; they kept on just as time kept on, and asked God for no more than that each day should pass. The sun rose blazing behind them like a pursuing fire and moved across the glaring sky in a long day of agonizing brightness; it went down into rolling waves of flame ahead and left the sea in grateful darkness under the friendly stars. The world was very wonderful and beautiful—and life was a curse. Up ahead, leading the way forever and forever, as steadfast as a star was the yellow gleam of the flagship's swaying lantern. Perhaps the Captain General knew.

There was no food now. They cut up planks in small pieces and ate the sawdust. They ate boots, and bits of leather from the armor, and straps from swords and shields. They took the chafing gear from the yards and soaked it in the sea and broiled it on the coals and ate it. They ate rats; a man would pay half a ducat for a rat. A grotesque, fantastic sort of tragedy: men crawled in the holds hunting for rats and brought them up with a ferocious kind of exultation, and watched with glistening eyes the steam that rose from the pot. But the rats too were starving, and there were never enough of them to go round. . . . The water always growled beside the ships with the same sound and the spreading bow wave always repeated the same shapes of tumbling foam. That the Trades blew steadily was their only blessing; if they had been called upon to shorten sail they could not have done it, and a gale of wind would have killed them.

On the sixth of March, in latitude 16° North by the ship's account, the *Trinidad* fired a gun. Land was in sight on the starboard bow. Soon afterward two other islands appeared to port. The sick men did not move or speak. Land! That was good.

As they drew nearer the islands took shape; they could see surf on yellow beaches and the forms of dark trees, and many boats with brown sails skimming along the shore, and houses, and then people—naked, black, shading their eyes with their hands, talking excitedly together, running back and forth in and out of the huts and between the trees. Some of the boats stood off to meet them. The black men stared up at the ships and chattered; the Spaniards shouted to them but they did not understand, they only laughed and showed their white teeth.

The ships ran into the bay and anchored in front of the huts. They were ninety-eight days from Cape Dezeado.

The natives climbed aboard at once and ran about the decks like mischievous monkeys. The Captain General ordered a boat to be launched, and the men set about it with an eagerness of spirit which far outran their strength; they

managed to get it up onto the rail and then dropped it overboard among the clustering canoes. Then, painfully and very slowly, though they tried to hurry, they set about taking in sail. Ropes which had not been lifted from their pins for months were cast off and let go with a run; every well man and some of the sick tailed on the buntlines and clewed up the courses; the topsails dropped and hung in great billowing bags; a few of the bravest ventured out to furl the spritsails. They tramped wearily from rope to rope, looking up often at the green warm shore as if to assure themselves that it had not vanished, brushing through the natives who crowded close about them to see what was going on, pausing at every turn to take back some trifle that the blacks had seized and were carrying off—buckets, planks, knives, oars, odd coils of rope, rags of clothing, belaying pins—everything that was not actually fastened to the ship. Everyone was in a panic of haste, cursing at his own fumbling slowness, impatient at the interruptions, heartsick to get ashore. At last they were ready. The painter had been cut and the boat was gone!

Nothing mattered then. A broadside was fired point-blank in the faces of the crowd on the beach. Before the rolling echoes died the canoes had scattered like frightened birds and the deep woods were filled with yelling, running natives. Another boat was gotten over and the men went ashore.

They stepped out on the sand into a complete and stagnant silence. They went from one to another of the deserted huts, cautiously raising the mats that hung in the doorways, peering into the dark interiors. They found bananas and ate them, though they had never seen them before and thought them figs.

ARRIVAL AT AN ISLAND OF THE EAST

A DeBry engraving showing an Island King greeting sixteenth-century Dutch navigators. In such style, doubtless, Magellan was greeted by the native king at Samar.

They came upon large stores of coconuts and gnawed ravenously as they went about the work of loading the boats. Seven of the inhabitants came back to the village; they were killed out-of-hand by anyone who happened to be nearest, and the search for food was hardly interrupted. The stolen boat was recovered and several loads of coconuts and bananas and sugar cane and dried flying fish were taken aboard each ship. A pig was found asleep in the dust, and they took it with them in great contentment. Then fifty houses were set afire and the fleet sailed at once. The group was named the Robbers' Isles, the "Ladrones." In the morning they were out of sight and it was long before any explorer visited them again.

Now that the needs of mere existence had been satisfied, some of the requirements of life which had been crushed down beyond survival once more made themselves felt. The men began to sit up more bravely, to speak with a certain pride and assurance, and to assert by their demeanor that they had something to do in the world. Indeed, they had already done more than other men. The dangers through which they had lived were not unique, nor had they endured them in a manner all their own; but their cause, their aim and their achievement were different—for the voyage that lay behind them was the longest in all history. The importance, the significance of their purpose lay in the fact that they had effected it.

The Captain General stood at the doorway of victory. He had come to the other side of the world and was within his chosen field. Soon he would raise land—new land, almost certainly—and there he would rest his men and set to work.

Just before sunrise on Saturday, the sixteenth of March, the land appeared. It was very high and extended over a wide angle of the horizon; accustomed as they were to minute specks of earth in boundless seas, it seemed to be of continental proportions. It was a perfect confirmation of their hopes. But when a small island, obviously uninhabited, appeared to starboard they steered for it and anchored in a quiet cove. An odor of spices came from the land and the pleasant noise of rustling leaves; the sound of the surf on the windward shore was only a faint dull roar, like a background of monotony which made more keen the silence and the peace. This was the very place.

The high land was Samar, one of the Philippines.

On the beach two tents were built of sails and palm trunks, and the sick men, brought carefully ashore, stretched themselves gratefully on the sand in a cool and breezy shade. The rest explored the island and found good water. That night the pig from the Ladrones was killed.

On Monday, the twenty-fifth of March, the sick men being somewhat recovered, the tents were taken down and the ships got under way. They sailed southwest between the islands. On Wednesday night a fire was seen on the shore off to the westward, and in the morning, seeing further signs of settlement, they stood in to the coast and anchored. A canoe with eight men came out to meet them and lay idly floating, watching the ships furl their sails.

The Captain General suddenly remembered his slave, Henrique de Malacca—"Malacca Henry"—and called him and told him to speak to the men in Malay. Henrique did so. The men understood and answered. A few words of Malay understood! The connotations, the logical inferences of this trifling fact were tremendous.

On Friday morning Henrique was sent ashore to the King to say that the Spaniards came in friendship, and seeking friendship; that they needed food and hoped for his Majesty's permission to purchase it. The King took an escort of eight men and came aboard the *Trinidad* at once.

He embraced the Captain General.

FIGHTERS AND WOMEN OF THE MOLUCCAS

As fancifully represented by DeBry. This and others of his engravings in these pages are reproduced from originals in the possession of the New York Public Library.

Then he ordered his presents to be brought forward: three large porcelain jars of rice, a quantity of dried fish, and other things. The Captain General gave him a robe of red and yellow made in the Turkish fashion, exceedingly becoming, and a very fine red hat; he gave mirrors and knives to the King's men. Out of consideration for the Captain General's message, the King had brought refreshments with him; the meal was served in the native fashion and the two partook of it together. Magallanes renewed his assurance of friendship and said that he wished the King to consider him as a brother. The King replied that this was his wish also, and the impressive ceremony of *casi-casi* was duly performed: each pricked his flesh and tasted the blood of the other.

Magallanes then told of Europe. Henrique as interpreter hardly needed prompting on this subject; he had been eight years in Spain, and in his own way —well knowing what would be impressive to the King—he set forth something of the external aspects of European civilization as he had seen it. He told of the marvelous and great city of Sevilla, and of the houses as high as the hills, which no fire could harm; of the impressive dignity of the Bishop of Burgos, who wore robes of magic and sat in a throne which creaked when he moved; of the dazzling, the unbelievable splendor of the Court of Don Carlos—King, by the Grace of God, of Spain. He told how the ships had sailed along the path which led to the sun; and of the vastness of the sea, which was like

the linking of long generations of men; and of the fortitude and endurance of men who had sailed through a world that was like the depths of the ocean; he tried to explain snow and gave it up, and made a simple gesture of praise toward his Lord and Master, the Captain General, who sat gravely watching him while he spoke.

Then Magallanes ordered a man to dress in complete armor and stand out on deck while three others attacked him with swords and daggers; the man made no effort to defend himself, and allowed the keen steel to rattle harmlessly about him until the word was given to stop; then he raised his visor and showed himself unhurt and smiling. The King was mightily impressed. Magallanes pointed out to him that one such invulnerable man was worth a round hundred of the King's own warriors, and the King was obliged to confess that it was true. Then they went to the quarter-deck, where Magallanes explained the properties and uses of the compass and traced on the chart the course of his fleet in its voyage from Spain. The King was astonished at the size of the Pacific and the number of days, without any land at all, which had passed while the ships were crossing it.

On Sunday, the thirty-first of March, the Captain General sent a priest ashore to prepare a place in which Mass might be said, and sent Henrique to the King to inform him that this day, which was called Easter among them, was sacred, and that they would perform the ceremonies appropriate to the occasion at which the pleasure of the King's presence was requested. The King replied that he would come with great pleasure and, very naturally, he sent a gift of two pigs.

Fifty men landed from the fleet, fully armed and dressed with particular care, and as the boats touched the sand six bombards fired a salute. The King of Masua and his brother, who was visiting him—he was a very good-looking man, elaborately dressed, and with three spots of gold in each of his teeth—embraced the Captain General and placed themselves on either side of him. In marching order they proceeded to the consecrated spot; the Captain General sprinkled the two Kings with musk water and led them forward.

With bared heads the men knelt on the sand. The straight brown trunks of the palm trees stood around like the columns of a choir; through the dark leaves the yellow sunlight fell in moving splashes on the vestments of the priest. The two Kings advanced to kiss the Cross, and remained kneeling with clasped hands before the altar. The people of the village stood at a respectful distance, watching breathlessly, their eyes bright with excitement. There was no sound but the voice of the priest; not a leaf stirred in the green forest. When the Host was elevated an arquebus was fired as a signal, and the three ships in the anchorage discharged a rolling broadside that shook the sky.

Magallanes told the King that he could not remain longer; he spoke again of his lack of supplies, and asked where, in the archipelago, he had best go. The King mentioned Cebu as the likeliest place, and the fleet got under way, with the King in his canoe leading them northwesterly among the islands. On the seventh of April they arrived at Cebu, and Henrique was sent ashore with a message. He went straight to the King's house where, surrounded by his men, the King was engaged in conversation with a foreigner; Henrique recognized the foreigner at once as a trader from Siam, and eyed him narrowly. The King was first to speak: who was this who came with so much noise, and whence and why? The Captain General of the greatest King in the world, Henrique answered, bound for the Moluccas: he had had good reports of Cebu and had come to pay his respects and to buy food.

The trader of Siam stepped forward. "O King, be watchful!" he said. "These

are the same men who have conquered Calicut, and Malacca, and the whole of India. If they are treated well they will give good treatment; if they are treated ill, they give ill and worse, as they have done to Calicut and to Malacca."

Fortunately, this was said in Malay. Henrique replied. He said that the men to whom the trader of Siam was referring were Portuguese, not Spaniards; his Captain General was from Spain, and his King, Don Carlos, was the King of all Christian men everywhere.

The trader of Siam could say nothing, never having heard of Spain. The King of Cebu said that he would consult with his men and give the Captain General an answer on the following day. Refreshments were offered Henrique and he withdrew.

The following day there arrived on board the flagship the Prince of Cebu, who was the King's nephew; also the Governor, the Head Constable, the trader of Siam, and eight chiefs. Magallanes brought chairs for the important men and mats for the chiefs. He himself, wearing the insignia of the Order of Santiago, sat in a chair of crimson velvet; his officers stood about him; his men were drawn up in military array: the bright sun glinting on their helmets, the royal standard floating above them.

Magallanes asked if it was the custom among them to arrive at covenants openly or in secret, and if they who had come were empowered to make peace for the King. They answered that their covenants were made openly and that they were fully empowered; the Prince was the heir to the throne and—his parents being old and hardly worthy of honor—he was the first man among them, save their King. The Captain

THE POMP OF A MOLUCCAN KING

The King of Tuban, most powerful of the kings of the Moluccas, riding an elephant in a formal state procession in honor of his Dutch visitors.

General prayed to God to hear and confirm the covenant between them. The Prince said that he had never before heard such beautiful words and that he took great pleasure in them.

The Captain General then told them, through the interpretation of Henrique, that it was one of the commands of their God that they honor their parents, the more so when they had become old. Their first parents were Adam and Eve, whom God had created; God had created the earth and the heavens and the sea, and had given to men an immortal spirit. If the men of Cebu wished to become Christians they could be baptized at once; but they must not become Christians through fear, or through any wish to please him, but of their own free will; he would never harm any man who retained the faith of his fathers, though his relations with men who were not Christians would, of course, be less friendly. If the King of Cebu should become a Christian he would give him a suit of armor.

The men of Cebu answered that they could not adequately reply to these beautiful words nor express their love for him, but that they were convinced that whatever he told them to do was right for them to do, and they placed themselves in his hands.

The Captain General then rose and took the hands of the Prince between his own. "By my faith in God and to my Sovereign Don Carlos, and by this habit which I wear, I promise you, now and forever, peace with Spain." The Prince of Cebu made a similar declaration for himself.

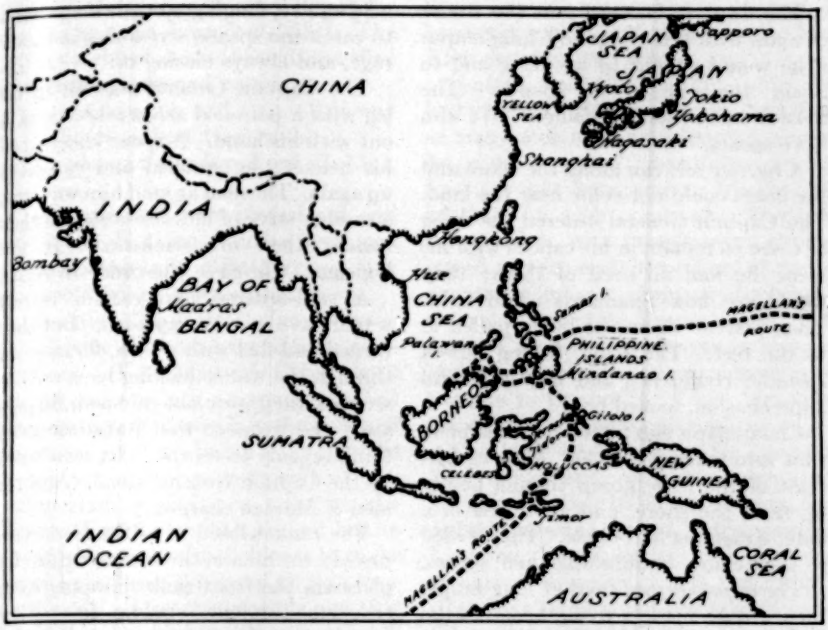
During the following days the King consulted with his chiefs in respect to Christianity. They had all been deeply moved by the sincerity and enthusiasm of the Captain General, and by the inspiration which he had given them in what he had said, as well as in the ceremonies which they had witnessed. They agreed—with the exception of one chief—that they themselves and all their people should be baptized, and this decision they communicated to the Captain General.

He asked about the exception. The King replied that Chilapulapu, Chief of the people of a small island near Cebu, would have none of the new idea, and had refused to let his people become Christians. Magallanes asked if this was a result of a discussion or if Chilapulapu had refused to obey a command. The King replied that he had refused to obey a command. The Captain General promptly sent men to burn the village, and a Cross was set in the ruins.

A platform was built in the open space in the center of the town, hung with curtains and adorned with palm leaves. The Captain General sent word that all who obeyed their King would be baptized.

On Sunday, the fourteenth of April, the boats came in from the fleet, and as the men stepped out on the beach the ships fired a salute; two men completely armed marched ahead, guarding the royal standard; the Captain General was clothed all in white. The entire population of the town followed in an excited mob of men, women, and children. The King was waiting in the square. He embraced the Captain General and together they went to the platform, where two chairs of red-and-violet velvet had been placed for them. The Captain General then gave thanks to God for the King's conversion. A Cross was set up in the square, facing the platform, and the people were instructed to destroy all their idols and to come each hour of the day to pray, with clasped hands, before the Cross. The King asked again that two men might be left to instruct his people, and Magallanes promised them and requested permission to take back to Spain with him two children, so that they might learn the language and return for better service to their people.

He showed them how to make the sign of the Cross, and bade them kneel. The King of Cebu was baptized "Don Carlos"; the Prince followed; then all the chiefs save that one who had dis-



THE ROUTE THROUGH THE MALAY ARCHIPELAGO

after finding its way among the Philippines and retracing its path north of Borneo, the *Victoria* reached the Moluccas and finally entered the Indian Ocean for the home stretch round the Cape of Good Hope.

obeyed. Enthusiasm spread through the crowd like fire; at first singly, then by twos and threes, and then in groups they flung themselves forward on their knees, begging for baptism and a Christian name. More than thirteen hundred people were baptized on that first day, and during the succeeding week they came by thousands, even from the remotest parts of the island, until the entire population of Cebu had accepted the Christian faith.

On Friday, the twenty-sixth of April, there came to the flagship a man from Mactan. He was the son of one of the minor chiefs who ruled precariously under Chilapulapu. This chief, whose village had been burned, was still rebellious; he defied the King of Cebu, and promised himself to destroy all those who would become Christians. If the Captain General would help the King, if he would send one boat of fighting men that night, he did not doubt that he could break the rebellion and restore unanimous tranquillity. He pledged his loyalty; he could not stay.

The officers, and Señor Pigafetta, begged the Captain General not to go. "But he, like a good shepherd, refused to abandon his flock." The King of Cebu was his friend whom he had promised to help, and his promises were not mere empty words. He would not leave behind him a rebellion which he himself, by bringing Christianity, had begun. That would be leaving Cebu worse than he had found it. Choose sixty men.

At midnight sixty men, armed, wearing helmets and corslets, set out in three boats. The King of Cebu was with them, the Prince, the trader of Siam, and about a thousand men in thirty canoes. They paddled quietly to Mactan and arrived three hours before dawn.

The Captain General sent the trader of Siam with a message to Chilapulapu: if he would submit to his King and to Spain they might be friends. The answer was a quick defiance, "We also have spears."

A barrier reef ran along the shore and the boats could not come near the land. The Captain General ordered the King of Cebu to remain in his canoes with his men; he had no need of them; they would see how Spaniards could fight. Then just at dawn the boats pulled in to the reef. The King, feeling now a splendid confidence and now a fearful apprehension, looked on.

Chilapulapu had fifteen hundred men, split into three divisions. They caught sight of the little group coming boldly up from the shore, and advanced in a long, straggling half-circle. They yelled as they came, brandishing their spears.

The crossbowmen fired at long range; their arrows made a flying hedge in the air and kept the enemy back. But from the Mactan ranks now one and now another, in impatience and growing daring, burst forth within range. The arrows stuck in the wooden shields and hung as if caught in flight. The line swayed forward, shouting. The Captain General shouted "Cease firing!" again and again; he saw that he must let them come close and fight them hand to hand. But something like panic had taken the Spaniards—the long bristling line was before them on three sides and the sea was at their backs. They ignored the command and fired incessantly, unable to think of anything but immediate defense; they stood in two groups, facing obliquely outward, standing almost back to back in the center of a great ring. Across the encircling open space the spears and arrows flew in showers: spears tipped with steel, bamboo arrows with sharks' teeth heads, stakes sharpened and hardened in fire; stones, mud, clods. They flung everything their whirling fingers clutched. They leaped about, so that it was impossible to hit any one man; they dodged arrows with wild agility, flinging up their long shields to catch the spears, screaming in insane rage, and always closing in.

The Captain General was hit in the leg with a poisoned arrow; he struck it out with his hand. A spear knocked off his helmet; he stooped and caught it up again. The men around him wavered; a sudden wave of indecision stayed their hands; their fire slackened. It was hopeless. He gave the order to retire.

A well-ordered and careful retreat would have saved every man. But they turned and fled with a rush, floundering through the water, looking back only to see that they were not pursued, flinging away the weapons that impeded them, thinking only to escape. Six men stood by the Captain General alone. And the men of Mactan charged.

The ranks closed in as the circle narrowed; the men in the rear struggled for places in the front rank, jumping over, crawling through, circling in. They snatched up the same spears and hurled them again and again; the air was thick with missiles, caught up and hurled madly without aim; the swarming line exploded in a seething tumult, spouting forth weapons like a bursting fire. Seven men were in the center of it. They bowed their heads and held up their shields before their faces and fought blindly. They drew closer together and fell back and waded into the water behind them.

A spear took off the Captain General's helmet again; he snatched it up before it sank and whirled a quick glance over his shoulder to see if the men had reached the boats. A naked warrior rushed at him and flung a spear in his face; he lunged with his own lance and left it in the man's chest. He tried to draw his sword but his right arm was useless from a wound, and the blade stuck in the scabbard. They leaped upon him, seeing him defenseless. They forgot the others, and themselves; they flung forward in a wild tangle, twenty at a time, on one man alone. One of them struck him in the leg with a scimitar, and he fell.

Señor Pigafetta tried to catch him in his arms as he went down, but failed. The savages stabbed down through the riled water with spears and swords.

The rest gave up and made their way to the boats as best they could.

This was on Saturday, April 27, 1521.

The game had been played out and was over. Nothing positive remained to be accomplished. Whatever was done now could have no object but escape.

After Magallanes' death Juan Serrano and Duarte Barbosa were chosen commanders. The King of Cebu, in a puzzled and vacillating manner, watched for some sign of strength in the fleet and saw none; and he began to regret the idols which had been destroyed.

Henrique de Malacca went to the King and told him that he had but to act quickly and with boldness to make his own the three ships and all that they contained; as for the great power that lay in the shadowy background—well, Spain would never know what had happened and would soon forget. The King acted on this advice.

He sent word that the gifts which he had prepared were ready and asked that as many men as possible be sent ashore for a ceremony of presentation and a feast, as was becoming to friends and brothers on such occasions. The two commanders, with twenty-seven others, rowed in with certain vestiges of pomp and the King met them on the beach. Gonzalo Gomez de Espinosa and Juan Lopez Caraballo felt danger in the air, and turned back as inconspicuously as possible to the boats. These two were the only ones who escaped alive.

Caraballo took charge. He hove up, fired a broadside into the town, and made sail. On the beach Serrano appeared, bleeding from a dozen wounds, his hands bound behind him, a crowd of natives dragging him to the water's edge. He shouted to Caraballo to cease firing; they would kill him. He watched

EASTERN ASIA AND THE EASTERN ARCHIPELAGO

Facsimile of a map now in the British Museum, made about 1558 by Diego Homem, showing the Moluccas, which at that time were the best-known and most important trading centers of the Malay archipelago.

the ships swing slowly and head out of the bay; in God's name, he asked, was he to be left alone there? Caraballo asked if they were all killed; yes, Serrano shouted, they were all dead except Henrique de Malacca. Caraballo blazed away and kept setting more sail. "May God Almighty ask you for my soul!" cried Serrano, and the natives closed in around him. The firing gradually ceased as the ships rounded the point and found the wind and began to make more rapid way, and silence settled over Cebu.

All hands were mustered. They were one hundred and fifteen men. On the beach at Bohol the *Concepcion* was burned, and the more valuable portions of her cargo and equipment transferred to the other two ships. Juan Caraballo took command; Gonzalo Espinosa was put in charge of the *Trinidad*. They steered vaguely south for the Moluccas, looking toward what might come.

Chance brought the coast of Borneo across their path. Thence they sailed to Palawan, and thence to Tidore, where they bought cloves, and where the *Trinidad*, loaded beyond her failing strength, began to leak in a rushing stream, and was left behind to refit. On the twenty-first of December the *Vitoria*, under command of Juan Sebastian El Cano, with sixty men—thirteen of whom were natives—said good-by to Tidore at last, and got under way for Spain.

The old ship was bulging with cargo and seemed sagged out of all resemblance to her original shape; she pitched soggily and leaked like a basket; food was scarce; scurvy broke out; she ran into heavy weather off the African coast and lost her fore topmast; she was nine weeks fighting head winds round the cape. Nearly a third of the Europeans died, and nine of the thirteen natives. On the sixteenth of May she rounded the corner and ran for home; on the eighth of June she crossed the Equator; on the ninth of July—worn out, preferring even to face the hostility of the Portuguese—she anchored in Santiago in the Cape Verdes. On Monday, September 8, 1522, having been away twelve days short of three years, they rounded up beside the old quay at Sevilla and discharged all their artillery.

These were the men: Juan Sebastian el Cano, Captain; Francisco Albo, Pilot; Miguel Rodas, Master; Juan de Acurio, Martin de Yudicibus, Hernando de Bustamante, Aries the Gunner, Diogo Gallego, Nicolao de Napoles, Miguel Sanchez de Rodas, Francisco Rodriguez, Juan Rodriguez de Huelva, Anton Hernandez Colmenero, Juan de Arratia, Juan de Santander, Vasco Gomez Gallego, Juan de Zubileta the ship's boy, and Antonio Pigafetta.

Subsequently the thirteen men who had been left at the Cape Verdes reached Sevilla, and after years of wandering, four men arrived from the *Trinidad*. The *Trinidad* had come very near falling to pieces in the middle of the ocean and had gone back to Tidore.

The *Vitoria's* cloves were sold and they brought a price which realized a profit of about a thousand dollars over the expenses of the entire expedition.

Alvora de la Mezquita was in prison, waiting for the truth to be told in regard to the mutiny at Port San Julian. Doña Beatriz was dead, having learned of the loss of the Captain General; her son Rodrigo was dead; her second child had died at birth. At Sabrosa, near Chaves, in the province of Traz-os-Montes in Portugal, the coat-of-arms of Magalhães had been torn down from its place above the door, by order of Dom Manoel. The world went on. The voyage fitted into history. But the Captain General lay on the shores of a little island in the Pacific, on the other side of the world, under an Eastern sky.

Dios vos salve, Señor Capitan General, é buena compañia!

(THE END)

PORTRAIT OF MADAME FAVART

BY FRANÇOIS HUBERT DROUAIS

(Reproduced on the cover of this Magazine)

LIKE Sir Thomas Lawrence in popularity, but differing from that precocious painter in every other way, François Hubert Drouais is lightly considered one of those who dictated elegance to the Eighteenth century in France. His father, an assistant to Nattier and Largillière, might have taught him the stylish formula. Born in 1727, François was a contemporary of the polite Duplessis and the sentimental Roslin. After the death of Nattier he rose to royal favor and, what was more important, became the painter to the aging Madame de Pompadour and to the young Madame du Barry. Official honors came along with this social approval. And long before his death in 1775, even Diderot, that suspicious critic and gossip, had to admire in Drouais "a knowledge of light quite rare and delicate"—a significant admiration, showing how slight was his hold on popularity.

The famous portrait of Marie Antoinette as Hebe likewise bears out this supposition of stylish art. Pale-yellow drapery, rose ribbons, lilac scarf, gold cup, and light blue cloud . . . one can almost taste the melting colors and luscious paint. But fortunately for Drouais' reputation to-day, that is not the sum of his career. It seems merely a compromise to the wishes of his patrons. A study for the portrait of Marie Antoinette shows Drouais in another character, as a realist and a thoughtful observer. The young Queen is delicately pretty, a little arrogant and empty headed; the richness of her dress is strongly and carefully recorded, without that flattery which the Eighteenth century extended even to clothing. Drouais indeed had a simpler ideal, the opposite to artificiality. Mythological accessories had all but overwhelmed portraiture; the demand was imperious. Yet Drouais saw the future and painted, as Rousseau wrote, with respect for naturalness and simplicity. He was the first portrait painter to join the "nature-lovers," visualizing a family group as enjoying its own music in a garden, or children playing there with the gardener's tools, or selling flowers like poor children. The ideal which this represents was to become the plaything of the wealthy, and Marie Antoinette herself was to wear a special petticoat embroidered with wheelbarrows and rakes while she walked in the gardens at Versailles. But Drouais was himself too plain a man to admit sophistication. Realism was his aim; Chardin, the "painter of servants," his co-worker.

A good comment on François Hubert's character can be found in the records of his finances. As quickly as he made money he invested it; he kept accounts and dunned royalty for back pay. He left everything in order when he died. So sensible and hard working, he seems to have been one of those "self-made" Frenchmen whose logic is slow but evident and whose worldly success comes to him as surely as patience. Was this man only a stylist? He was deeper than that. His former reputation as a "pretty painter" needs revision.

ALAN BURROUGHS.

THE LION'S MOUTH

TRIPPINGLY ON THE EAR

BY CHARLES S. BROOKS

IT is my habit to listen to music in much the same manner as I eat. If the food be clean, wholesome, and of happy flavor a diffuse and indeterminate delight absorbs my grateful sense; but, when I have swept away the crumbs, I am unable to fasten on particulars and tell whether it were flesh or fish that had engrossed me. On any challenge I poke vainly at the wreckage of my plate to learn by what path I journeyed from my soup; for a gastronomic Nirvana has possessed me wherein memory is scattered to oblivion. A certain hostess of my acquaintance, knowing my weakness in these matters of the fork, shamed me once as I was picking at my salad by asking me to name that meat that had gone before. I was wrong of course, and she threatens me next time with horse. Mine, I repeat, is a pure emotion of the digestive tract—a pleasing titillation of trap and passage divorced from conscious intellect.

And so it is with music. If the tune be more than an easy tinkle I am lost in fantasy and, when the orchestra be stopped, I cannot set my foot on the trail that has led me through the pleasant wilderness. I have but a common ear. These twin appendages of mine are of cheap contrivance devised chiefly for better symmetry. Like an idle Gothic decoration, they do but mark my maker's vagrant whim and humor. They ring an ignorant bell within my heart, but run no wire to sound upon my sluggish brain.

And yet a common ear may no longer be despised. A few nights since I dined with a friend—mushroom soup (upon my oath), a crown of excellent beef, and a meringue to quit! This friend gives his evenings to the radio, and he introduced a concert for my entertainment. It was the first radio that I had heard, and I sat open-mouthed in wonder. But as music it was naught because of much scratching of the wire. Nor was my host content, through a restless zeal for further contact, to let the tune be played until its end. No sooner had a one-step come among us from the Biltmore and been smoothed of interference than he tried the mountains for a waltz. When he had managed this and I was sunk in a dreamy moonlit melody from the Catskills, suddenly he threw the switch to New Orleans for a rasping jazz. And then the Davenport School of Chiropractic burst upon us—a jolly tune that shakes my faith in allopathic pills. I am still to be informed whether this band plays among the patients during the manipulation of a stubborn cartilage—perhaps in public clinic—or whether it does but advertise the school to show the outside world how merrily a bone is cracked.

But all this abrupt change is a jolt to a sedentary ear that sits in slippers. Thirty bands in the street-procession of a holiday—rising, intermingling, and fading to a sharper blast—could not stir up such confusion. And yet it was amazing how so simple a contrivance—it seemed but a battery and a lamp or

two—could tap the sounds of night and fetch a waltz across a thousand miles!

It is the radio that has brought to the ear its proper legacy, delayed so long in the endless chancery of ignorance. Since time began, the eye has traveled in the dark without a leash, while the ear like a housewife has been kept at home. When first the hills were new it was the eye that caught the fire smoldering in the Pleiades and trafficked on endless journey in the cloudless night. The mind itself can hardly take so quick a leap. But now at last our household drudge is also given boots to wear and may tread in an instant around the world. It may yet hear a tune from Mars or listen to the broadcast of the whirling stars. The music of the spheres once heard in ancient Greece is but a prophecy of our larger time.

An ingenious friend informs me that sound is imperishable and that it radiates forever from our noisy world. The uproar of ancient Babylon, he says, may this minute be sounding on far-off Antares; and it is only necessary to bend back the waves on a hairpin turn under geometric formula in order that we may catch the jovial night-life of its forgotten kings. With this bender perfected and cleared of interference from the Biltmore, we may yet listen to the falling walls of Rome and hear the harsh commands of Goth and Vandal. These sounds, returned from their lonesome journey—keen for the welcome of an ear (it was only in Mars they got a hearing)—these sounds, I say, will instruct us in the noises of prehistoric times. We shall catch the roar of lions in Daniel's den and listen to the foghorn of Noah's ark. I pray to God that the racket will not be on compulsion to wreck my quiet evenings.

But I digress. I choose to write of the ear more narrowly as it tilts itself without miracle to music.

For these many years I have trained my awkward ears by exposure to opera and concert. At the symphony I am a moderate student, and if the harmony rolls up to a sharp excitement it throws my thoughts into a pleasant meditation that quite destroys the building and its cluttered audience and sends me on a glittering path. In the mesh of sound, although I understand it not in detail, I am quick to lay a plot and hear the far-off voice of tragedy and love.

Among those who profess more music than they possess, the ear too often is a prude and it withholds its careful skirt from vulgar contact. Such persons are slow to praise a tune that starts from common company, and they shiver at a menial sound. I can recall no more wholesome sight than that of my friend Davy S——, who has attained an honorable name in music, as he led on one secular occasion a jazz band in a fine fever of excitement. Before he took the stand there had been some inclination to throw biscuits and bits of bread inside the tuba—did it not offer an open quivering trunk like a hungry elephant?—but Davy checked the rowdies. He was none of your lukewarm conductors. He bullied the players with threatening baton until horn and drum were hot; and I wish that these prudish critics might have heard him.

And so, warmed by his example, I confess that I am often moved by coarser melodies. A street organ, if one listens with enfranchised ear, sends forth a robust harmony that marks the spring more surely than a daffodil; and I have seen a line of Monday's wash—dull underpants and skirts devoid of ear—which have leaped at its invitation in the breeze. In not such quick excitement does Pan arouse the creatures of a woodland stream. Were breeches of quicker wit to take a partner, the dance would have been at its height by noon. In a restaurant of cheaper music, also, as I trifle at my soup I wander through an exalted land and clutch at my absurd ambitions. Were the gift of measure mine I would hew a poem of love and moonlight or lay the footings of a sonnet.

But usually I find opera silly, espe-

cially of the German sort. I am offended by the mighty stature of the lovers. A waist that is overfed on sweets beyond the easy girdle of an arm is not a fit companion in an exchange of love. With a dozen comely Valkyries standing idle, how can Siegfried devote himself to the bouncing Brünnhilde? These buckwheat duets—sugared stomach panting close to stomach—are much too gross. Nor is Siegfried himself entirely a hero in every one of his fifty circumambient inches. He labors with his pillowy burden among the encircling flames. With blown and jaded trot he climbs the mountain's canvas slope. Romeo may have a ringing voice to upper C, but he bulks fat in the soft Italian moonlight. Ophelia humps too large beneath her shroud. These things vex me. The bellows at my hearth have better concealment of their art. I like the music without these padded puppets who have sat too long at beer. The song of the dying Tristan is sweeter in my ears if it is carried only by the strings and is but an echo of passion that has vanished from the earth. It is then that the tempest quite blows me from my moorings and I sail beyond the pillars of the world.

And, except it be a bass or heavier tenor, I care little for a solo on the stage unless my eye be tricked by beauty. A bass by his robustious tone can hold the tune alone, but shrill tenors and sopranos are too frail to go without assistance. And the gentleman behind me, even if he has the piece by heart, must not hum too loud and beat the time against my chair. I demand, also, that the solo of the stage be in occasional concord with the orchestra and not wander always by itself in separate trill. I have sometimes wondered if it were not loose on an impromptu with tune forgotten, so perversely does it avoid what I am pleased to think is melody. I like opera best at the falling of a curtain when the whole village of linked lovers gathers for a final effort.

But music in its essence craves freedom and should not be cooped indoors. A Valkyre would sound best hallooing to the echo of the hills, and a moderate voice that lifts itself on the silent water of a summer night is worth more than a shriller note imprisoned in a hall. There are tunes from the Grand Canal in Venice, from the August twilight of the English lakes, from Como set with glistening stars—tunes once broadcasted into space which return in memory to tease my heart with fragile loveliness.

OUR PASSION FOR HASTE

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

THERE is a shorthand appearing among the American "go-getters" which sends a shudder down the spine of anyone who cares for the right word rightly used. The fundamental decencies and niceties of our language are utterly ignored by a new riff-raff who have taken complete possession of the publicity field; and just as when Latin went out of certain college curriculums a fresh evidence of carelessness and rush appeared in our national consciousness, so an added menace is seen in electric signs which announce that "vodvil" is given twice daily at this or that theater. We are confronted, not with the old and reliable word "restaurant," but with a hideous counterpart of it—"eats." Into the rubbish heap has gone the picturesque "frankfurters," and in its place has come—"franks." Real-estate dealers are no longer content to be just that; they must be known as "realtors." And conversely, with a sort of roguish superiority the good old undertakers, in California particularly, prefer nowadays to call themselves grandiloquently "morticians." A motor trip through the countryside, with advertisements of "hot dogs," will reveal from day to

day—yes, even from hour to hour—scandalous abbreviations or flowery perversions of words which make it almost necessary for the average American to learn a new language. Our column conductors are partly responsible for this. "Colyum" is no doubt now in the dictionary, though I have not had the courage to look and see. We have acquired a new "slanguage," someone will brightly tell us; and alas! it is only too true.

Note, too, the careless punctuation in many a book which purports to come from the presses of old established houses. The semicolon is almost forgotten among modern proof readers. As for the colon, few writers, even of eminence, know where to place it. "I can always hire a college professor to go over my proofs," a well-known author told me recently in utter seriousness. "Besides, I never did know much about punctuation and paragraphing." Yet punctuation is as much a part of good writing as the words themselves.

No one reads aloud any more. We have become a nation of listeners-in, with no time for thought and contemplation, and less for sound study. We want results—swift, sure results, no matter how we may gain them. We slip through life, or go furtively around it, in our desire to arrive—nowhere. We are not concerned with manners, despite our numerous etiquette books, and not at all with the aristocratic preservation of the best of the classics. Our national motto, in a single word, might be "Blah!"; or, in four words, "Let George Do It." We smile at the mention of standards, for these are old-fashioned; we use "don't" for "doesn't," even when we pretend to be educated; and not one college graduate out of a hundred, I venture to say, could use correctly the word "only." We count it a salutary thing that our colloquialisms are becoming a part of our written literature. We have books written "in American"—whatever that may be—by little upstarts who probably have no knowledge of the great English essayists: those men and women who cared ardently for the safeguarding of words, and who marshalled them as a general might marshal his troops, in orderly array.

Recently I read a "blurb" in a so-called popular magazine, in which someone who made no claim to a dignified reputation, but who doubtless had millions in the bank, stated that at last he had discovered why he was bored by the writing of Anatole France. It was because he had learned that this great master actually rewrites his sentences, often thirty times, before he ventures to send his manuscript to press. And the editor backed up this ingenuous criticism by stating that "material for this magazine is accepted, not for the manner, but the matter"—or words to that effect.

It is of little moment, it would seem, in these rushing days, how a thought is expressed. Yet listen to the Irish stylist, James Stephens. I quote this paragraph, which is a prose-poem, from *The Crock of Gold*, which no doubt our self-appointed critic has never read:

> A thought is a real thing and words are only its raiment, but a thought is as shy as a virgin; unless it is fittingly apparelled we may not look on its shadowy nakedness: it will fly from us and only return again in the darkness crying in a thin, childish voice which we may not comprehend until, with aching minds, listening and divining, we at last fashion for it those symbols which are its protection and its banner.

How long did it take Stephens to write that beautiful sentence? He may have dashed it off; yet I doubt it. It reveals the painstaking artist, struggling for mastery over his craft, yet hiding the struggle, as all artistic endeavor should be hidden. It is only the final result which matters; how a perfect passage is accomplished is of no concern to the reader. That is the artist's business; and to dislike an author because one chances to discover his method is a state of mind which has no place in the

company of true criticism. Yeats has told us that the act of composition has always been painful to him—as the act of physical reproduction is painful to a mother. He can never write more than seven or eight lines a day. Are we to despise his seemingly spontaneous ballads and songs because of a knowledge of the way in which he works?

The truth is that any bit of art is seldom achieved in haste. "Easy writing makes hard reading" is an old, proved truth. There is no short cut to artistic fame. Even silver-tongued orators write and rewrite and then memorize their speeches. There can be no capture of perfection and beauty—except in moments of high inspiration—through processes of speed. Wordsworth has said that "Poetry is emotion remembered in tranquillity." The base purveyors of penny-dreadful fiction may have their little hour—and their big bank accounts; but they will have no place at all in the memories of future generations.

HOW TO BEHAVE IN SOCIETY

BY FREDERICK L. ALLEN

ETIQUETTE is coming down. For several years now we have had books of etiquette available for students of correct behavior at three dollars or two dollars, but to-day I bought one for twenty-five cents. It is only a little one, and perhaps it doesn't cover all the subtler problems, but still the price is encouraging. Some Henry Ford of etiquette was bound to come along sooner or later and reduce the cost of good form. You and I have always been able to go into a restaurant and order a grapefruit, yet until now it has been a pretty expensive matter to find out whether to eat it with a spoon or a fork, and those of us with growing families to provide for and mortgages to pay off on the little old home have been tempted, I am afraid, to hold fast to our dollars and use the first implement that came to hand. But now that the new era has come, the whole scale of values is different. Twenty-five cents for the grapefruit, twenty-five cents for an authoritative verdict in favor of the spoon. And yet some people talk about the good old days!

It is a wonderful little book. There is no time wasted in getting down to brass tacks. The very first sentence is full of meat. "In street, ferry, restaurant, or theater, a well-bred person will conduct himself so as to draw no attention to himself," it says. "Loud voices, noticeable gesticulation, conversation in which absent friends are called by name in tones easily overheard by bystanders, all these are marks of those who 'don't belong.'"

Here at the very start is food for profitable thought. "In street, ferry, restaurant, or theater"—notice those words. You and I perhaps are already aware that in the street, or in a restaurant or theater, we should conduct ourselves so as to draw no attention to ourselves. Only yesterday, as I was walking along Fifth Avenue, my mind turned, as it will, to the good times I had been having at the seashore over the week-end, and I recalled how I had turned handsprings on the beach; and just for a moment I thought, "I could turn just as good handsprings right here in Fifth Avenue," but the very next instant I said to myself, "No, that might draw attention to myself," and in a jiffy the temptation was past. I already knew how to behave on the street. *But suppose I had been on a ferry?* I should have turned the handsprings and thereby marked myself as one who doesn't belong.

Now, however, all is changed. For twenty-five cents I have learned that the same rules apply on a ferry as elsewhere. If it weren't for this book I

might go on for years behaving all wrong on ferries, calling absent friends by names in tones easily overheard by bystanders, gesticulating noticeably, and doing other terrible things. Now I shall know enough to look carefully about the ferry before calling my friends by name and if they are absent I shall lower my voice to a whisper, and people will know that I belong. Isn't that a valuable thing to have learned from the very first paragraph of a twenty-five-cent book?

And it continues just as usefully. Let me give you the second paragraph: "In a crowd, never hail a friend by calling his name, if he is some distance away, for it is not necessary that you should thus inform those who block the way of your friend's identity. Either you must contrive to pass and join him, or else catch his eye and bow."

There now! isn't that sensible? Naturally you would think offhand that it would be necessary to inform the crowd of your friend's identity, but when you stop to think the matter over, you can see that it isn't necessary at all. If your friend is anxious to have the crowd know his name, he can announce it himself in loud tones. There isn't the slightest obligation on you to assist him. In fact, in case he is wanted by the police, he may thank you not to.

On the next page are some helpful hints about lifting the hat. This should be done, we learn, when a lady on the street drops some object—handkerchief, package, or the like—from her hands, and the gentleman restores it to her, and she says "Thank you." It should also be done when offering a seat to a lady on a crowded street car, when speaking to strangers, and when either a lady or a gentleman with whom you are walking bows to a friend. "Other occasions for removing the hat," concludes the paragraph, "are for the national flag, the national anthem; in an apartment- or hotel-elevator when ladies are present; and when waiting for a funeral to pass."

The value of this book, you will notice, is not merely in what is said right out but also in what is suggested. That last phrase about the funeral is rich in suggestion. For suppose you fail to memorize accurately the list of occasions for hat-lifting, and find yourself removing your headgear without proper cause, and somebody says, "Why raise the hat now? No lady has dropped an object from her hands; you are not on a street car or in an elevator; and I fail to hear the national anthem. Have you no knowledge of etiquette at all? I fear you do not belong." Instantly you can reply, "I am waiting for a funeral to pass. It may not come by for hours, or even for days, but that's a perfectly good reason, isn't it, and who's a smarty?"

A little later, however, there comes a passage which perplexes me. Speaking of the formal call, the author says, "A gentleman leaves his hat and gloves, his stick and rubbers, in the hall, but only after having been told his hostess is at home." That is a bit of advice which I shall take to heart; when I go calling this winter, after handing over my card (a gentleman's card, 2⅞ to 3¼ inches long by 1¼ to 1⅝ high) I shall remember to say to myself, "Keep your rubbers on till you're told she's at home." But what if I am wearing rubber boots? Or what if, as occasionally happens, there has been a prolonged stretch of fine weather and I have ventured out *without any rubbers at all?* Should I purchase a pair before calling, for the sake of form, so that any member of my hostess's family who chances to pass through the hall while I am in the house may see them with my hat, gloves, and stick, and know that I am of the rubbered elect? I wish the book would be more explicit on this point.

But after all, we cannot expect everything in the world for twenty-five cents. Perhaps the more expensive books of etiquette go more fully into the rubber problem, and some day you and I may be able to save up enough money to complete our social education.

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

THE POPULATION PROBLEM

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

HOWEVER the election goes, there will still be unsolved problems in contemporary life which at times we shall have to think about. Consider one of them—the problem of increase in population. In this country we are not yet losing much sleep over it. Still it is discussed. Professor Fairchild in an address the other day at Williamstown reminded us that in the last century or so the population of the world had increased from 700,000,000 to 1,700,000,000. That is really a considerable increase and brings Malthus out of retirement and provides for a rediscussion of his theories about the propensity of human life to outrun its means of support. When Admiral Rodgers said, also at Williamstown, that we must take care that when the population of the United States reaches 200,000,000 we shall have the means—that is, the armed strength—to go out and take away from some one as much more land as our increasing family requires, most readers were horrified at the suggestion; for since the late War the idea of extending territorial boundaries by force and arms has not been popular. But to illustrate how some people feel about the increasing numbers on earth, Admiral Rodgers' explosion serves well.

But, of course, we of the United States are not going to start a new season of land-grabbing merely because our population has outrun our acreage. Oh, no! We know better how to manage than that. When there are so many of us that the lines of motor cars on the roads make going too tedious (as they do at present on Sundays near the cities) and factories have intruded more than is expedient on the countryside, what shall we do? Why, it is easy. We have only to do what we are in the habit of doing—amend the Constitution and either forbid altogether for a time the propagation of the species, or limit all families to two or three children, or frame a regulation by the rules of which newcomers may be born only by permission of the constituted authorities. Of course such an amendment would make some trouble. The Catholics, for example, might not like it and might refuse to obey the law, and we might have discussion about the duty of citizens to obey the Constitution no matter what, and of the duty of other citizens to see that they did obey it, just as we have now about rum. And, of course, if the Catholics objected to the limitation of families, that would be the opportunity of the Klan, and political conventions and candidates for office would have to turn more flip-flops than they do now. All that, however, would be just in the day's work. We can be confident that if the business interests once concluded that too many people were being born they would stop it.

As for other countries where the elimination of old habits has not been so systematically worked out, the old remedies of war, pestilence, and sudden death—made vastly more effective by modern improvements—might have to be used for a while. We can only guess about it.

There are China and India swarming already with surplus people and patient under it, and leaning on starvation for relief. Truth is we do not know what is going to happen to us more than a few weeks or months ahead. This prospect of vast increase in population is based on present facts. The facts seem to be true, but how soon they will give way to other facts we cannot tell. The figures of Malthus were good enough figures but they did not work out because living conditions changed. New lands were opened; transportation was improved enormously; new methods of agriculture produced more food and vast tracts of far-away land began to feed Europe.

A philosopher of Jamaica, describing herself as an old woman, writes to the Easy Chair that the reproduction of the species is the great iniquity of all, and that it is going out of fashion. Maybe so, but who is going to believe it? We cannot count on anything like that. The American standard of living nowadays is so complicated and so very high that already it makes among prudent or timid people for very small families; but it is not the prudent or timid people that are looked to for the prospective rises in population, but the bold, the reckless, and the improvident, who easily shift their family responsibilities upon the churches, the charitable institutions, and the taxpayers. Family life seems to find the road rather more rocky than it used to be, but it has not disappeared yet. What is being done outside of it in our time for children and the young is marvelous. How far it is good for parents to be relieved from responsibility is debatable, but it is thought to be good for many of the children or it would not be done. One thing, however, seems plain enough: that the harder it becomes to raise families, the smaller the families of responsible parents incline to be and the larger the proportion of the population born to assisted families. The people of the old American stock were expected to take care of themselves and their children, and in the main they did so, but our imported brothers nowadays, especially in the cities, get a lot of help with their offspring and avail themselves of it abundantly, and very much to their children's profit. The upshot of all that effort and expenditure has been to encourage the multiplication of newly imported stocks and to discourage the increase of the older stocks in competition with them. That is so obvious that no doubt it has been one of the strong motives for the restriction of immigration.

The country and its schools and its hospitals and its colleges can doubtless handle the population it now has and its increase, and a moderate addition by immigration, for a long time to come. Now again as to the increase which confronts us in the course of time. On the present basis it is likely enough that we shall run up to 200,000,000 in the course of the present century, but what is there besides amendments to the Constitution to keep us from overrunning the country's capacity? There is, of course, a possible increase of capacity from better agriculture and increased power over nature which nobody can measure; but such things would only defer the evil day, for heretofore population always has kept up with the means of subsistence. If it is desirable to keep it within definite bounds, it will have to be done as the result of the exercise of the personal intelligence of parents. It does seem to happen that as the standard of living rises and the complexity of life increases, families grow smaller. Is it desirable in itself that a vast number of people should be born? Is there any great problem the solution of which is aided by immense increase in population? It is important that there should be people enough in any country to develop it. How many is enough we do not know. How much mere gross population does for civilization we cannot estimate with accuracy. It provides competition for one thing, and that is necessary to progress. It used to be that great numbers of hands were necessary to the accomplishment of great public works such as the

pyramids in Egypt and many other great works of construction and building done in the world before modern times. Yet even that assertion has to be qualified, for some of the most beautiful things in the world were made in countries where populations were small. The pyramids, to be sure, doubtless employed crowds, but it did not take great hordes of people to adorn the Acropolis in Athens nor yet to build the Gothic cathedrals. The important thing about building is not the great mass of construction but the directing intelligence that shapes its forms. In our time we see powerful and ingenious machines doing more and more the physical work which used to be done by the hands of man. That means that the work of the world is going to be done at less and less cost of physical labor by animate beings, and more and more by machines. That argues rather for diminishing populations than the contrary—a competition of brains with brawn in which brains will win. Forecasters like H. G. Wells, who see wonderful exploits of civilization ahead, see them also achieved and managed by fewer people. Among human beings as in everything else the important thing is quality. The great office of quantity is to provide against waste so that enough quality will survive to do what is intended. The great remedy against over-population is intelligence, the raising and training of superior people, superior especially in morality, spirituality, and self-control. People of that grade will not crowd themselves off the planet by over-breeding.

Just over the edge of what we know now lies the vast region of what we do not yet know. Human knowledge has gone some distance. Man is already a powerful creature, but the mass of knowledge has been only scratched and man has hardly begun his career. He will know presently a great deal more than he knows now. His powers and ability are being definitely increased so that he can handle matters which now seem too difficult for him. The population question is one of those matters. Its final solution, if it ever has one, will come not by violence and possibly not as above suggested by legislation, but naturally as the fruit of the spiritual and mental development of man. We flounder along through this life doing what we can as we can, but conscious all the time that if we knew more, and especially if we knew ourselves and our neighbors better and had a clearer understanding of what the goal of life really was, we could do vastly better than we do now. Consider the most urgent problems of the world to-day—the international problems of Europe. Are they insoluble? Of course not! What has made them so difficult? The passions of men; confusion in the human mind of what is important with what is not so important; the grip of tradition and prejudice on the human heart. The problems are difficult because man is what he is. Make him better and they fade away. The very weight of them, the difficulties of international life, the complexities of Europe, the great problems of that vast district between the western boundary of Russia and the Pacific Ocean, teeming with populations, agitated nowadays with new emotions and aspirations, all crowd on the attention of rulers and thinkers the compelling necessity of increasing the intelligence and improving the morality of the human race. We have got to do better and to be better in order to get along, and as we very much prefer to get along and not to be wiped off the earth, we shall probably give increased attention to the necessities of our condition.

There is a story about the time when the Millerite excitement was raging and an agitated Millerite met Emerson in the streets of Boston and said to him, "Mr. Emerson, do you know that the world is coming to an end next month?" But Emerson only smiled and said, "Is it, really? Well, I have no doubt we shall get along just as well without it." That is a spirit of hopefulness proper to these times. When we get down to brass tacks with General Dawes we face the conclu-

sion that if we cannot make this world work so that it is comfortable and interesting to live in, at least we can get along without it. Everybody now on it will have to get along without it presently, and whether sooner or later may make less difference than we are used to think. An appreciation of that may relieve us of some anxieties and give us an attitude of mind more suitable to world-improvement. But undoubtedly we do not want to get along without this world until our term here has fairly run out, and we do believe, most of us, that our job here is to make it as comfortable and as interesting as we can.

Let us not be frightened then by the bugaboo of over-population or by any other bugaboo whatever. The outlook is not really bad. It has extraordinary problems in it, but the increase of knowledge is also extraordinary, marvelously rapid, and of unprecedented importance. We can be good if we know how. We can do a great deal to make others good and the problems of the world are not too difficult for us if we tackle them in the proper spirit. We have no excess-of-population problem in these States now. We shall not need to settle it until it comes. When it does come, if ever, we shall meet it, not with what we know to-day, but with such increased understanding and control of human affairs as we shall have acquired by that time. It is a stream we do not have to cross till we get to it. China is much nearer to it than we are, and we may learn something from her, though for many centuries her remedy for all evils has been overmuch to go on living. India is overcrowded. So much of the Western industrial system as has reached her has vastly increased her numbers, but she sees no final cure in it for her embarrassments, and seems bent nowadays on working out a salvation for herself on Eastern lines. Japan too is crowded and thinking hard about it, and as for Europe—Italy, Germany, and England all have millions of people to spare, and they wonder how long they can feed them. The great example of a nation whose population's increase is not crowding it is France, and curious to remark, France is the most anxious country of all Europe. With two million men lost in the War, her population for the moment is not even holding its own; and fearing that her man-power will be insufficient for defense, she reaches out everywhere for allies and defenders.

But putting France aside, it may be we shall learn by observation of the overcrowded countries how the excess-of-population problem is to be handled. If we can so learn before the pinch comes home to ourselves, so much the better for us. But meanwhile we may learn from France that excess of mouths to be fed is not the only thing which may give a nation anxious thoughts. For aught we know, a troubled world may be drifting toward an Armageddon in which numbers may count for something in defense. That is a possibility that should make us patient with the pains of increase.

Surely the purpose of this curious life on earth is the development of intelligence, and especially spiritual intelligence, since that is what helps folks most of all to harmonious living. Doubtless we are being trained for something our earthly vision does not reach to, but while we are here our problems are those of our own day. The power of our successors to deal with affairs a generation or two hence will depend on how we deal now with the matters of our own generation. Nobody can tell us what life in the United States will be like in the year 2000. That belongs to the incalculable. Imaginative persons find pleasure in guessing at it. Pessimists see terrors ahead, optimists gain confidence from the Scriptured assurance—"Dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed," but none of us knows, and the only way to find out is to live on and see. Meanwhile it may be worth remarking that we are living under the ministrations of a President who comes from one of the three States in the Union whose population has been falling off.

1850

1925

1925: A Forecast

by the Editors of

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

IT is with especial pleasure that we announce to our friends the program of *Harper's Magazine* for 1925, for we are confident that during the coming year—the seventy-fifth of its distinguished history—the Magazine will be more brilliant, more modern, and more richly varied in interest than ever before.

A Serial by a Great Novelist

To begin with, we are fortunate to have secured the right to publish as a serial SHEILA KAYE-SMITH'S new novel, "The George and the Crown," which begins in this issue. Miss Kaye-Smith has been ranked by critics on both sides of the water as the ablest woman novelist in England; and those who have read her masterpiece, "Joanna Godden," realize that she is unquestionably one of the very few living novelists, in England or America, whose work is likely to endure. "The George and the Crown" is the first novel from her pen which any American magazine has been permitted to publish serially. It is a pleasure to be able to present a story by a novelist of such acknowledged greatness.

Unconventional Biography

To ride a runaway pony with Abraham Lincoln and Ulysses S. Grant in hot pursuit—would you believe that any living man could have had such a fantastic experience? Yet this is only one of scores of actual happenings vividly described in the boyhood recollections of JESSE GRANT, the great General's son, which will appear in *Harper's* during the coming year. How as a little boy he once huddled for twenty minutes in a bomb-proof shelter with President Lincoln, how General Grant narrowly escaped death on the awful day of the assassination, what life in the White House was like in the 'seventies, and what General Grant thought of Sumner and other associates—all these Mr. Grant tells as no one else could. His articles are not only vastly entertaining; they are a contribution to American history.

Another man whose life has been rich in human interest will open the storehouse of his memory for *Harper* readers. JEROME K. JEROME, the author of "Three Men in a Boat" and "The Passing of the Third Floor Back"—each a classic in its field—will contribute chapters of reminiscence full of anecdote, wisdom, and humor. Mr. Jerome has known everybody worth knowing in the London of two generations—and he tells an uncommonly good story. It will be a treat to listen to him.

Short Stories—and the Prize Contest

Whenever any critic takes upon himself the task of selecting the best short stories of the year, the fiction of *Harper's* is always ranked with the best. The prospect for 1925 is especially alluring, for the 1924 Short Story Contest has not yet ended, and for many months to come *Harper* readers will find in every issue a Prize Story, selected from among thousands of manuscripts submitted. Fiction-lovers may count on a notable year.

For Alert-Minded Readers

Here is a group of prospective articles—notice the wide range of subjects—which will surely stir discussion: "The Creative Spirit and the Church," a constructive indictment by ROLLO W. BROWN; "England's First Year Under the Labor Government," by the British publicist, A. G. GARDINER; "Charting the Seas of Business," by CARL SNYDER of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York; "American Sportsmanship," by HEYWOOD BROUN; "The Art of Being a Jew," by LUDWIG LEWISOHN, who wrote "Up Stream"; "The Alienist in Court," a plain-spoken article by DR. JOSEPH COLLINS, the author of "The Doctor Looks at Literature"; and two papers by REBECCA WEST, one contrasting English and American men, and the other, English and American women. Every one of these contributions promises to be provocative—and something besides.

The Souls of American Women

GAMALIEL BRADFORD has a new and highly original project for 1925. He will turn to the portrayal of Mrs. Abraham Lincoln, Mrs. James G. Blaine, Theodosia Burr, Mrs. Benedict Arnold, and other American women associated with men who were either great or "damaged." A fascinating group of subjects for Mr. Bradford.

Adventures on the Frontiers of Science

One of the greatest events in the whole history of medicine took place only the other day—the conquest of scarlet fever by Dr. and Mrs. Dick of Chicago. Yet how many people outside the profession are aware of what has happened? In an early issue ERNEST GRUENING will tell the romantic story of this momentous achievement and will show what it promises in the saving of child life. This vitally significant article is characteristic of *Harper* scientific papers: technically sound, and yet so written that any intelligent layman can clearly comprehend it. Among the other writers who will illuminate the various fields of research are SIR WILLIAM BRAGG, Nobel prize-winner in physics; BENJAMIN HARROW of Columbia University; and HARLOW SHAPLEY, the man who measured the universe.

To the Ends of the Earth and Back Again

As for travel and exploration, consider the following: WILLIAM MCFEE will escort *Harper* readers on a remarkable journey through the "New Granada" of South America; MAJOR ALEXANDER POWELL will narrate his adventures as the first American to follow Stanley's trail across Africa; CHRISTOPHER MORLEY will share the humors and delights of "Travels with a Family" in Brittany; and to come nearer home, KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD —has anyone a keener wit?—has promised us more of her penetrating studies of the cities of our own West. Beautiful illustrations will enliven these and other accounts of travel and exploration the world over.

A New Guide for Cultivated Readers

What are the books which every man and woman of cultivation should read? Outlines of literature and a hazy memory of school and college reading are not enough for those whose minds did not die when they were handed their diplomas. In a series of articles reassessing English literature from Shakespeare to Hardy, ERNEST BOYD, the eminent critic, will advise *Harper* readers what masterpieces of their language they should surely make a part of their mental equipment. We expect this series to be of value and importance to all of us who are vaguely aware that modern criticism has upset many an old idol and set up many a new one, but who would welcome the frank judgment of an expert.

Modern Masterpieces for Cover Decorations

The old masterpieces printed in full color on the cover of *Harper's* each month during the past year have been so universally popular that we have decided to follow them during 1925 with a series of modern masterpieces, reproduced with all the perfection of which the art of engraving is capable. They will lend the Magazine dignity and beauty. *Harper's* will continue to be bound so as to open flat like a book—easy to hold and easy to read; and every month it will be lavishly illustrated.

Etcetera

Other good things we may confidently promise: poetry of a high order; delightful humor in the pages of the always-popular Lion's Mouth and elsewhere; some new detective stories by G. K. CHESTERTON; and the friendly wisdom of EDWARD S. MARTIN, who will talk to us each month from the depths of the Editor's Easy Chair on matters of timely concern.

A Final Word to Our Friends

What sort of a magazine, then, do we hope and expect that *Harper's* will be in 1925?

First, it will be edited—as always—not for Babbitts or morons or faddists, but for the cultured minority.

Second, it will be modern: not forgetting that wisdom was not born yesterday, but, on the other hand, constantly looking for new writers, presenting new and unconventional opinions, opening up new fields of thought.

Third, it will be infinitely varied. One magazine may be sought for its fiction; another, for its articles on public affairs; another, for its tales of travel; others for their humor, their stimulating essays, their keen criticism of the arts or sciences, or for their fine illustrations. *Harper's* can be counted on for all of these good things—and many more. It seeks to satisfy every sort of civilized taste.

Fourth, it will endeavor—as always—to give enduring satisfaction; to present articles not only arresting, but authoritative, and fiction not only entertaining, but distinguished—in short, to be genuine.

But, you will say, this is really a description of the ideal magazine.

That is what we intend to give you during 1925.

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

Sheila Kaye-Smith is already known to the readers of this Magazine, which has published several of her short stories. HARPER'S now has the privilege of presenting the first of her novels to be serialized in America, *The George and the Crown*, which begins in this issue. Miss Kaye-Smith has written several novels of marked distinction which have brought her to the forefront of English writers. *Sussex Gorse*, *Green Apple Harvest*, *Joanna Godden*, *The End of the House of Alard* are the best-known of her books.

Miss Kaye-Smith lives in St. Leonards-on-Sea. Her novels have dealt with rustic life in East Sussex within a radius of fifteen miles from her home. The yeomanry of the marsh country and the spirit of the Weald she has made her own literary possession, as Hardy has done with Wessex.

Of her best-known book, *Joanna Godden*, Zona Gale has said: "For me it stands quite alone among the novels of years—a great study in a distinguished style." Hugh Walpole declares that Miss Kaye-Smith is, "with May Sinclair, Edith Wharton, and Ethel Sidgwick, one of the four best women novelists we have. Indeed, I am not at all sure whether just now she is not our best woman novelist." Mr. H. S. Canby, editor of the *Saturday Review*, says: "If some intellectual earthquake should topple down the reputations of living English novelists, Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith's would be among the last to fall."

William G. Shepherd presents in this issue an article based on investigations covering two years, and which he says is the most extraordinary story of his journalistic career. It will be remembered that Mr. Shepherd has had a wide and varied experience as a special correspondent in every part of the world. During the War he visited every front of both the Germans and the Allies. The myth regarding the escape of John Wilkes Booth after the assassination of Lincoln has for years persisted widely in the South and West because of the extraordinary circumstantial evidence which Mr. Shepherd's article sets forth.

Fleta Campbell Springer has been awarded First Prize in the second Short Story Contest, and the prize-story, "Legend," appears in this issue. For a number of years HARPER'S has ranked Mrs. Springer among its most distinguished short-story writers, and the Editors feel that the present award is a confirmation of their personal judgment, since the Judges of the Contest—Bliss Perry, Zona Gale, and Meredith Nicholson—awarded the prizes without knowledge of the authorship of the stories submitted to them.

Constance Drexel has made for herself a distinguished position in the field of journalism. For some time she represented the *Philadelphia Ledger* as its Washington correspondent, and later her interest in the cause of women and feministic activities abroad took her to the various conferences which were being held in Europe and brought her into personal contact with practically all of the leaders of advanced thought among women of the Continent. Her paper in this issue, "Are We Our Brothers' Keepers?" deals with a subject which will be engaging the attention of the League of Nations in Geneva about the time that the Magazine reaches our readers, when the question of opium traffic will be a theme of international discussion.

Elmer Davis is a special writer on the staff of *The New York Times*. He contributed to the October issue an article entitled "Politics—a Two-Handed Game." He is the author of two books, *Times Have Changed*, and *I'll Show You the Town*.

Roy Dickinson is one of the new authors drawn to the Magazine by the Short Story Contests. The Editors hope that "The

Ultimate Frog," which appears in this issue, will be followed by other stories from Mr. Dickinson of equal originality, humor, and satiric philosophy. Mr. Dickinson makes his home in East Orange, and is a member of the editorial staff of *Printers' Ink*.

Herbert Ravenel Sass resides at Charleston, South Carolina, where he is engaged in editorial newspaper work. A companion paper to the delightful account of wild-life in the salt marshes off the Carolina coast which we publish this month will be found in the January, 1923, issue, entitled "Adventures in Green Places."

Arthur Sturges Hildebrand brings to a close his articles on Magellan's daring undertaking to circumnavigate the world. The voyage across the hitherto unexplored South Seas, the encounters with the strange island-people, and the navigator's tragic death in the Philippines remain one of the world's great classics of human adventure. Mr. Hildebrand's narrative will appear in book form this fall. He is also the author of a unique travel volume, *Blue Water*, portions of which were published in this Magazine.

The "Lion's Mouth" contributors this month include ***Frederick L. Allen***, whose humorous essays appear frequently in these pages; ***Charles Henson Towne***, poet, novelist, and essayist, whose latest novel, *The Gay Ones*, is among the publications of the season; and ***Charles S. Brooks***, of Cleveland, Ohio, a new name in HARPER'S. Mr. Brooks is the author of *There's Pippins and Cheese to Come*, *Journeys to Bagdad*, and *Chimney-Pot Papers*.

❖ ❖ ❖

Through the kindness of Miss Lenox E. Chase of Amesbury, Massachusetts, we are able to reproduce on this page a quaint "paper doll" which evidently dates from the early fifties. We regret that the black and white half-tone can give no idea of the delicate pink dotting of the dress or the rich green upholstery of the chair. Miss Chase writes that "it was found among a collection of paper dolls painted for a little girl who lived in the Province of Quebec. As the little girl was born in 1841, the paper doll was probably made sometime about 1850. Evidently her family were familiar with HARPER'S MAGAZINE at that time. [HARPER'S MAGAZINE began publication in 1850.—*Editor's Note.*] Some of the other dolls in this collection," Miss Chase adds, "are very interesting, showing women at work at old-fashioned processes, such as wool-carding, churning butter, etc." The Editors infer that this specimen from the collection portrays the popular feminine recreation of that polite, distant era.

A PAPER DOLL OF THREE GENERATIONS AGO

❖ ❖ ❖

A month or two ago we printed in these pages a letter from an old subscriber who contrasted our August, 1888, issue with the current number of HARPER'S. Mr. Clark in a friendly way lamented the low estate into which the modern magazine seems to have fallen.

Various readers have written in to register dissent. Here is one subscriber's diagnosis of the trouble, based on his own experience;

New York City.

Dear Harper's—

Please don't mind what Mr. Clark says about the superiority of the old HARPER'S. It is just a jaded appetite. I've noticed that in my own case so much of late, and realize it is the result of

many years' incessant reading; but I have not yet reached the point where I don't wake up a bit over the Shaw-Henderson dialogues, and the better-than-Howells (to me) editorials. And I believe no magazine of this or any other age has had anything to compare with Basil King's present series.

Mental dyspepsia is at the root of criticism in many cases. I recognize it, because I see it as one of my own ailments.

Sincerely,

L. W. Barrett.

❖ ❖ ❖

In answer to repeated inquiries, we are glad to inform our readers that Basil King's recent series of articles, "The Bible and Common Sense," are to appear in book form this fall. These articles seem to have made a particularly profound appeal to all classes of readers in all parts of the world. We append a letter from South Africa:

Ramblers Club,
Bloemfontein.

Gentlemen—

I have just finished reading the article by Basil King (in your July number), "The Bible and Common Sense." Please allow me to congratulate you on publishing such a beautiful article, and most heartily do I thank Mr. Basil King for having written it. Needless to say, I am looking forward to your next month's issue. It was only by accident I came across your magazine and I feel so indebted to you that I have given orders to my news agents to send along your magazine regularly.

Wishing you continued success with the cleanest and finest monthly publication I know, believe me,

Cordially yours,

A. S. M. Foster.

❖ ❖ ❖

The following letter has reference to "The Substance of Things Hoped For," a story by Edgar Valentine Smith, which all Harper readers must remember, as well as "Prelude," by the same author, which was awarded the O. Henry First Prize for 1923.

Jacksonville, Florida.

Dear Harper's—

My negro cook came to me today and said, "Please, 'm, I'm done my work an' ifen you don't mind I'd like to read that 'magamzine.'" She pointed to Harper's. "Certainly," I said, "but why that one?"

"Well, y' see, mam, a good while ago I was reading such a sweet story in it, all about the old woman and the prodigal son and all. Y' see I got to reading the magazines when you'd put them away. I likes it. Y' see, Miss Harriett, I teached myself to read from the Bible, and that Harper's (she calls it Hahpahs) Book is as nice reading as the Bible!"

Dear Harper's, greater praise hath no man than this from your black reader.

Harriett Christian Beals.

❖ ❖ ❖

London.

Dear Harper's—

I have just seen with much pleasure my story, "Trumpery," appearing in your August number. At the back, under the heading "Personal and Otherwise," I read a very charming and flattering little notice about myself and about "Madame Claire" which also gave me pleasure. But I feel I must draw your attention to the fact that I'm not really an Englishwoman at all, in spite of the fact that I live in London and write stories of English life. I was born in England, but I am of American parentage (both parents American), which makes me, according to American law, American. I use an American passport also, which seems to settle this vexed question of nationality. I believe that according to British law I am British, having been born on British soil, but, owing to some strange oversight, I can find no record of my birth in existence. So, on the whole, I consider myself American, and think I should be eligible—shouldn't I?—for your prize awards. I am perfectly willing, however, to accept your decision in the matter. I have such a love of both countries that I myself find the question a difficult one.

Yours very sincerely,

Susan Ertz.

❖ ❖ ❖

Constance Drexel, whose article on the international problem of opium appears in this issue, has been spending the summer in France and Spain. She writes:

I had a lovely three weeks in Biarritz and in Spain, being the guest at San Sebastian of Ambassador Moore and his niece. We motored a thousand miles, stopping during the trip for luncheon at the royal summer palace at Santander. As I was the only American woman present, I sat at the right of the King, with the Queen and Ambassador Moore opposite us, and other notable people present. My authorized interview with the King will be published throughout North and South America, and in the British Isles.

AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

By HARRY HANSEN

Literary Editor of the Chicago Daily News

AFTER reading Otis Skinner's book of stage reminiscences, *Footlights and Spotlights*, we marvel at the great change that has come over the American stage in the lifetime of one man. In it we see progress and development, rather than a decline from "the good old days." Mr. Skinner has been acting for over forty years—he obtained his first engagement, at the old Philadelphia museum, in 1877, on the strength of a letter of recommendation from P. T. Barnum—and in the course of his career he has played three hundred and twenty-five parts and produced thirty-three plays himself. He began with parts as singular as that of Uncle Tom in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" when only nineteen, and he is appearing nightly to-day in "Sancho Panza." So he goes back to the days of Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, Mary Anderson, Clara Morris, McCullough, and others, whom we younger auditors have been taught to revere as of the golden age of our theater. Alas! Mr. Skinner's disclosures burst many an iridescent bubble. There was great acting in the old days, but there was also great ranting, copious weeping, hilarious slapstick comedy, overdone emotionalism, sumptuous trappings that appeal to an indiscriminate taste, high-sounding oratory, and unnatural posturing. Mr. Skinner is a gentle critic, but he is not blind to the foibles of the olden times, and as he writes not as an old actor, sitting around the veterans' home whistling through a few remaining teeth, but as an active, energetic figure who commands attention in our own day, he does not need to paint a false glamour around the past. After reading his book we suspect that the actor of thirty or forty years ago was not half so alert and many-sided as his present counterpart. The audience was certainly made up of only one or two strata, and it was not very far from the highest taste to the lowest. Shakespeare was played often, but hardly for the literary qualities in his lines; it was an age when the audiences loved kings and queens and regal trappings, sword play, oratory and emotional crises. Mr. Skinner has survived all the old tricks. He recalls Clara Morris weeping copiously all over the stage in "Camille," "Alixe" and "Miss Multon," and then quotes James A. Hearne on the value of suggestion. Hearne, too, wept profusely at one time, but soon learned to tell a story simply with moving effect, letting the audience do the weeping. Mr. Skinner recalls that the Shylock of Edwin Booth was a grasping, bloodthirsty character, and for a long time the ghost of Booth came between him and the part; eventually Mr. Skinner's conception prevailed, and he played Shylock as a lovable character. "To me this Jew is a much maligned and outraged individual. It would almost appear that Shakespeare had, in a Bernard Shaw manner, ridiculed the Jew-baiting practices of his age under cover of the romanticism with which he clothes his Christian characters." We learn that even Augustin Daly, whose name is constantly paraded as that of a great manager and director, was a tyrant who dominated his players, and who indulged in tricks

Talked About!

Praise Sweeps in for

THE GREEN BAY TREE

By LOUIS BROMFIELD

"Rises at times so near to the proportions of a great American novel that one is tempted to describe it thus in precise terms."
—*E. W. Osborne, N. Y. World.*

"Not in many a day has the present reviewer read a book so completely satisfying, so provocative, so stimulating. . . . A brave fine book."
—*W. Orton Tewson, Philadelphia Ledger.*

"It is our confident belief that this novel will be rated well up among the first ten American novels of the year. . . . A first novel, not of promise, but of fulfillment."
—*Herschel Brickel, N. Y. Evening Post.*

"We plead with you not to miss this novel. . . . Beautiful, rounded, skillful—and a best seller."
—*John V. A. Weaver, Brooklyn Eagle.*

3d Printing. $2.00

I, THE KING

By WAYLAND WELLS WILLIAMS

The story of a man who had more money than he knew what to do with—and what happened to him. $2.00

THE OWLS' HOUSE

By CROSBIE GARSTIN

"On the basis of 'The Owls' House' we are prepared to hail Crosbie Garstin as one of the best of living romance writers."
—*F. F. Van de Water, N. Y. Herald-Tribune.*

4th Printing. $2.00

THE EDUCATION OF PETER

By JOHN WILEY

Setting: Yale. Time: Present. "Provocative, entertaining, well written."—*N. Y. Times.*

3d Printing. $2.00

EIGHT PANES OF GLASS

By ROBERT SIMPSON

A novel of the Scottish Highlands which women will like—and recommend to men. 2d Printing. $2.00

FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY
443 Fourth Ave. New York

such as the one which required an orchestra to interpret every stage emotion in music—playing merry music for the merry situations and doleful music for the sad parts. In Paris, actually, the French audience thought the players were about to sing. We learn that in "As You Like It" the audience was always interested in the wrestling scene, and that the Charles was often a well-known local wrestler, whose name was featured on the playbills. So we repeat, we do not feel so downcast about the present exploited, commercial theater. It has much commercialism, and some art, and perhaps more of both than any theater of the old days. Mr. Skinner's book is rich in episodes and anecdotes; there is little generalization and no dreaming. It tells many quaint tales about plays that are still fresh in the public mind (Bobbs Merrill).

A Name of Distinction

In *Waste* Robert Herrick has written a novel that will command attention and to some extent admiration. It is a long novel, much longer than any of his earlier books, and it easily marks the peak of his career. He has attempted to depict the whole American scene, and the keynote of his observation is waste and physical and spiritual squalor. This discovery is made by his principal character, Jarvis Thornton, an architect, who begins life in a small town in New England, obtains an education at Harvard, and then takes up engineering and architecture. In the World's Fair period he is a part of the life of Chicago; later we find him in Colorado, busy with irrigation dams; he views the war and becomes disgusted with the swivel-chair patriots at Washington; he plays the stock market and eventually finds himself in New Mexico, a bit more free there, perhaps, than anywhere from the greed, corruption and injustice that Mr. Herrick has observed everywhere in America. The women of the story are sometimes counsellors, sometimes parasites; eventually one woman of integrity stands out from the group of characters that touch the life of Thornton. Mr. Herrick is steeped in realities; there is no room for the dream world in his conception of America. His picture is powerful and at times terrible, often just, but on the whole we feel that he has seen only what he wished to see, and that another great America is just beyond the wall, waiting to be discovered. We find an ever-recurring emphasis on "the miasma of squalor," "the

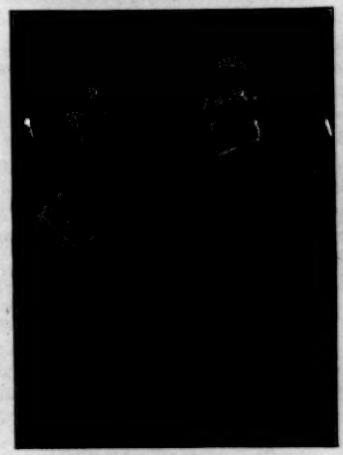
NEW ATLANTIC BOOKS

A LATE HARVEST

Miscellaneous Papers Written Between Eighty and Ninety

By CHARLES W. ELIOT

(*President Emeritus of Harvard University*)



BLISS PERRY, in the *New York Times*, says:

"At the brilliant celebration of Dr. Eliot's ninetieth birthday, Chief Justice Taft described him as a 'man who has wielded greater power with the intelligent democracy of this country than any other unofficial citizen of his time.'

"Some of the secrets of this power are revealed in this book of essays produced between the age of eighty and ninety. Of the range and vitality of President Eliot's intellectual interests this new volume affords amazing evidence."

With frontispiece $3.00

LETTERS AND RELIGION

By JOHN JAY CHAPMAN

A penetrating study of the close relation between the things of the mind and of the spirit, by a highly original and forceful writer. In a time of many religious books it will be welcomed as an expression not of theology but of essential religion. Among the subjects discussed are these: "Fatigue and Unrest," "The Story and Sayings of Christ," "The Heroes of Science," "The Skeptics," "Personality and Institutions." $2.50

EDUCATION MOVES AHEAD

By EUGENE RANDOLPH SMITH

(*Organizer of the famous Park School, Baltimore, President of the Progressive Education Association*)

"It is safe to predict that within a month teachers all over the country who believe in their job and parents who want the best for their children, will be reading this book with attention which few educational books receive, and profit which few can give."—*Springfield Union*. *Illustrated*, $2.00

THE COOK AND THE CAPTAIN BOLD

By ARTHUR MASON

If you want to go on some hilarious voyages with a real sea rover, read this book. For forty years Arthur Mason has followed the sea, first as a sailor before the mast, later as an officer on merchant sailing-ships. His stories have a true deep water flavor, full of the struggle, the romance and the salt of the sea. *Frontispiece*, $2.00

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS :: BOSTON

monotony of gray lives," "the vicious circle of corruption, deceit, dishonesty," "the arid sociability," and the rest, and wish that Mr. Herrick might have made more of the thought that comes to his principal character in a moment of inspiration: "Life does not end in the fact, but in the dream, which is more than fact." But taking for granted the author's viewpoint, we find the novel written with sustained power. The technical evenness of this work makes the writing of many a popular novelist seem cheap and sophomoric. Mr. Herrick writes with an understanding of form and a firm grasp on his craftsmanship. It is unlikely that this lugubrious picture can become a "best seller" in a nation which loves the sunshine. But as a novel of distinction it will find much approval in foreign countries where the theme will be less important than the author's accomplishment (Harcourt, Brace & Co.).

The Really Lighter Touch

When we read Michael Arlen we regain confidence in that much-abused term, the "lighter touch." Too often we find that books said to contain the lighter touch are heavy with innuendo and esoteric references, often off-color. Michael Arlen uses none of these devices; he is happily disillusioned, and has a good time in relating the petty foibles of mankind. His new book, *These Charming People*, is a series of sketches about folk that we have met before in London drawing rooms. He builds a plot, unfolds a comic character, adds a little irony in the manner of sketches in *Punch*. The titles of the new stories will give the reader a clue to his manner—among them are "When the Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square," "The Irreproachable Conduct of a Gentleman Who Once Refused a Knighthood," "The Real Reason why Shelmerdene Was Late for Dinner," and "The Loquacious Lady of Lansdowne Passage." Mr. Arlen has salted lots of little chuckles between his lines, and sometimes he engages in this more obvious sort of humor, which is just a bit lighter than that of Leacock:

> "In the last decade of the last century millionaires were always American; in the first decade of this century an Australian mode set in, and many a young lady of birth was married to a fruit farm, and many a chorus girl decorated the bush; but Fashion, as the *Tatler* has brilliantly put it, is proverbially fickle, and with the war all millionaires who were not Canadian fell into great discredit, so that many women exchanged theirs for the Canadian model at the first opportunity. . . . The history of Mr. Fall and his millions is simple. Like all Canadian millionaires he was born near Limerick and emigrated, with his parents, to Canada at the age of three. For a time he was dancing master and chucker-out in a cabaret in Toronto, but deciding that that was a discreditable profession, he bought some newspapers and edited them in such an original way that he very soon became a Force. Throughout this time he never failed to consult his mother at every turn, and, though in doing so he made some mistakes, he never missed an opportunity of saying that a man's best friend is his mother. In England Mr. Fall went on being a millionaire until the war broke out, when he became a multimillionaire. He was offered a knighthood for his services on the field of finance."

Mr. Arlen first came into public notice with *The London Venture*. Then came *The Romantic Lady* and *Piracy*. The author is an Armenian by nativity, but has long lived in London.

Making the Small Home Attractive

In the good old days when a parlor suite lasted a lifetime, just like the good old frock coat that Grandpa acquired in his wedding day and wore at commencement and funerals ever thereafter, no one had to worry much about changing modes in house decoration. But in our day, when beauty, comfort and often novelty play a part in home furnishings, even cottagers seek to be informed. Ethel Davis Seal has tried to give some good advice in *Furnishing the Little House* (Century), and we may say that the precepts and suggestions are applicable to most kinds of houses, even those that engage an army of servants. "One of my firmest beliefs," writes Miss Seal, "is that taste counts for more than expense. This applies to anything that may, in the remotest sense, be influenced by artistic feeling; a squat gray bowl of bittersweet touched to flame by the sun; a dinner table set with ivory pottery on a jade green cloth in the glow of gleaming candles; a voile curtain shimmering in lengths of soft blue and rose, the stuff that dreams are made of, as the light of early morning filters in through the window. All

these things cost little as money goes nowadays, and yet they make the world a very pleasant place to live in." The author is widely known to the reading public for her many articles on home decoration in various magazines.

A New Poet of Emotion

When we read a book of poetry like *The Crimson Cloak*, by Lois Seyster Montross (Boni & Liveright), we wonder whether the poetry of emotion is about to come back. The "cerebralists" have had things all their own way for a number of years. Mrs. Montross is a new singer, a native of Kempton, Illinois, a graduate of the University of Illinois, and now a resident of New York City. Her book, *Town and Gown*, written in collaboration with her husband, Lynn Montross, author of *Half Gods*, placed her in the category of the realists who are sparing of words. But these poems are emotional, colorful, often breathing a romantic passion and calling up despair or resignation born of lost or unrequited love. Among the best is the title poem, "I Wear a Crimson Cloak To-night," in which, with an air of abandon to the moment, the author calls for Villon, Baudelaire, Dowson, Verlaine:

> Death is an endless villanelle
> That life frees poet-hands to write.
> I'll join thy vagabondia soon,
> I wear the crimson cloak to-night!

We prefer also "To Charmian, Unborn," and "Missie." The lines are often uneven and the imagery is not always fully thought out, but the promise of a lyrical loveliness is there.

A Two-Foot Shelf of Books on Music

No one appreciates better the value of the personal equation in a public library than the man who goes there for specific information. One well-informed attendant who can visualize his wants and direct him to the proper shelves warms his heart; on the other hand, the rows of files and indices covering a given subject, be they ever so detailed and exhaustive, wear out his patience. A valuable service has just been rendered by the committee in charge of National Music Week, which compiled a two-foot shelf of popular books on music. This list was prepared from titles submitted by leaders in the musical world in America, and the object was to facilitate general reading. Among those who helped compile the list are Amelita Galli Curci, Leopold Stokowski, Pierre

The Most Interesting Publishing Innovation of the Spring Season

Four New Books Published at One Time, All Written by America's Foremost Novelist

EDITH WHARTON

This distinguished author of "The Age of Innocence" and "Ethan Frome" has written an extraordinary group of four novels—a portrayal of the social life of New York during the years between 1840 and 1880 through the searching life-stories of a group of fascinating characters. The universal interest in the work of Edith Wharton marks this simultaneous publication of four new books by her as the outstanding literary event of the year.

FALSE DAWN
The Period of 1840

Mr. Ralston Raycie looks to his son Lewis to carry on the proud traditions of the family. But Lewis acquires in Europe tastes and opinions that the 'Forties can neither understand nor tolerate.

THE OLD MAID
The Period of 1850

Tina did not know that the "Old Maid" was her mother, but on the eve of Tina's wedding all the repressed motherlove in the "Old Maid's" heart urged her to speak.

THE SPARK
The Period of 1860

Hayley Delane, of the fashionable set of New York and Newport, is inexplicably out of tune with his surroundings. Even to his best friends his actions are a puzzle until the secret influence is explained.

NEW YEAR'S DAY
The Period of 1870

Society in the 'Seventies could not doubt Lizzie Hazeldean's sin—nor condone it. But that was only another phase of the great sacrifice she was willing to make for love.

Sold Separately or in Sets

You must read these stories to enjoy their fascinating picture of Old New York, and their masterly revelation of the deepest emotions of men and women which change so little with time. And you want to be familiar with the latest, and in many ways the finest work of America's foremost woman novelist. The set is a thing of beauty for any library. The wrapper design is of old wall-paper; decorative end papers and labels illustrate scenes in the story. The quaint period box adds the final touch. Ask for the set at any bookstore.

Each $1.25—The Set of Four, Boxed, $5.00

D. APPLETON & COMPANY
35 West 32nd Street New York

Your Headquarters Mr. Publisher

Editorial rooms where quiet and solitude prevail; away from the hum of the big battery of composing room machinery and presses.

A place where the editor or advertising manager can prepare his copy, read his proofs, or close his forms with the advantage of skilled advice, if requested, on photo-engraving, typesetting, electrotyping, printing, binding, or mailing.

These spacious offices have been made available through the enlargement of our plant, and every need and convenience for the buyer of printing "on location" has been attended to in detail.

A practical representative on request.

Bell Phones: Camden 978-979

Monteux, Frank Damrosch and Henry T. Finck. The books are of general interest and do not deal with technical aspects of music. The following sixteen books are especially recommended:

How to Listen to Music, by Henry E. Krehbiel (Scribner).

What We Hear in Music, by Anne Shaw Faulkner (Victor).

Fundamentals of Music, by Karl W. Gehrkens (Ditson).

Chopin: The Man and His Music, by James G. Huneker (Scribner).

The Life of Ludwig van Beethoven, by Alexander W. Thayer (Beethoven Association).

What is Good Music? by William J. Henderson (Scribner).

The Lure of Music, by Olin Downes (Harper).

Beethoven and His Forerunners, by Daniel Gregory Mason (Macmillan).

From Grieg to Brahms, by Daniel Gregory Mason (Outlook).

Music: An Art and Language, by Walter R. Spaulding (Schmidt).

Child's Guide to Music, by Daniel Gregory Mason (Baker & Taylor).

The Romantic Composers, by Daniel Gregory Mason (Macmillan).

Orchestral Instruments and What They Do, by Daniel Gregory Mason (Baker & Taylor).

Evolution of the Art of Music, by Hubert Parry (Appleton).

Listener's Guide to Music, by Percy A. Scholes (Oxford).

The Education of a Music Lover, by Edward Dickinson (Scribner).

A Great Church in a Great City

Grace Church and Old New York, by William Rhinelander Stewart, is not only the story of a church organization and an edifice known to all New York residents, but an interesting study of social development. Churches have not always survived the trend uptown and many have changed their sites as the worshipers went beyond Union Square, but Trinity Church and its offshoot, Grace Church, have long been landmarks. The original Grace Church was built by Trinity parish at Rector Street in 1809 and remained there until 1845. The second Grace Church, at its present site on Broadway at Ninth Street, was consecrated in 1846. The old site at Broadway and Rector Street was sold for $65,000 and the present plot was bought from the Brevoorts for $40,000. Union Square was at that time "far removed from the din of city life." The author takes up the growth of the church

under its various rectors, including Nathaniel Bowen, James Montgomery, Jonathan M. Wainwright, Thomas House Taylor, Henry Codman Potter, William Reed Huntington, Charles Lewis Slattery. There are chapters that may be a bit too detailed for the general reader, such as those giving the details of benefactions, of stained glass and church furniture, but the picture would not be complete without these details, and much in them reflects the life of the times. The book is handsomely decorated with many full-page illustrations from photographs and prints (E. P. Dutton & Co.).

The New Josephus

Mr. Josephus Daniels' memories of Woodrow Wilson—or rather his *Life of Woodrow Wilson*—leave us rather sad. Mr. Daniels appears to have set out to write a biography for use in the fourth grade. He has done a bombastic eulogy, which even the most enthusiastic follower of the late President must read with misgiving. We do not mean to quarrel with Mr. Daniels' idea of the exalted place in history occupied by Woodrow Wilson. But as a historian we believe that he has treated Mr. Wilson's opponents rather shamefully. The President stands there, a sort of oracle, speaking in polished language of his public addresses, and on the other side, as the Bible says, are the dogs and murderers. Important decisions are led up to clumsily, without understanding. Critical phases of the President's career are glossed over. Mr. Daniels has written a partisan eulogy which has nothing in common with the historian's spirit of inquiry. There is nothing intimate or personal about the book, and although Mr. Daniels was Mr. Wilson's Secretary of the Navy, there is very little about the relations of the President to the navy (Winston).

A Much Discussed Play

Eugene O'Neill's play, "All God's Chillun Got Wings," has already been discussed at great length in New York City, where the proposed casting of a negro and a white woman for the leading roles of husband and wife started a great deal of comment. The play is now available in book form, uniform with the earlier plays published by Boni & Liveright, and may be studied at leisure. In the same book appears "Welded," an episode in marriage. In reading "All God's Chillun Got Wings" we find our attention distracted from the literary quality of the play by the

HARCOURT, BRACE & COMPANY
New York

ANNOUNCING

A New Novel by the author of *"The Brimming Cup"*

THE HOME-MAKER

By Dorothy Canfield

The most important work Dorothy Canfield has yet published. Its statement of the problems confronting almost every intelligent wife and mother will cause wide discussion. $2.00

GOLD

By Jacob Wassermann

Author of "The World's Illusion"

An epic of the human race between 1870 and 1920 symbolized by a wealthy German middle-class family and the girl, Ulrika Woytich, who through her driving ambition profoundly affects every life she touches. $2.50

JENNY THE JOYOUS

By Cornelia Stratton Parker

Author of "An American Idyll"

The candid portrayal of the emotional life of a young business woman with an unconquerable belief in the persistent beauty of life. $2.00

RED SAND

By T. S. Stribling

"'Red Sand' has its great moments, its rapturous ecstasy, its pungent memories and its close of dramatic pathos."—*N. Y. Times.* $2.00

WASTE

By Robert Herrick

A novel depicting the last forty years of American civilization. "The most powerful indictment of the American scene that we have ever read."—*Chicago Daily News.* $2.00

Just a Reminder to Seekers of the Unusual

THE FABULOUS FORTIES

Meade Minnigerode reveals the unique people, customs, and events of eighty years ago. Illustrated from old prints. $3.50

GALAPAGOS: WORLD'S END

William Beebe's "really superb achievement" as the *Chicago News* calls it. 126 splendid illustrations. $9.00

MEMORIES AND FRIENDS

A. C. Benson writes a unique biography in which the author seldom appears. $4.50

PEARLS AND SAVAGES

By Capt. Frank Hurley. "As romantic as Defoe's immortal story."—*International Book Review.* 90 full-page illustrations. $7.50

At All Booksellers

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
2 West 45th St., New York

MR. HANSEN'S interesting Reviews and dependable Comments on worth-while current books—excluding those published by Harper & Brothers—are now a prominent feature of every issue of Harper's Magazine.

Throughout publishing circles Mr. Hansen is known to be unusually qualified for this important work from which no reader of books, no buyer of books, can fail to benefit.

Books for Writers: 1001 PLACES TO SELL MSS., $2.50
Polti's 36 Dramatic Situations, $1.50. Art of Inventing Characters, $2.50. Plotting the Short Story, $1.00. Technique of Fiction Writing, $1.75. How to Write a Short Story, 65c. Catalogue 25 others. Also manuscripts revised, typed, advice as to markets. Explanatory leaflets. Correspondence invited. JAMES KNAPP REEVE (Former editor, *The Editor*), 1 Alexander Building, Franklin, Ohio.

social implications which the theme suggests. The setting is in lower New York, where a white district and a colored settlement meet, and where the children of both are known to each other. Mr. O'Neill has made his negro a studious and well-behaved man, a gentleman in instances where white men fail to be gentlemanly. The girl turns to him after she has been meanly treated by her white companions and cast off by the man who betrayed her. Jim is trying to use his brain as white men use theirs and is ambitious to become a lawyer. Almost from the beginning the social forces that lie in the background of both show their influence. Jim is oppressed by white supremacy around him, and finds it difficult to stand up against the racial domination; Ella is suppressed by dark ages that lie behind Jim and unconsciously feels them dragging her down. The tragedy that grows out of this situation is not the mere maladjustment of two individuals but the stirring of great racial forces that battle in each of them. On the side of craftsmanship Mr. O'Neill has attempted to supplement his psychology by raising signboards here and there. Thus the division between the races is plainly demonstrated when negro and white walk out of the church as man and wife, with a row of negroes on one side and of whites on the other. The manner in which the negro influence bears down on the girl is shown by a touch of expressionist scene-making; in the first scene of act two the apartment occupied by the two has normal proportions, but emphasis is placed on a leering negro mask from the Congo; in the second scene the walls have shrunken and the furniture is disproportionately arranged; in the third setting the walls have come down still more and the mask has assumed an ominous significance. There are moments of intensity in the play. . . . "Welded" is less a psychological study than a play of situation. The two characters that oppose each other keep the play going by interrupting each other at the moment when a plain bit of common sense would seem to have disposed of the whole matter. The close alliance between love and hate is in the author's thoughts, but the working out of his theme does not appear to have been very successful.

AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

By HARRY HANSEN

Literary Editor of the Chicago Daily News

SOME folks say that one way to make Americans proud to possess collections of books is to have architects and interior decorators demand that bookcases be built into every home. Once an owner becomes convinced that books are as important as bathtubs, they continue, he will insist that they be "installed," and in thus provoking his neighbors to emulate him the cause of books will be well served. We acknowledge the effectiveness of this argument so far as motor cars are concerned, and we doubt not that some of the skurrying for worthless first editions is due to the desire of a limited number of newly rich to acquire culture at a bounce, but we have seen many built-in bookcases in apartment buildings that would not stand a critical inspection. A much better way to stimulate the reading of books is to publish good books, both new and old. We are optimistic this month because so many fine new and old books are available. The announcements of new editions of older writers lead us to believe that no man can excuse himself from reading by remarking that books do not seem to be so good as they used to be. It is surely fortunate that the works of Stephen Crane are now to be reprinted in a complete new edition by Alfred A. Knopf. This author has never been adequately read because few of his books were reprinted after their first editions were exhausted. Mr. Knopf has acquired permission for the publication of all his works. The same publisher announces a new set of the works of Friedrich Nietzsche. An interesting announcement is that of the American Library, which is to be edited by Van Wyck Brooks, Robert Morss Lovett, Albert J. Nock and John Macy and published by A. and C. Boni. The first five titles include the Journal of Columbus' first Voyage to America, Herman Melville's *Israel Potter* and *Redburn*, and Ambrose Bierce's *Can Such Things Be* and *In the Midst of Life*. Among the books in preparation are *The Damnation of Thereon Ware* and the works of Artemus Ward.

An Interesting Experiment

Four phases of life among wealthy families in New York city in the last century are illuminated by Edith Wharton in her new book, *Old New York*. As a matter of fact it is a series of books, for here are four thin volumes, each containing a fairly long story, and the whole attractively presented in a box, an experiment in publishing. Mrs. Wharton's people belong to the environment that she knows best. In the first book, "False Dawn," a family is trying to acquire prestige and position in the Forties and fails. In the second, "The Old Maid," a woman of the Fifties gives up married life in order that she may remain near her illegitimate child. "The Spark," dealing with the Sixties, traces the career of the noblest man in the group, and "New Year's Day," placed in the Seventies, describes how society treated the woman who would not conform. In all of these stories we get the feeling that Mrs.

Wharton has visualized the modes and manners of the times of which she writes. The most convincing tale is "The Old Maid," where the character of Charlotte Lovell is drawn with much understanding. We get the impression that manners have changed much, but that human traits have remained much the same. (D. Appleton & Co.)

A Novel of the Real American

The publication of *Country People* by Ruth Suckow marks a step in America's coming of age. It is original and native, and has no suggestion of derivative writing and thinking about it. It renews our confidence that not all American authors are going to dissipate their promise by imitating the prevailing European modes. The fact that its author is an Iowa woman, who, instead of lolling around the Biltmore or the Ritz keeps an apiary in Earlville, Ia., still further enforces our belief that the best of our native writers must isolate themselves or work far from the seaboard. *Country People* reads so simply that one wonders at times what has become of the author. Only gradually the reader becomes convinced that in this absence of artifice lies a perfected technical skill. It marks the work of a writer who has no wish to place herself between her story and the reader. She takes, out of the life of a family in an Iowa farming community, certain salient facts, tells them simple and effectively and closes the book. She makes no attempt to romanticize the tale or to develop high lights and gray tones by skillful writing. Here they are, these Kaetterhenrys, three generations of them, living their lives in the Wapsipinicon country of Iowa, near Dubuque; settling on virgin soil, mating, rearing children, building up modest homes, meeting rebuffs, victories, passing on. Every character is real, every line true. It will, we hope, open the eyes of both our artists and our public to the quality of the American material that has been obscured by the popularity of life in Sussex, or Dartmoor, or the Devon country. The use of this theme and the author's treatment of it proves that she also is in revolt against the literary artificiality which has so long dominated writing in America. *Country People* is important. It is one of the most important manifestations of competence in writing that has come out of the Middle West. We have had plenty of promising tales out of the midlands, but many of them lacked either technical skill or originality. Miss Suckow's style is as native as her theme. She has the faculty of transmuting the provincial tongue into her prose without actually reproducing a dialect. It would be out of place here to draw comparison with other books, other writers. Miss Suckow's theme and method are her own, and although other writers are working in the same direction she will not influence them, nor will they affect her. Her personality inspires confidence. She has an apiary at Earlville, Ia., and writes without regard for the demands of the commercial market. This is her first novel. She first sent her work to H. L. Mencken, who encouraged her to continue. He has had every reason to do so. We recall that about two years ago one morning at 2 A.M. we were walking down Broadway with the redoubtable critic. He had been inquiring about the alfalfa in the West and was pessimistic about crops. "But if you get a chance," he said, "read the short stories by Ruth Suckow. I think she is going to do something." Of course he knew exactly what he was about. (Alfred A. Knopf.)

True Talk From Mr. White

When we opened a book called *The Editor and his People* we had no idea that upon closing it we would be convinced that we had read a novel out of the heart of American life. For the book is not a novel at all, but a collection of editorials written by William Allen White for the Emporia *Gazette* during several decades, now selected and arranged by Helen O. Mahin, with occasional comment by Mr. White. Through the pages of this book march a lot of real folks that so many novelists overlook but that politicians have a habit of referring to as "the plain people." Mr. White is as unpretentious as they; he talks about the weather, the crops, the old family horse, the stray dog, the traffic cop on the corner, the presidential election—producing, in other words, genuine Americana. In his preface he admits that some of these opinions are put down helter-skelter. "This book records," he writes, "the editorial output of a man growing from his mid-twenties into his mid-fifties, and contains all sorts of crazy contradictions." And then he admits that he began as "a fine old reactionary," believing in his twenties that this was a fine old world, that the rich were rich because they deserved to be and the poor had only them-

From the Macmillan List

NEW FICTION

H. G. Wells - *The Dream*

"As good as anything that Mr. Wells has done, and there can hardly be higher praise. It is an absorbing novel written with a power that shows no signs of flagging."—*New York Times.* $2.50

May Sinclair - *A Cure of Souls*

"No English novelist has more calm, keen intelligence than Miss Sinclair, and she has never had a subject better suited to her talent than that of 'A Cure of Souls.' "—*The Nation.* $2.50

May Sinclair - *The Dark Night*

This new book takes the form of a novel in unrhymed verse and portrays the sacrifice and sublimation of an all forgiving love. $2.00

Ernest Poole - *The Avalanche*

A restless, sensation-seeking New York society girl meets a brilliant young psychiatrist. The clash of contrasting ambitions and ideals forms an absorbing story. $2.00

Albert P. Fitch - *None So Blind*

"Each of the characters are fully rounded, each of them quite perfectly painted. Each of them living and not easily forgettable. It is a story that has balance, crisis and outcome."—*Boston Evening Transcript.* $2.50

GUIDE BOOKS

These guides have the advantage over others as being strictly authoritative, up-to-date, compact, well bound and cheap.

The Rider Guides

New York.....$4.00 Bermuda .....$1.75 Washington $2.50

The Blue Guides

London and Its Environs	$5.00	England	$5.50
Switzerland	5.50	Wales	3.00
Paris and Its Environs	5.00	North-eastern France	4.25
Belgium and the Western Front	5.50	The French Alps	3.50

At all bookstores or from

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, 64-66 Fifth Ave., NEW YORK

selves to blame for their misfortunes. Strange to say, as he grew older he became more and more liberal: "Qualifications, negations, denials of the doctrine of perfection in human conduct appear, and as the first decade merges into the second we find the standpatter gone and the progressive rampant in his place." These editorials are so readable because they lack the pretense and show of professional work. They reflect the views of a man who is himself the common denominator of the great middle body of Americans. When he writes about Tom the old nag that drew the surrey in which Theodore Roosevelt rode around Emporia, he evokes memories stored away in the minds of most of us. His talk, "About your Ma," makes one feel happy because some mothers did look after their girls, and his denunciation of mothers who fail because they don't know enough "to clean up children's dirty noses and necks" makes folks nod their heads all through the congregation. There are included any number of editorials that have made their way from coast to coast: the famous one, for instance, called "What's the Matter with Kansas?" then the one that won a Pulitzer prize, "To an Anxious Friend." And not to overlook one called simply "Mary White," in which the editor tells the story of the little girl who loved to play and to ride and who died a few days before this simple chronicle was written. It is, as we said, not exactly a book of tiresome editorials. You might strip off the title and the chapter headings and read it for a novel of American life, for such, after all, it is. (Macmillan.)

Samuel Butler Complete

Most of us know Samuel Butler only through two, or at most three, books, perhaps because these have been made much more easily accessible than anything else he has written. The Complete Works of Samuel Butler, soon to be introduced in America by E. P. Dutton & Co., will make inaccessibility a poor excuse in future, provided that copies of this unusual set are placed within easy reach of the general reader. The works are contained in the Shrewsbury edition of twenty volumes edited by Henry Fielding Jones and A. T. Bartholomew. Only 750 sets will be available, of which number 375 are destined for the United States, so it is to be hoped that discriminating librarians will quickly avail themselves of this opportunity. The page is beautiful to look upon; the type is based on a font cut in 1535 by Claude Garmond for Francis I of France and fills one with admiration for the old designers and the modern adapters. The two books that we have examined so far are *A First Year in Canterbury Settlement* and *Other Essays*, and *Erewho;* the reproduction in the first volume of a photograph of Samuel Butler in his student days gives one an entirely new picture of his personality. Twenty volumes of Butler—seventeen of which we have never read—gives promise of adventures new and glimpses of high mountains and graceful valleys.

A Poet of Devon

"On the southern fringe of Dartmoor, in the country of Devon, is a village called Donsland Barn," writes L. A. G. Strong in a preface to his new book of poems, "The Lowery Road." "It lies on the main moorland road from Plymouth to Exeter, some eleven or twelve miles from Plymouth. A little way above it a side road branches to the right, up a short steep hill. This is the Lowery Road." And here, he continues, every stone has its name, and the verses that he has written about it "may be called a first confession of faith in it." We remember Mr. Strong's verse favorably from "Dublin Days." That had in it a quality of characterization, and some humor. There is less humor in this book, but we get a good glimpse of the lonely, gaunt, forbidding setting of Dartmoor in these verses. Here is "Sheepstor," which the poet says "is as bold a mass as Bredon":

The little granite church upholds
Four pinnacles like holy hands,
A missioner proclaiming God
To ancient unbelieving lands.

Long time it dared the indifferent hills
Child-like, half frightened, all alone,
Lest chink of matin bell offend
The mother of its quarried stone.

Now it is proven and secure,
Yet may not sleep, remembering
How on the moor above it stand
Stone row and mound and pagan ring.

Mr. Strong's epitaphs have now and then a simple irony:

SENTRY

The snare of sleep held fast his struggling will,
They found him, and he now may sleep his fill.

And these, that bear no titles:

Beneath this stone is laid
A slender maid
Whom many would have loved in vain.

and

Joe Gard sleeps underneath this stone
As all his life he slept—alone.

One gets well acquainted with the Lowery road after reading this little book. (Boni & Liveright.)

It Lives Up to Its Title

And now Ring W. Lardner is making fun of the "writing game" from the standpoint of a fan on the bleachers. Here comes a book, *How to Write Short Stories — With Samples* which finds lots to laugh at in the modern yarn. There are ten samples, each a story in itself, and each made fun of by the author in a spirited introduction. Thus Ring Lardner in his note to "The Facts" which opens the book: "A sample story of life in the Kentucky mountains. An English girl leaves her husband, an Omaha policeman, but neglects to obtain a divorce. She later meets the man she loves, a garbage inspector from Bordeaux, and goes with him 'without benefit of clergy.' This story was written on top of a Fifth Avenue bus, and some of the sheets blew away, which may account for the apparent scarcity of interesting situations." Of a story called "My Roomy," he writes: "A house party in a fashionable Third Avenue laundry and the predicament of a hero who has posed as a famous elevator starter form the background of this delightful tale of life in the Kiwanis club." Mr. Lardner's hints on how to write are in keeping with the spirit of these introductions. "The first thing I do, generally always do," he writes, "is try and get hold of a catchy title, like for instance, 'Basil Hargrave's Vermifuge,' or 'Fun at the Incinerating Plant.' Then I set down to a desk or flat table of any kind and lay out three or four sheets of paper with as many different colored pencils and look at them cockeyed a few moments before making a selection. How to begin—or, as we professionals would say, 'how to commence'—is the next question. It must be admitted that the method of approach (l'approchement) differs even among first class fictionists. For example, Blasco Ibanez usually starts his stories with a Spanish word, Jack Dempsey with an 'I' and Charley Peterson with a couple of simple declarative sentences about his leading character, such as 'Hazel Gooftree had just gone mah jong. She felt faint.'" . . . Well, Al is not here, but his vernacular is all over the place. (Scribner.)

A Business Man Speaks

The name of A. Lincoln Filene is to-day an important one in the business world because of the contribution Mr. Filene has made to the growing "science" of store management. Filene's, in Boston, has become widely known for the methods of co-operation with employees which have been successfully used there. This book, *A Merchant's Horizon*, tells what Mr. Filene has done and how he justifies his belief in his employees. To many American business men, heads of corporations and departments, it will prove interesting reading. Mr. Filene has faith in the intelligence of the employee. "For seven hundred and fifty years in the past," he writes, "society has managed to adapt itself to this wage rise—and improved itself in the process. For, of course, labor never achieved this steady ascent in the scale of wages and living by mere contentiousness, by ceaseless demands, by everlasting strikes and strife. The worker rose because he achieved a parallel in the scale of intelligence and because the general intelligence of society rose with him." Mr. Filene has faith in the value of common discussion, and in letting the worker talk things over with the owners. This has not led to a desire of the men to misuse their prerogatives when it has been tried, he says. He takes sharp issue with Mr. Henry Ford's idea that the worker who becomes merely an automaton is happy, simply because he is well paid for the trivial task of making a few motions with the hand or arm that do not deviate in the course of years and require hardly any effort and surely no intelligence. He asks: "What if we go on refining production, to the point where all thought, initiative, ambition, spirit are crushed?" (Houghton, Mifflin Co.)

A Portrait of Poincaré

Mr. Sisley Huddleston, Paris correspondent of the London *Times*, has painted an intensely vivid portrait of Raymond Poincaré in his new book, *Poincaré, a Biographical Portrait*. (Little, Brown & Co.) At the same time he has given a resumé of the foreign and industrial policy of France that may be read with understanding. His admiration for Poincaré is that of a careful

student who does not let hero worship obscure his vision. M. Poincaré, to his view, is essentially a timorous man who rises at times to quick decisions which, when once made, are adhered to through failure and success. Thus he is given much of the credit for holding out to the bitter end in the gloomy days of 1918 when many high-placed generals and cabinet members counseled the abandonment of Paris. Here he was obdurate. It was his view that any departure from Paris at that moment would be proof to the nation that the government knew the war was lost. Even Clemenceau carried the message of evacuation from the military headquarters to the president of the republic, but when he encountered M. Poincaré's stubborn determination not to move he stiffened and agreed with him. Mr. Huddleston makes much of the patriotism of these two men, which was able to make both join hands during the great crisis, although Clemenceau had attacked the president almost daily in his newspaper and in the chamber before he became president of the Council. A great deal of space is given to explaining the Ruhr, and rightly. Mr. Huddleston is sharply critical of British diplomacy throughout the period, and finds British prestige suffered immeasurably by loud words and inaction. The fact that the legality of the occupation of the Ruhr was not established is to his mind a failure of Poincaré, the lawyer. He agrees that the French case as viewed by French financiers and business men, rather than that set forth by M. Poincaré in his speeches, has much to do with the whole Ruhr program. The French leaders never lost sight of the fact that a handicap would have to be put on Germany to prevent her from competing in the world market with France to the great detriment of the latter. Germany, in meeting the liability of reparations, or her debt through loans from America and other countries, would be forced to stabilize her money, place a burden of taxation on her people and so increase the cost of material, living, labor and the cost of production. Commercial rivalry would then start under much fairer conditions. Armaments would be handicapped. Mr. Huddleston relates that the essence of the Poincaré policy came to him from the minister himself. "His policy, as he explained it, was to squeeze Germany as hard as possible, to obtain all the advantages to which he believed France was entitled, but at the proper moment to extend a fraternal hand across the frontier." Mr. Huddleston sees no safety in armament. "Only by international friendships, including the friendship of France and Germany, can the age-long feuds which have devastated Europe be appeased. Only in international friendships and in the abandonment of enmities can the future of France as a first-class power be assured."

A Genius Writes on Genius

Another collection of essays by Anatole France has just been published under the title *The Latin Genius*. This reminds us again of the tremendous literary fecundity of this man throughout the last half century. None of these papers is very recent, and none discusses authors of to-day, yet each may be read with profit. The authors discussed include La Fontaine, Paul Scarron, Moliere, Racine, Le Sage, Chateaubriand, Xavier de Maistre, Benjamin Constant, Saint Beuve as a poet, and others. The opening paper is about "Daphnis and Chloe" and there is also an interesting study of Margaret of Navarre. M. France speaks of her as "creature well born in good faith, born to the noblest sorrow, born to suffer with all-suffering humanity, and to carry in the battle of life but balm and electuaries." Of her character he writes: "Honest Marguerite loved gay talk and laughed with a will at the doings of monks' gowns and women's petticoats. . . . Boccaccio gave her infinite pleasure. She herself wrote tales 'in her carrying chair going about: for at home she had more serious occupations.' She proposed to imitate Boccaccio in these tales of hers, 'except in one thing, which is to set down nothing that is not true.' She put into her stories, under borrowed names, her father, her mother, her brother, her husband and herself. But she who told them had furnished but seven of the days when death took her." Her daughter became the mother of Henry IV. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

Cold Cream for Men

Senator Copeland's advocacy of cold cream for men, so that they may retain skin of beautiful texture, seems to us another signpost pointing to the coming feminization. The worst of it is that his advice seems wholly reasonable. We encountered it in a desultory reading of *The Health Book*, by Royal S. Copeland, M. D., former health commissioner of New York City. (Harcourt, Brace.) This book con-

ROPER

Complete Oven Control

ROPER BEAUTY AND CONVENIENCE CHEER THE KITCHEN

Beauty has a real kinship to utility. The beauty of Roper Gas Ranges has as decided an influence in lightening household tasks, as has its remarkable convenience.

Perhaps the most outstanding contribution of Roper to the fine art of cooking is complete oven control. This is achieved by the perfect combination of the Roper temperature regulator and the ventilated oven which controls the amount of heat and distributes it uniformly.

You'll find Roper Gas Ranges where better gas ranges are sold. The famous Roper Recifile of card indexed recipes with time and temperature chart sent postpaid for 35 cents.

GEO. D. ROPER CORPORATION, *Rockford, Illinois*
Pacific Coast Branch: 768 Mission Street, San Francisco, California

Every Roper Range is inspected by a woman before it is certified by the Roper quality mark—the Roper purple line.

ROPER

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. REG. IN CANADA

Gas & Electric RANGES

BE SURE THE ROPER PURPLE LINE ═══ AND THE ROPER COMPLETE OVEN CONTROL ARE ON THE RANGE YOU BUY

Copyright, 1924 Geo. D. Roper Corporation

tains advice on every sort of ailment, from appendicitis to worms, with full directions telling "what to do in an attack." We did not have the heart to read it all, but we observed the doctor's advice that a youthful skin in a man depends on his use of grease or cream after shaving. The skin of the face is covered with oil to fight germs and poisonous contacts, and this is removed when the face is washed with strong soap, or upon shaving. Dr. Copeland says that cream or grease should be applied to face, nose and neck after shaving, and then wiped off with a soft cloth. This restores the oil that the skin needs. If this bit of advice is sufficient to interest readers in his book, we might add that there are 400 pages here "of sound instruction," on all sorts of subjects—hiccoughs, electrical shock, lumbago, baldness, care of babies, pinkeye—and so on.

A Book of Beauty

Gabriel Faure's descriptions of Italy are among the most delightful travel writing of the day. Like Andre Maurel he is able to interpret one nation to another without losing any of the overtones. He has just written a book called *The Italian Lakes* which has been published in most alluring form by the Medici Society, Ltd., London and Boston, which evidently means to give us books of unusual quality. M. Faure is both lyrical and restrained, but for anyone who has ever visited Maggiore, Como, Orta, Varese, Lugano, Iseo and Garda he is a revelation. Wherever he goes he carries with him the memory of what other men have written about these lakes and towns; he recalls the comment of Shelley, Stendhal, Taine, Maurice Barres, Pliny, Lespardi, George Sand, Flaubert, Chateaubriand—reminded us how often and how well Frenchmen have interpreted the natural glories of Italy. But M. Faure is not merely a chronicler; he is a commentator, a critic and an artist; he sees much that other men, beholding only themselves mirrored in nature, have missed. His attitude toward works of art is impressionistic, and he views many of them with a glowing enthusiasm, but his prose is always at the right pitch. Thus he writes of Luini, whose frescoes and larger paintings are to be found at Lugano, and who might have been another Titian and Correggio but for the overwhelming power of Leonardo: "Before the works of Luini I almost always receive three successive impressions. First I feel the rapture which springs from the joy of the eye in a harmony of tones and colors. Every time I enter this church and catch sight of this Passion, the word 'charming' comes naturally to my lips. Then, looking closer, I am a little disillusioned; some groups are rather confused, some faces are inexpressive, some perspectives false. But I look into the details, I walk away, and I try to get a clear impression of the whole, and once more Luini conquers me. He has so many fine tones, such masterly shading, so much softness and sweetness informing every part of his work, that I lose the power of criticism. I am captured, as I am by some music which I know quite well enough to be commonplace, but which holds me from the first bar. . . . Nowhere can the soul of the painter, his genius and tender philosophy, and his smiling faith be better divined than here. In this sheltered corner he found, as it were, a refuge from the overpowering Leonardo, and could speak straight from his own simple heart." Uniform with this book is *Grenoble and Thereabouts*, by Henri Ferrand. In preparation, among other volumes, is another by M. Faure, *The Land of St. Francis of Assisi*. The books are printed in black and sepia, the latter tint giving extraordinary values to the reproductions of photographs.

Vivid New York

Snappy tales of New York are contained in *White Light Nights* by O. O. McIntyre. (Cosmopolitan Book.) There are all sorts of anecdotes and observations here, and a few of the trails lead out of Manhattan, but for the most part they keep close to Broadway, the Village, Union Square, the Bowery, the Avenue, and other landmarks. Mr. McIntyre likes the vernacular, and his style is direct and full of vitality. "In New York Reuben does not come to town," he writes. "He lives here. Remove the spats and monocle and behold the apple-knocker. The specious reasoning of New Yorkers that a silk hat and stiff white shirt make the city slicker is as fallacious as another idea that west of Hoboken is Main Street." Which, as you will agree, is a pretty provocative way to start folks in town and out West reading the book.

AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

By HARRY HANSEN

Literary Editor of the Chicago Daily News

OUT beyond the world of books and magazines a large American audience is becoming acquainted with modern literature by way of the radio. One year ago we were not convinced that this could be brought about, for we regarded the radio as useful solely for broadcasting jazz tunes and baseball scores. But the multiplication of radio stations throughout the United States, and the saturation of the air with jazz music, has brought about what the broadcasting profession calls "The quality program." And talks on books are a part of this program. At first we were not convinced that the invisible audience "out there" would listen to talks on books. Gradually proof came to us that it was eager for good reading. We learned also that it was not a critical audience, although it picked with good taste titles of some merit; it was easily moved emotionally, and responded best to tales rich in human values. Perhaps that is why our audience has manifested such approval of *A Sailor's Garland*, a little book of sea poetry selected and edited by John Masefield, now reissued in a new edition by Macmillan. We believe that it holds genuine enjoyment not solely for audiences that are read to, but for armchair readers as well, and for all who feel the kinship of the sea. "Such joys as the sea gives are those of hope and unrest" writes Mr. Masefield. And so he has chosen poems that best represent the sea. For three generations English poets have sung of it. Here is included Ariel's song from *The Tempest*, Byron's lines on "Roll on—thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll," Longfellow's *Lost Youth* with its reminiscence of old Portland, Me., and "the black wharves and the slips and the sea-tides tossing free." *Drake's Drum* is here, and *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*. Mr. Masefield naturally is interested in the ballads and the chanties, and finds that "of the ballads which illustrate life at sea, none are quite so good as the earliest." Also he comments: "Of the chanties proper, the capstan chanties are the most beautiful, the halliard chanties the most commonly heard, and the sheet, tack and bowline chanties the most ancient." He finds *I'll Go No More A-Roving* the most beautiful of all the chanties. "It is sung to an old Elizabethan tune which stirs one's blood like a drum-tap." Of the ballads we liked particularly *Jack Robinson* which dates from 1830, and the last line of which reads: "And he was off before they could say Jack Robinson." And so, we might add, did our invisible audience of the radio.

American manners that confuse Englishmen, and English habits and customs that confuse Americans are elucidated in a quaint little book called *Spoken in Jest*, or *The Traveller's De-Confuser*, by "Chateds," which E. P. Dutton & Co. are printing. Thus:

"An Englishman tried to remember some of the terms he heard at a baseball game. He lost his mind.

"An American went to see a game of cricket. The same thing happened to him.

"In hospital, one complained of the noise. The other of the silence."

Other contrasting observations include the following: A "homely" girl in America is plain. In England she is domestic. "Ring up" in America. "Call up" in England. For social success in England go to Court. For social success in America go to press. The former is less expensive. In England they play for the fun of playing. In America for the joy of winning. Civility is the best weapon to use against customs officials at both ends. The strangeness of it unnerves them. And so on. No librettist should be without this book.

A Memorial to Frank Cobb

Frank I. Cobb's best qualities were those most often found in great leaders—courage, logic and common sense. He could see through shams and subterfuges and he never sacrificed his independence in speech and thought. The editorials, articles and addresses contained in this memorial book, *Cobb of "The World," a Leader in Liberalism* demonstrate what a sturdy force he was. These are the clean-cut statements of a mind that is swept clean of cobwebs. The editorials have been brought together by John L. Heaton and published by E. P. Dutton & Co., in two editions; one a limited edition of 1,500 copies, and another for popular circulation. This book is one of two notable books on the American newspaper and our time published within recent months—the other being William Allen White's *The Editor and His People*. Probably the most important part of the Cobb book deals with his articles on Woodrow Wilson, for he was in the president's confidence. There is a recollection of an interview with Wilson the evening before he addressed Congress asking for a declaration of war against Germany which should be studied by all who wish to understand the Wilson of war and peace. In it Cobb relates that Wilson knew exactly what the war would bring forth—its illiberalism, its feverish war activity, its absolute defeat of Germany, and its uncompromising peace terms. Moreover he understood exactly the type of mind he had to deal with in Clemenceau. A foreword by Woodrow Wilson is printed in this book; the president says: "I have known no man whose sturdiness of character and clear vision of duty impressed me more than those of Frank I. Cobb."

COBB OF "THE WORLD"

Bernard Shaw's Great Play

The publication of *Saint Joan: A Chronicle Play in Six Scenes and an Epilogue* by Bernard Shaw this midsummer is without question an event in the world of books. Mr. Shaw's play has already been attended by many thousands in New York city and in London. The manuscript of the play was ready for publication many months ago, but Mr. Shaw insisted on writing a preface, or rather, he had to, for publishers and readers would hardly have accepted the book without one. Mr. Shaw was not in a hurry about the matter; a preface was not something to be dashed off lightly while a messenger boy waited outside for the "copy." This explains, perhaps, why the publication of the book comes six months or more after the original presentation of the play. Mr. Shaw's preface is of the usual length—eighty-four pages in this instance, and every word and line belongs there. As the play has already been discussed we may limit our comment to

Mr. Shaw's preface, which is an exposition of the character of Joan and a defense of his play. We find that here Mr. Shaw sticks closer to his subject than he does in many an earlier introduction. He is also less inclined to play tricks; his reasoning is built up carefully, and there is less of his old manner of trying to shock his reader by flinging an unexpected contradiction in his face. Mr. Shaw contends that Joan of Arc was "mentally excessive," "a sane and shrewd country girl of extraordinary strength of mind and hardihood of body. Everything she did was thoroughly calculated, and though the process was so rapid that she was hardly conscious of it, and ascribed it all to her voices, she was a woman of policy and not of blind impulse. . . She was very capable; a born boss." But he finds her immature. "She was only a girl in her teens. If we could think of her as a managing woman of fifty we should seize her type at once." Mr. Shaw finds in her "inept youth and academic ignorance," combined with "great natural capacity, push, courage, devotion, originality and oddity." He takes issue, therefore, with all the commentators and historians who have written on Joan. The inconsistent character of Joan in the Shakespearean play of "Henry VI" he attributes to hands other than Shakespeare. Schiller "Die Jungfrau von Orleans" is to him impossibly romantic and unreal. Voltaire, he says, mocked at Joan merely to hit at the prelates. Mark Twain's Joan, continues Mr. Shaw, "is an attempt to combine Bayard with Esther Summerson from 'Bleak House' into the unimpeachable American school teacher in armor." Anatole France was misled by his anti-clerical attitude; Andrew Lang was misled by trying to refute Anatole France. Ergo, Mr. Shaw's Joan is left. Without wishing to qualify as an expert in this contest we might remark that Mr. Shaw makes out a very plausible case. His little thrusts at modern conditions—as when he argues that the cruelties visited upon Joan have their counterpart each day of our own enlightened time—are in his old spirited fashion and rather whet your appetite. As in the play, he cannot here help contradicting the customary Protestant view of the Inquisition. The Inquisition was much fairer, he contends, than many of our courts and tribunals are today. We are entirely in sympathy with his disposition to take the miraculous out of history. It is interesting to find that Mr. Shaw has taken notice of his critics, on both sides of the water, especially that he has received and filed their wish to have the epilogue cut out of the play. His reply is a firm and characteristic refusal. It remains, he says, and those who think the play too long to sit through may take their pleasure elsewhere. Which remark, coming at the end of the preface, makes one feel that here is the authentic stamp, the trade mark of G. B. S. That sounds like old times. (Brentano's.)

For All Harvard Men

There is hardly more than a whiff of it—but what there is is enough to make little folk look forward and elders look back, as the book suggests, this "Little Codfish Cabot" at Harvard, a satirical outburst in paragraphs and drawings by Samuel H. Ordway, Jr., '21, author, and F. Wenderoth Saunders, '24, illustrator. Harvard men may smile when they learn that Cabot's "father gave him some more ads, and by renewing two permanent full pages, he became an editor of the Lampoon. They made him lean out of the window at the corner of Plimpton Street and the Gold Coast at midnight and yell: "Help, help, help—don't shoot—I'll marry the woman. That is what you have to do when you make the Lampoon. It is perfectly proper." Also he "always lent his voice in the defeat of the Eli." (John W. Luce & Co.)

Boss Platt's Machine

Political practices of other days are recalled in *Boss Platt and his New York Machine* by Harold F. Gosnell of the faculty of the University of Chicago. The book discloses much research into contemporary sources, such as documents, biographies and newspapers for knowledge of New York politics in the time that Platt was active. Naturally a great part of the book is devoted to the rise of Theodore Roosevelt and his relations with Platt. It was Roosevelt who eventually unseated Platt, so that it is most pertinent to learn that at one time the two men co-operated and that Roosevelt's practical side caused him to value the acumen of the older man. Platt was plainly a spoils politician; Roosevelt soon fought to take many offices out of politics and to place them under merit rule. The chapter on how Roosevelt came to be nominated for vice president in 1900 is a

much fairer account than one gets ordinarily in any report of that event written by an injudicious Roosevelt admirer. By the time the nomination had been made Roosevelt was pretty well placated; moreover the governorship of New York could not have been his again without much difficulty. The impression we gain from the book is that Platt had a hard, thorny road to travel throughout most of his career, and that his "bossism" was not always so firmly entrenched as those of us who were not observers of those tempestuous times had been led to believe. Even the author expresses doubt whether the nod of Platt in the "Amen corner" of the old Fifth Avenue hotel in the last decade of its existence was as potent as described by Chauncey M. Depew, who asserted that the actual nominations by New York Republicans were all made in that corner. Certain it is that not until the nineties was Platt a czar whose word went unchallenged, and then he was already in his sixties. The years before had been full of strife and defeats were often as numerous as victories, but through the story one gets the impression that no matter what turn events took Platt always profited by them, slowly consolidating his position and building up his power. The story of Platt and the New York machine is an important part of American history, wholly dissimilar from that usually taught in the schools. Here is a field for much pioneer work. As Charles E. Merriam writes in his introduction: "In many instances the 'worst' type of party leaders are breaking one commandment but are keeping others broken by their critics, and on the whole it may be difficult to decide in some cases whether the critic or the culprit is the more anti-social in his conduct, judged by the broader standards of social progress." The study of a political leader involves, naturally, a study of his times and this, to some extent, Mr. Gosnell has provided. (University of Chicago Press.)

Was He Ahead of His Time?

Publishing houses have become so active in reprinting obscure and little read American authors that critics will soon lose all ground for complaint against the public for its "neglect" of genius. This comment is inspired by the arrival of *In the Midst of Life*, by Ambrose Bierce, now published by A. and C. Boni in the new American library, which is to be edited by Van Wyck Brooks, Robert Morss Lovett, Albert J. Nock and John Macy. Bierce is one of a small group of fairly competent authors who have never been accepted in the best circles. The reason probably goes back to the antagonism his story-telling developed in the nineties, when he wrote most of his work. His preface to the first edition, reproduced here, is illuminating. It is dated San Francisco, Sept. 4, 1891, and reads: "Denied existence by the chief publishing houses of the country, this book owes itself to Mr. E. L. G. Steele, merchant, of this city." Bierce, at that time, was thought a writer of the horrible and the grotesque, and America of the nineties abhorred that. Harvard students who gained their knowledge of American literary history in Barrett Wendell's classes did not hear mention of his name, nor, for that matter, of that of Stephen Crane. Bliss Perry spoke of Crane, but gave no attention to Bierce. Just as conservatism ignored him, so the younger groups acclaimed him. He is regarded by many, among them Arnold Bennett, as one of the greatest short story writers America has produced. *In the Midst of Life* is proof of his gift of invention and drama. *A Horseman in the Sky* is one of the best examples of his compact style, and his thrilling climax. *The Man and the Snake* is typical of his knowledge of human psychology. It is profitable to speculate how far American writers have developed in Bierce's direction since first he wrote, but whether he influenced them is problematical.

Small Houses and Many Flowers

In *A Small House and Large Garden* Richardson Wright has again made use of his extraordinary knowledge of flowers and good things to eat and woven them together in an idyllic sort of tale that centers about a home. There are moments in it that you will wish to recall often. For instance, that dramatic story of tea on Sunday, when visitors always dropped in, and when the hostess, after serving tea and cinnamon toast, produced the chocolate cake. Sometimes, when there was a large company, the cake had to be cut thin, but the hostess was equal to the occasion. So to the story that Mr. Wright tells: "On this Sunday there was to be a solemn high tea. The table was placed on the lawn beneath the big cherry that stretches its

branches across my study window. The cloth was spread. Ancient and colorful cups were set in seemly rows along the painted tin tray and Lafayette's sugar bowl brought down from its shelf. As the guests began to stroll up I could smell the faint sweet incense of cinnamon toast. Gradually they drifted to the table, and then began the pleasant byplay of those who take one lump and those who take two. Fresh and sugary the cinnamon toast was passed and repassed. I saw Her make a gesture that meant the great moment had arrived. I saw the boy disappear into the house for the chocolate cake. I saw... Well, I have seen many kinds of footprints—the footprints of wolves in the snow around a camp in Siberia, the footprints of bison, the footprints of bear, the delicate footprints of various birds, even the footprints of animals that no longer exist, which have left their track behind them in fossil rock. But I had never before seen—and doubtless you never have—the footprints of a Russian wolfhound in the icing of a chocolate cake. They were unmistakable, vast, and furiously destructive. They sank through three layers to the very plate. And thus, robbed of its dramatic moment, Sunday afternoon passed into the bourne of time and remembrance." (Houghton Mifflin Co.)

Mr. Machen Presents

Age cannot wither some books; no matter how old, they are always welcome guests at the feasts of youth. Others, perhaps more recent, grow old-fashioned. Arthur Machen has taken occasion to discuss this in the course of a delightful literary chat that comes as a new introduction to the *Heptameron of Queen Margaret of Navarre* which Alfred A. Knopf has just published. It is not, says Mr. Machen, a great masterpiece. He calls it an old-world book, and says: "It is not quite an old-fashioned book; but it belongs very distinctly to its sixteenth-century period and, so far as I can judge, does not reach out in any way beyond its age, beyond the specific world in which it was written. I am inclined to believe that some people are apt to confuse the old with the old-fashioned, forgetting that the finest literature is never old-fashioned, and also that literature which is not of the finest may become old-fashioned—agreeably or disagreeably—in a dozen years or less. For example, Sappho's ode beginning: "Rainbow-throned, immortal Aphrodite," is not in the least old-fashioned, though it was written about two thousand five hundred years ago. And on the other hand, *Robert Elsmere*, *The Story of an African Farm*, and the like—these are to be read with pleasure, perhaps—with the pleasure that one experiences in turning over an album of fashion-plates of the eighties and nineties of the last century. A great deal of Shakespeare is hopelessly old-fashioned; turn to Touchstone in *As You Like It* and to Nym, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. But, on the other hand, there is nothing in the least old-fashioned about Falstaff or about his dialogues with the reminiscent Judge Shallow."

A Successful Play in Print

A reading of the book of the play, *Beggar on Horseback*, which has been diverting New York audiences for nearly a year, leads us to reflect that good-natured satire is the only effective method for getting Americans to laugh at their own foibles. Bitter satire, written by a few critical minds, reaches only a few critical readers and makes no great impression on the mass, and denunciation of our frailties merely causes the man denounced to retire deep into his defensive armor. A good hearty laugh, in which all of America joins, is bound to be salutary. George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly have made this possible in their play. Alexander Woollcott has written a preface for the book in which he says: "The authors offer it merely as a relieving antidote to the worship of material prosperity. It is a play written in the distaste that can be inspired by the viewpoint, the complacency and the very idea of rotarian America. It is a small and facetious disturbance in the rear of the church of the gospel of success. When staged in the very capital of the land of go-getters, its gesture is as defiant as that made on a not dissimilar occasion by one Barbara Frietchie." It is interesting to find that New York audiences, made up for the most part of the very persons against whom the play is directed, enjoyed its shafts of satire hugely. The worship of material success, so often made a religion by Americans, needs something like this to make it bearable. We do not mean to recount here the story of the play, with which most readers are familiar. The book contains a copy of the newspaper

The Proper Private School

for your children is perhaps the most important choice you have to make. If you have difficulty in making a selection from among the large number of schools advertised in this issue, feel perfectly free to write us for information and suggestions, stating the kind of school wanted, the locality preferred, and the age of the student for whom assistance is requested.

SCHOOL INFORMATION BUREAU
HARPER'S MAGAZINE
49 EAST 33rd ST. NEW YORK, N. Y.

which is distributed between the acts of the play. This take-off on yellow journalism seems to have been immediately recognized and approved. (Boni & Liveright.)

Mr. Garnett Again

It was a woman who was responsible for the sad plight which turned Apuleius into an ass and thereby caused him to set down much comment on human manners that might otherwise have escaped his notice. And it was a woman too, who caused John Cromartie, otherwise a canny Scot, to offer himself to the directors of the London zoo for incarceration between the gorilla and the chimpanzee as a specimen of homo sapiens. As David Garnett explains the "delectable jest" in his new book, *A Man in the Zoo*, John had just had a quarrel with his beloved Josephine Lackett, in the ape house, causing Josephine to exclaim that he was so unique a specimen that he ought to be shut up in the zoo. John takes her at her word, and so begins this delightful satire by the man who wrote *Lady into Fox* about a year ago. Mr. Garnett's invention is modern; his satire often reminds you of ancient classical writers, who liked to turn human beings into animals. He writes easily, with much gentle irony, and although this is not so well thought out a tale as *Lady into Fox* it is still notable among the day's offerings. (Alfred A. Knopf.)

Take Advice and Live Long

We would give little attention to books on health were we not so thoroughly in sympathy with the growing movement to make common sense the basis for guarding the human machine against mishap. Moreover we know that the audience for advice on health is perhaps as large as any other group of readers, and it is amazing how much advice it can actually stand. Within recent years books on health have improved greatly; their emphasis has been placed on right living, instead of on nostrums and cures. In this they are a factor for social progress. Men no longer wish to burn out, or to become senile before their time, and once they know that this is the penalty of overindulgence and neglect of the body they are likely to pull up short. Among the new books on health

that adopt a common sense attitude and give much practical advice that has to do with living so you won't need the doctor's advice is *The Commonsense of Health* by Stanley M. Rinehart, M. D. Follow Dr. Rinehart's advice and you will probably live the sort of moral life that the old preachers once advocated with all the rhetoric and invective at their command. And although they had in mind the salvation of the soul rather than the preservation of the body, it turns out that one cannot very well have the one without the other. (Geo. H. Doran Co.)

Also Worth While

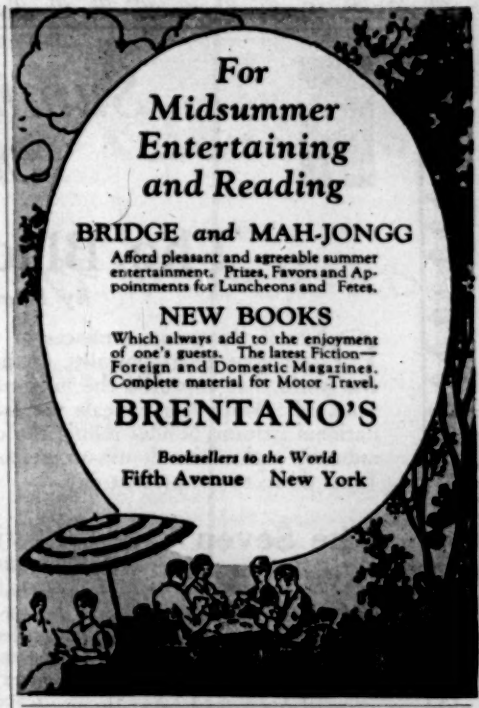
Women and Wives by Harvey Ferguson (Knopf.)—The story of the married life of Catherine and Jim, which began as a romance and ended in disillusion and boredom. The author ends with both in the arms of parties of the third part and the institution of marriage *spurlos versenkt*.

A Handbook of Summer Camps, by Porter Sargent, with introductions by Ernest B. Balch, Louis D. Bement, and Dr. C. Hanford Henderson. (Sargent, Boston.) Sending boys and girls to summer camps is becoming more and more necessary for city dwellers. This is a guide to the best camps.

The Bookman's Manual, by Bessie Graham, second edition, is a "guide to literature" for booksellers and teachers. Much more comhensive than the first edition, it tells what books are available of standard and well-known authors, with a certain amount of comment on them. A milestone in the progress of the bookseller as a trained craftsman. (The Publisher's Weekly.)

Proud Flesh by Lawrence Rising. (Boni & Liveright)—A romance of San Francisco, telling of the love of Fernanda Borel, and, how Patrick O'Malley, powerful, of course, tried to win his way to her heart by caveman methods. The Frisco of the earthquake and of to-day provide a colorful setting.

"Speaking of Operations!" and other humorous stories by Irvin S. Cobb is now a volume in the Murray Hill library, the series of attractive books published by Geo. H. Doran Co. This book contains also "Eating in Two or Three Languages," "The Life of the Party," "A Plea for old Cap Collier," "One-third Off" and "The Young Nuts of America."


For
Midsummer
Entertaining
and Reading
BRIDGE and MAH-JONGG
Afford pleasant and agreeable summer entertainment. Prizes, Favors and Appointments for Luncheons and Fetes.
NEW BOOKS
Which always add to the enjoyment of one's guests. The latest Fiction—Foreign and Domestic Magazines. Complete material for Motor Travel.
BRENTANO'S
Booksellers to the World
Fifth Avenue New York

MR. HANSEN'S interesting · Reviews and dependable comments on worth-while current books—excluding those published by Harper & Brothers—are now a prominent feature of every issue of Harper's Magazine.

Throughout publishing circles Mr. Hansen is known to be unusually qualified for this important work from which no reader of books, no buyer of books, can fail to benefit.

YOUR HOROSCOPE

Intelligently and expertly delineated, your horoscope is a valuable guide to character, occupation and events. I offer a personal and confidential service to those of a serious mind. My work is individual and sympathetic; no printed form readings. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send for folder of detailed information. There is no obligation.

SIDNEY KIMBALL BENNETT
718 Carleton Road Westfield, N. J.

Books for Writers: 1001 PLACES TO SELL MSS., $2.50
Polti's 36 Dramatic Situations, $1.50. Art of Inventing Characters, $2.50. Plotting the Short Story, $1.00. Technique of Fiction Writing, $1.75. How to Write a Short Story, 65c. Catalogue 25 others. Also manuscripts revised, typed, advice as to markets. Explanatory leaflets. Correspondence invited. JAMES KNAPP REEVE (Former editor, *The Editor*), 1 Alexander Building, Franklin, Ohio.

Summer Reading for

Miscellaneous

The Black Golconda

By Isaac F. Marcosson

ONE of the great romances of modern times is told in this book. The oil industry, geographically, financially and politically perhaps the greatest in the world, has captured the imagination of whole countries. Now, for the first time, Mr. Marcosson reveals the facts of the world situation of oil as an international irritant, besides telling the complete and impartial story of the American industry and of its dominant personalities from the birth of the old Standard Trust down to the present day. *$4.00*

The Seven Lively Arts

By Gilbert Seldes

"*The Seven Lively Arts* is one of the most interesting, gay, exciting books that I have ever read—absolutely delightful. It calls to the attention or recalls to my mind a myriad of the pleasantest hours spent in my life. Don't miss it."—*John V. A. Weaver* in the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle. Many drawings and photographs.* *$4.00*

Leviathan

By William Bolitho

"Bolitho stands out from the hordes of excellent and gentle essayists as boldly as does a wood-cut when placed next a half-tone engraving," says Laurence Stallings. In *Leviathan* his subjects range from the Carpentier - Siki fight to "Nicodemus and a False Prophet"—a brilliant pageant of contemporary Europe. *$2.00*

The Mystery of Religion

By Everett Dean Martin

Author of *The Behavior of Crowds*

A fearless and searching voyage of discovery into the meaning of religion and its symbols and ceremonials, and of its relation to the spiritual life of the race. Here is a study in modern social psychology which will be of the greatest interest to all those who are not afraid to trust their spiritual beliefs beyond the confines of conventional dogma. *$3.00*

The Causes of Industrial Unrest

By John A. Fitch

THIS book is an attempt to reveal the background, the point of view and the circumstances out of which the general labor struggle arises. It discusses the motives that animate the wage-earner, and sets the stage for a proper understanding of many of the wage and other industrial struggles which we read about in the newspapers every day. The author has been for the last dozen years an investigator, writer and teacher in the field of industrial relations, and possesses a thorough understanding of the causes contributing to labor unrest. *$3.00*

Harper & Brothers, Publishers *Established*

Canadian Representative: The Musson Book Company, Ltd.

AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

By HARRY HANSEN

Literary Editor of the Chicago Daily News

HERE is a bit of news that tells something about the movement to cherish the literary traditions of the United States:

The city council of Greenfield, Ind., has appropriated $10,000 for a James Whitcomb Riley memorial park, a tract of forty acres on Brandywine creek where "the old swimmin' hole" which Riley made famous in verse was located. The old swimmin' hole is no longer there. It had disappeared even before 1882 when the poem first appeared. But in the biographical edition of Riley's poems, published by Bobbs-Merrill, there is a note to the effect that "the old swimmin' hole, where the boy Riley and his chums went swimming, lies a short walk to the east of town. The actual spot used in the old days is now high and dry meadow land, but the diverted current nearby forms a new swimming place still enjoyed by the children of Greenfield."

Perhaps the reader will recall Riley's poem about the old swimmin' hole, as well as that other poem inspired by this water, "Up and Down Old Brandywine." Poems such as these are folk lore and have their share in bringing about a love for the traditions of the homeland. In this way the park at Greenfield for James Whitcomb Riley, the memorial for William Marion Reedy in the public library at St. Louis, Mo., the monument for Ben King at Jackson, Mich., the Eugene Field memorial in Lincoln park, Chicago, and the park in Mark Twain's old home town help bring about a love for the soil. Love of country is a growth that demands deep roots. Americans are too often nomadic, ready to "pull up stakes" and start anew elsewhere. Such persons rarely have any feeling for traditions or love of a locality. New York, Chicago, Boston, Washington—all the big cities are filled with men and women who are governed solely by expediency by their movements and who give little thought to the associations of their countryside. That peculiar intonation which comes into a Frenchman's voice when he speaks of "mon pays" is lacking among us. In cherishing our literary traditions we are getting closer to our spiritual endowment. This is not provincialism but the finest sort of cultural activity.

On Learning to Love One's Country

One cannot learn to love the homeland unless one begins with such little, homely things, like the old swimmin' hole. No one can feel a passion that quickens the heart upon observing a continent that stretches from Portland, Me., to Portland, Ore. Something of this thought is elaborated admirably by C. E. Montague in one of his informal essays in *The Right Place: A Book of Pleasures*. He is writing on "Little England" and of the love that is built on an intimate understanding of things close at hand. One cannot well cherish a passion

for Ursa Major or for the East India Company. "There is," he writes, "as everyone knows, a patriotism that calls out for size, always more size. But the love which is wholly love clings instinctively to things that are within the reach of sense, and small enough to be held in one grasp. . . . All authentic affection rests upon vision. Vision, again, rests upon knowledge. Knowledge has first to pass into vision, the state of mind and heart which does not merely apprehend evidence but broods excitedly over some completed and transfigured image of an apprehended object. Once attain that condition, once make knowledge sensuous, and then none of nature's limitations on the ordinary reach of the senses need disable you." *The Right Place* is the sort of book that one can open at dawn and at dusk, and find solace therein. The writer, a brilliant English journalist who gave us *Disenchantment* and *A Hind Let Loose*, has here assembled numerous random essays on a multitude of topics; travel and recreation, philosophy and generalization, a world seen through the eyes of a talented man, whose mind is alert on mountain and in valley, in war and in gentler times. We have had much real joy in reading this "book of pleasures." Agreeing with him that "every man must be his own artist," we are nevertheless glad to have his interpretation of so much that we would never have discovered for ourselves. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

The Romance of Washington, D. C.

The idea that Washington, D. C., belongs to the nation is reflected in the title Louise Payson Latimer has given her new book, *Your Washington and Mine*. This is a book that makes much of the historical background of the city. When properly presented, as in this book, the story of the city becomes a historical romance. The author has given here as much detailed information as one finds in a guide book, especially in the matter of figures, but the reader is not aware of it, for the facts have been put into a running story embellished with illustrations from photographs If the omission of directions telling one what street car to take may be regarded as a virtue, this book will prove most pleasing to Americans to whom the capital is a perennial source of interest. Chapters such as those describing the capitol building and the white house have the merit of telling exactly how these buildings were projected, evolved, rebuilt and restored. It is interesting to learn how in Washington, as elsewhere in the world, a great building is often looked upon as the symbol of a nation's strength. Thus "all during the civil war work on the capitol had continued. President Lincoln seeming to share with Washington the feeling that its successful completion symbolized stability for the government; by 1865, therefore, the wings and dome were finished." One reads with much sympathy the account of the troubles of Abigail Adams, wife of President John Adams, after she had removed to the uncompleted executive mansion. She lamented the absence of fences and stairs in 1800; not a single apartment was finished. "If they will put me up some bells," she wrote, "and let me have wood enough to keep fires, I design to be pleased. I could content myself almost anywhere three months; but surrounded with forests, can you believe that wood is not to be had, because people cannot be found to cut and cart it?" Yet on New Year's day, 1801, she gave the first levee. The oval room on the second floor, used for the occasion, "had the crimson furniture in it." It was long before the surroundings of the white house became attractive. At first it was located on the edge of a marsh, with no drainage provided. The author has a feeling for the beautiful in architecture and town planning, and gives much attention to the plans for making Washington a symmetrical and wonderful capital, at the same time lamenting that in many instances private builders are leveling hilly districts to a dead monotony, obliterating the advantages that nature had provided. This book not only considers Washington but the adjacent countryside, and gives much information about life in the capital. (Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

Bringing Marcel Proust to America

Marcel Proust is not to remain an enigma to Americans who do not read the French novelists in the original. The first book to be rendered into English, *Swann's Way*, was published last year; now comes *Within a Budding Grove* (Thomas Seltzer). Marcel Proust died Nov. 18, 1922. His great life work was a group of eight books which bore the collective title, *A la Recherche du Temps*

Books on the Macmillan Fall List

May Sinclair

Arnold Waterlow: A Life

This is another of Miss Sinclair's incomparable character studies. Arnold Waterlow, a man absolutely honest with both himself and the world, is a mystic in search of the truth. The story will grip you. $2.50

The Dark Night

A Novel in Vers Libre

"Profoundly affecting, and exquisitely beautiful." New York Times Book Review. $2.00

Eden Phillpotts

Redcliff

The story of "Redcliff," its romances and its ironies, its weddings and its feuds, is as full of philosophy and incident as of amusing rustic characters. $2.50

Stella Benson

Pipers and a Dancer

This novel is distinguished in a marked degree by the "treasurable phrase, brilliantly sly characterization, and fantastic humor" which William Rose Benet describes as entirely Miss Benson's own. $2.00

W. B. Yeats

His Complete Work in Six Volumes

NOW PUBLISHED

Later Poems

Plays in Prose and Verse

FORTHCOMING VOLUMES READY SOON

Plays and Controversies

Early Poems and Stories

Essays Autobiography

Each $2.50

Autographed edition limited to 250 copies. Each $5.00

W. Stearns Davis

The Beauty of the Purple

A fascinating story of Christian Constantinople in the eighth century. Leo, the Isaurian—a peasant—saves the city from the Saracens and becomes Emperor.

A romance filled to the brim with breathless suspense. Forthcoming—Price $2.50

Louis Hemon

Maria Chapdelaine

This popular classic published last year has been reissued in a new and revised edition, beautifully illustrated by Wilfred Jones, who illustrated James Stephen's "The Crock of Gold."

Forthcoming—Price $2.50

A. O. Patterson

American Homes of Today

One of the most beautifully illustrated books of recent years, in which Mrs. Patterson describes and portrays the most picturesque and model homes of America.

Forthcoming—Price $15.00

W. A. White

Politics: The Citizen's Business

This well known author and editorial writer, feeling the need for a graphic and easily understood volume on American politics, prepared one. Price $2.00

Francis L. Wellman

Gentlemen of the Jury

The success of Mr. Wellman's book "The Art of Cross Examination" encouraged him to prepare a similar work which is, if possible, even more delightful and enlightening than the last. Forthcoming—Price $4.00

Prices subject to change on publication.

At all bookstores or from

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

64-66 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

Perdu, translated as *Remembrance of Things Past*. The first book, *Swann's Way*, was in two volumes, and the second takes the same form, and has been printed uniform with the first, which was a remarkable piece of typography and binding. The French title for the second book is *A l'Ombre des Jeunes Filles en Fleurs*. It was this work which won the Goncourt prize in 1919. The English translation by C. K. Scott Moncrieff is of an excellent quality. It preserves the beauty of the style that Proust developed after studying the French masters. Proust was a delicate artist, a painter of the nuances of past experiences, a man who sought to recapture in the present those fleeting and shadowy moments of exaltation in the past that belong to the best of remembered impressions. Culture was to him not a veneer but a reason for existence, and art was life itself. His books are sensitive etchings, deeply psychological, analytical, introspective, amoral, with a fine flavor of disillusion about them, like the fine ironical remark of a man who speaks with a smile. *Within a Budding Grove* follows the experiences of the narrator after he had entered adolescence and begun to receive mental stimulus from the presence of a group of young girls, of whom the figure of Albertine comes into the foreground most sharply. This girl attracts him intuitively and brings about some of his most delicate impressions and analyses; we will meet her again in later books. The period covered in the books of Proust is in the decades just before and after 1900, corresponding roughly to the time of his own life, although these books are not slavishly autobiographical. The fading nobility of the Faubourg Saint-Germain lives again in these pages; a strange society that carried the customs of the ancien regime down into our own time; which remained aloof from a striving, bustling, confused world and took refuge in the cultured salon, the conversation of refinement, the playful nuances of living. We have no doubt that the writings of Proust will find a warm welcome in America, for they are being presented in the excellent prose of Mr. Moncrieff. It is well to remember that recognition came to Proust in his own country before his death. The more enthusiastic of the critics placed him with Balzac and Flaubert; the conservative commentators were willing to regard him as one of the greatest French writers of the twentieth century.

The Romantic Career of Lady Hamilton

We have been advising friends who want "to take along a book" this summer to get *The Divine Lady* by E. Barrington, because it is really a meritorious romantic novel of the old school. E. Barrington is, we learn, a Canadian woman who also writes under the name of L. Adams Beck. The author has drawn her theme from the career of Lady Emma Hamilton, who was painted in classic attitudes by Romney and who, altogether, was the "rage" of her period. After her marriage to Lord William Hamilton, British ambassador at the court of Naples in Napoleonic times, she became the beloved of Lord Nelson. The book follows her career from the time that Sir Charles Greville found her romping on the lawn of Sir Harry Featherstonehaugh, describes her meeting with Romney and his disinterested friendliness for her and her relations with Sir Charles. The latter found her entirely too lively and untrained to keep up with her, so when he felt the need of replenishing his purse by a well-planned marriage, he gently diverted Emma to Lord Hamilton. Then the author describes the romantic attachment of Emma and Sir William, resulting in their marriage. The meeting with Lord Nelson becomes the climax of the third part of the novel, and the story stops with his heroic death. The book is a highly flavored romance, but the author did not need to embroider the truth much in this instance, for Emma's contemporaries have described her beauty in extravagant terms. The Hamilton menage must have been a strange one in those late days when the Hamiltons received Lord Nelson under their roof and lived in friendly fashion together. History offers perhaps no other instance like it. There are instances in which husbands amicably ceded their wives to their rivals, but none other in which the husband remained a part of the household, despite the gossip of all European courts. Joseph Husband, the author, who owns one of the finest collections of Nelson-Hamilton memorabilia in existence, has made us acquainted with many intimate details of the romance. "I am convinced that the author of *The Divine Lady* has followed history accurately," he told us, "but there was certainly a great deal of it awaiting the novelist." Letters and manuscripts in the possession of Mr. Husband reveal the accuracy of the Barrington characterization of the remarkable Lady Emma.

BETRAYED

The Story of a Man Who Eavesdropped at the Door of a Woman's SOUL

By

IRVIN S. COBB

HOW could Major Putnam Stone, impoverished veteran starving on a cub reporter's salary, hope to solve the famous Bullard murder case when all the others had failed? He knew it would make him famous, mean a salary big enough to live on, insure his job for the rest of his life, but—

And then the opportunity came. A woman—hardly more than a child she seemed to the old Major—poured out her heart to him.

"He didn't keep his w-w-word"—she sobbed brokenly. "He brought me here and drove me down to hell, and then—"

And then Irvin S. Cobb, the one great short-story master of the present generation whose previous writings are being more and more widely read each year, tells the soul-searching story as only Cobb could tell it.

Is a person ever justified in protecting a criminal? Would you?

Before you decide, read "Smoke of Battle"—the story of a veteran and a girl of the streets—in the handsome uniform edition of Cobb's collected works.

Is Your Home One That Friends Love to Visit?

Cobb's irresistible humor alone would have made any writer famous for generations. His story titled "A Short Natural History," has been called "the funniest in the English language." And it is only one of dozens of humorous masterpieces from his pen. To have such books of "half-hour entertainments" as these in a home is to make that home a place that friends love to visit. But do you realize that Cobb has also written the most vividly dramatic stories of our times? These as well as his inimitable humor will make a *personally autographed* set of his books an invaluable prize on your shelves in years to come.

An Opportunity We May Never Be Able To Offer Again

COBB'S COLLECTED WORKS IN A UNIFORM EDITION

Cobb has changed magazine publishers within the past few years and it may never again be possible for any one publishing house to bring out a uniform edition of his *complete* works such as this. 88 stories in all—the very stories that made him famous—the entire contents of 15 different books, now handsomely bound in 10 large-size, uniform volumes.

To the first who order this new uniform edition of Cobb's collected works we are going to give absolutely free the remaining copies of our 2 volume set of "The Best of the World's Good Stories"—two books of a thousand laughs—compiled by Tom Masson during his 15 years as editor of *Life*. Think of it! 12 volumes in all, bound in Artcloth, lettered in gold, on easy terms and at $12.50 less than they would cost you separately at book-stores! This is your chance. Send the coupon without money. If you aren't delighted with your purchase, return the books *at our expense*. But don't wait till to-morrow to mail that coupon!

HOLDERS OF THIS COUPON ENTITLED TO KEEP BOOKS SHOWN BELOW IN THEIR HOMES 1 WEEK **FREE**

MAIL TO REVIEW OF REVIEWS CORPORATION

N... Complete Works of ... IRVIN S. COBB

C... 10

For the beautiful Aircraft Binding, more durable than leather, add only 1 monthly payments.

9-24

It is interesting to recall that Nelson's last thought, practically, was for her future welfare. Before going on deck to fight the battle of Trafalgar he wrote a codicil to his will committing Emma and his child as a sacred trust to the nation, and to Hardy, he remarked, when he had received his wound: "Take care of my dear Lady Hamilton, Hardy. Take care of poor Lady Hamilton." It is perhaps well that the author did not follow the romance beyond the battle of Trafalgar. *The Divine Lady* is published by Dodd, Mead.

Robert Southey's *Life of Nelson*

A historical novel often leads to the reading of history. *The Divine Lady* may well stir up interest in the times of Lord Nelson. We were glad to find Robert Southey's *Life of Nelson* on our desk at the time we were reading *The Divine Lady*. It so happened that it had just been republished in a collection of historical writings known as the *Library of Standard Lives* (Geo. H. Doran Co.). The Southey life is one of the best books ever published on Nelson. It is remarkable that it has been a standard ever since 1813. Southey actually wrote a contemporary life, and gathered his materials at first hand, so that little escaped him. We may now marvel at his poise and his perspective, for he wrote at a time when Nelson was the idolized hero of England and Lady Hamilton was execrated by many. Southey tells that he had in mind writing a manual for the young sailor, "which he may carry about with him, till he has treasured up the example in his memory and in his heart." We find that Southey expected his young sailor to know both Latin and Greek, and perhaps he did. The book needs no embellishment from living reviewers; it is able to get along with the praise accorded by Lord Macaulay and Sir Humphry Davy; the latter became lyrical nad called it "an immortal monument raised by genius to valor," so that all the superlatives were not used in our own time. Southey has dwelt principally on Nelson's career as a fighter, and so the love affair with Lady Hamilton does not strike one's attention. It is there, nevertheless, although carefully subdued. There are no intimations that Nelson might have been remiss in his duties at Naples; if he erred, it was because he was the victim of circumstances. Likewise Southey gives no thought to Lady Hamilton after Trafalgar, although he mentions each conversation between Nelson and Hardy in which the name of Lady Hamilton occurs. *The Life of Southey* is a most profitable book to read. Its facts remain practically unchallenged after one hundred years.

On Picking a Book at Random

Upon looking over a bookstall we caught the title, *The Wisdom of Laziness*, together with a drawing of a man sitting upright in a massive bed engaged in deep thought. This is the sort of title that often masks a light, cheerful message, and so we found it. It appears that Fred C. Kelly, who writes for numerous publications, had observed the conceits of mortals and made comments on them, often witty, sometimes in earnest, and lumped them together under this title, which also was the title of his first editorial. Besides Booth Tarkington had seen fit to write an introduction, in which he called Kelly "one of the most interesting men in the country." He pictured Kelly's curiosity about people, dogs, barn doors, chickens and mountains. "He finds out more about this mortal world than most of us do, and he writes, as he talks, with liquid clearness." So we read in the pages and enjoyed Kelly's genuine comment on plain people. Particularly pat at this moment seemed to be his observation on travelers who send postcards reading: "Wish you were here." To this Kelly responds: "The truth is that many souvenir cards are mailed, not because the sender wishes you were there, but because he is glad you are not there. What the card really says, between the lines, is 'Oh, lookee here where I am." And in addition to comment, Kelly draws a little moral from an anecdote, or gives a bit of advice in two lines. As for his essay on laziness, we're for it. We agree that many persons in this world would rather be conventionally tired than intelligently lazy. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

Coolidge as Concentrated New England

There must be half a dozen books on Calvin Coolidge by now. Biographers took little risk in preparing their manuscript, for his nomination was certain months ago. The democratic convention was more of a puzzle, and authors and publishers were apparently unwilling to prepare books on more than a dozen men for campaign purposes. Will this affect the fortunes of John W. Davis? We doubt it. Elections are won

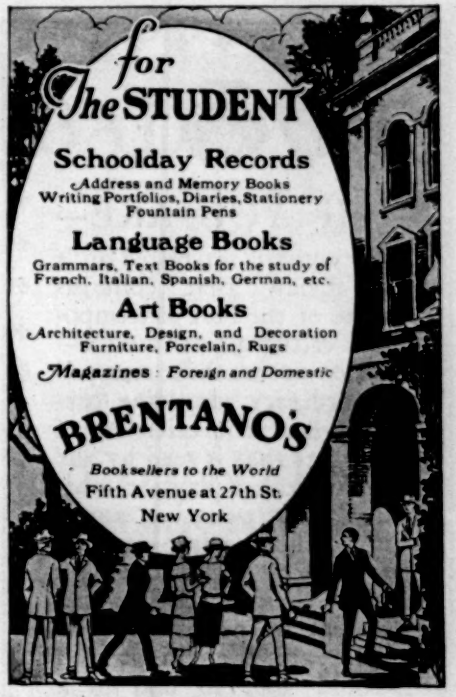
and lost on issues other than tales about the candidates in books. A new sketch of Calvin Coolidge is called *Concentrated New England* and has been written by Kenneth L. Roberts (Bobbs-Merrill Co.). It is but a slight book of fifty-seven pages, but Mr. Roberts approves of Coolidge and takes occasion to say so. On each page he finds a new virtue to extol—fifty-seven virtues. He makes an interesting contribution to the Coolidge biography: the president, he says, is the first chief executive of the United States who has in his veins the blood of the original Americans—his great grandmother showed clear evidence of Indian descent. But, adds Mr. Roberts, this does not make Coolidge "Silent Cal." Indians are not actually silent much, he says, and neither is President Coolidge.

Tales of Old-Fashioned Outlaws

A recent book by Charles J. Finger, *Highwaymen*, contained numerous tales of old English outlaws of the road and one startling yarn out of Tierra del Fuega. We commented at the time of its publication that the latter had an authentic ring, and Mr. Finger thereupon sent us word that there was an actual basis of fact for the tale. No doubt some of his observation of life among rude habitations and crude characters at the southernmost point of South America has entered into his new book of stories, *In Lawless Lands* (Mitchell Kennerley). All these stories are not about Tierra, but most of them are. The tales are full of action and suspense, and there is an ironical twist to the fact that some of the strange, rough men are glad to have escaped from the limitations of a civilization which bows down before a golden calf. "I want to get back to the people where the superstition of gold is absent," laments one man in a railroad restaurant in Columbus, Ohio, recalling his trip through the jungle of Brazil. "Only there is the world sane. Only there do people enjoy their days and love the earth and know the beauty of life. Gold blinds all others." Mr. Finger enjoys a burly show of strength and harshness and likes to write about men who defy the conventional social codes. He has a flair for tales that leap forward. The reader who wants action in his stories gets plenty of it in this book.

Sabatini's *Historical Nights Entertainment*

Rafael Sabatini, today the most popular of the historical novelists, is an adept at retelling historical episodies. The reader who



The Proper Private School

for your children is perhaps the most important choice you have to make. If you have difficulty in making a selection from among the large number of schools advertised in this issue, feel perfectly free to write us for information and suggestions, stating the kind of school wanted, the locality preferred, and the age of the student for whom assistance is requested.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

49 East 33rd Street New York

IF YOU ARE—

IF you are interested in a review that contains some of the best contemporary criticism in America—fiction not machine stamped to ordinary magazine pattern—dramatic criticism of the sort that is read by the sophisticated playgoer—editorials provocative, amusing, illuminating—special articles by authorities who know their subject and can present it interestingly—if these are the things you would like to find in a magazine, you will want to subscribe to The American Mercury.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

A MONTHLY REVIEW
EDITED BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN AND H. L. MENCKEN
PUBLISHED BY ALFRED A. KNOPF

Subscription rate is five dollars a year; Canadian postage fifty cents; foreign postage one dollar additional.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY
730 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

*Please send me THE AMERICAN MERCURY for one year. I enclose $*_____
(check or money order)

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____

*State*_____

H-9

enjoys history told with the romantic glamour which Mr. Sabatini contributes will find much profitable reading in the two volumes that make up *The Historical Nights Entertainment*, just published by Houghton Mifflin. Like several other Sabatini books this is a reissue, but that does not affect the interest of the reader in these "Nights." Mr. Sabatini has taken many familiar incidents and given them a night setting. Thus a story built on St. Bartholomew's eve of 1572 becomes "The Night of Massacre." "The Night of Escape" deals with Casanova's escape from the prison of the doges in Venice. "The Night of Gems" tells the story of the diamond necklace that was intended for Marie Antoinette and the meeting of the Cardinal de Rohan with an imposter in the gardens of Versailles. Mr. Sabatini is a scrupulous historian; in his preface he explains his method, which to some extent also explains his other writings: "I would select for my purpose those episodes which were in themselves bizarre and resulting from the interplay of human passions, and while relating each of these events in the form of a story I would compel that story scrupulously to follow the actual recorded facts without owing anything to fiction, and I would draw upon my imagination, if at all, merely as one might employ color to fill in the outlines which history leaves gray, taking care that my color should be as true to nature as possible. For dialogue I would depend upon such scraps of actual speech as were chronicled in each case, amplifying it by translating into terms of speech the paraphrases of contemporary chroniclers." The Borgias, the feuds of medieval Italy, the murder of Rizzio and Darnley, the killing of Marat by Charlotte Corday—these are some of the spectacular and thrilling episodes that are embellished in this collection.

Mr. H. L. Mencken on the Magazine

Many articles and papers that have a kinship with the essay deserve to be kept within reach, and we are glad that recent compilations of such writings are helping make this accessibility possible. There is *Modern Essays*, collected by Christopher Morley, which has enjoyed popularity almost from the day of publication. The book which prompts our comment now is called *Essays by Present-Day Writers*, edited by Raymond Woodbury Pence. Mr. Pence realizes the great value of such essays to teachers and students of English and his collection is intended pri-

marily for them, but its appeal to a wider reading public is also apparent. He has sought out what he terms the "familiar essay," the informal, personal, subjective discussion, and as he deals with living writers he has gathered many notable names of the day. The book opens with "Jungle Night," by William Beebe, from that talented writer's book, *Jungle Peace*, of a few years ago. We recall reading "Holding a Baby," by Heywood Broun, not so long ago—it is capital to have it included here. The essay on Joseph Conrad by John Macy was one of the first studies of this author that we encountered, years ago; it was used later in *The Critical Game* and is now reprinted here; it remains a fine piece of criticism. One article we read with gusto; it happens to be H. L. Mencken's article on "The American Magazine" originally in one of his *Prejudices*. Those who are reading Mr. Mencken's newest magazine will find his comment on what makes a magazine succeed illuminating. Mr. Mencken declares that "what the public wants eternally—at least the American public—is rough work. It delights in vituperation. It revels in scandal. It is always on the side of the man or journal making the charges, no matter how slight the probability that the accused is guilty. . . . That the old appetite for bloody shows is not dead but only sleepeth is well exhibited by the recent revival of the weekly of opinion." This was written about 1919. Other writers represented in this book include Christopher Morley, Stephen Leacock, Stuart P. Sherman, Max Beerbohm and Hilaire Belloc. (Macmillan.)

Books Small, But Not Unimportant

Elie Faure's comment on the motion pictures, *The Art of Cineplastics*, has been bound in a little book. (Four Seas.) The essays, one of which deals with Charlie Chaplin, were translated by Walter Pack and originally printed in the *Freeman*.

Another mite of a book that contains an inspiring message is *Independence*, the rectorial address delivered at St. Andrew's, Oct. 10, 1923, by Rudyard Kipling. It will bear rereading. (Doubleday, Page.)

Alfred A. Knopf has issued *The Soul of a Child* by Edwin Bjorkman in the form of the Borzoi pocket books. The story, of course, is there in full.

The poems of John Davidson (1857–1909) are now issued in the Modern Library (Boni & Liveright), with a critical and informative introduction by R. M. Wenley.

JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER'S

BALISAND

This is Mr. Hergesheimer's first novel in some years; it will not disappoint his many thousands of admirers. The Virginia of Washington and Jefferson, the century-old struggle between politics and patriotism live again in the life, loves and death of Richard Bale of Balisand. $2.50

THE TATTOOED COUNTESS

by Carl Van Vechten

With which Mr. Van Vechten takes on a new importance as a novelist. Here is a serious, thoroughly original, perfectly true picture of American provincial life a generation ago. The scene is Maple Valley, Iowa, in the year 1897 when the Countess (née Poore) returns from twenty-five years of European adventure and habit. $2.50

MATERIA CRITICA

by George Jean Nathan

This is the eighth in the series of Mr. Nathan's books on art, criticism, drama and the theatre. The originality, penetration, and plain dealing that have characterized the author's previous work again characterize this. Called by the leading European critics the foremost figure in American dramatic criticism, the author's influence on this latter criticism has in the last fifteen years been increasingly perceptible. The attitude and point of view of a majority of the younger theatrical commentators show plainly that influence in greater or lesser degree. The present volume is divided into six parts. These deal, respectively, with Critic and Criticism, Art and the Artist, The Modern Dramatist, The Modern Actor, The Stage of Today, and the Theatre in General. $2.50

ALFRED A. KNOPF
730 Fifth Avenue, New York

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

NEW YORK CITY

BERKELEY-IRVING

A Day School for Boys "From Primary to College."
43th year begins September 25th. Small classes. Thorough instruction. Prepares for college or for business. Swimming pool; gymnasium building; roof playground—all on premises. Outing classes. Illustrated Catalogue.

311 West 83d St., NEW YORK CITY.

THE SCOVILLE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Facing Central Park and the Museum of Art.
Complete Academic, College Preparatory and Advanced Studies.
Resident and Day pupils.
For catalogue, address
MISS ROSA B. CHISMAN, Principal,
1006 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK CITY.

THE GARDNER SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

A thorough school with delightful home life.
College preparatory, academic, secretarial and elective courses.
Music. Riding, swimming, tennis. 68th year.
Miss LOUISE ELTINGE
Miss M. ELIZABETH MASLAND } Principals,
11 East 51st St., N. Y.

MISS SPENCE'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Resident and Day Pupils.

26, 28, 30 West 55th Street, N. Y.

THE RAYSON SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Removed to beautiful residence on the Drive. Resident and Day Departments. College Preparatory and general courses. 29th year October, 1923.

CLARA I. COLBURNE, A.B., Principal,
320 Riverside Drive, Corner of 104th St., N. Y.

THE FINCH SCHOOL

Boarding and Day School, emphasizing post-graduate work.

MRS. JESSICA G. COSGRAVE, B.A., LL.B., Principal,
61 East 77th Street, NEW YORK CITY.

THE COMSTOCK SCHOOL

Miss Foster's School for Girls.
French, English, College Preparatory, Special Arts.
For information address
1160 5th Ave., NEW YORK CITY.

THE SEMPLE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Opposite Central Park. Boarding and Day pupils. College Preparatory. Post Graduate, Vocational, Finishing Courses. Languages, Art, Music, Dramatic Art. Social life. Outdoor sports. Golf, Swimming, Tennis, Riding, Dancing.
MRS. T. DARRINGTON SEMPLE, Principal,
Box H, 241-243 Central Park West, N. Y

DONGAN HALL

A Country School, fifteen miles from New York City.
Overlooking the harbor.
College Preparation, General Course, Art, Music.
Fields for variety of Sports, Riding.
EMMA BARBER TURNBACH, A. B., Principal
Box M, Dongan Hills, STATEN ISLAND, N. Y.

MRS. BOSWELL'S RESIDENCE

A delightful home for girls attending any school, college or studio.
Open all year. Registrations now for 1924-25.
Elective Chaperonage. Ninth year.
Telephone Endicott 7653.
Catalogue.

344-346 West 84th St., at Riverside Drive, N. Y.

THE BROWNSON SCHOOL

Boarding and Day School for Catholic Girls.
College Preparatory and Finishing Courses.
Special classes in French and French conversation.
MRS. ATWOOD VIOLETT,
22-24 East 91st Street, N. Y.

MISS FAWCETT'S FRENCH SCHOOL

For girls and older students.
Sixteenth year.
Music, Art History, History, Literature and Bible Study.
New York advantages.
Boarding and day pupils.
57 East 73rd Street, NEW YORK CITY.

ECOLE FRANÇAISE

A French School where American girls, without crossing the ocean can find a real Parisian home with a complete education.
Classes conducted in French.
Courses in modern languages, music and art.
Mme. J. A. RIEFFEL,
12 East 95th St., N. Y. C.

HAPPY HOURS KINDERGARTEN

For children from 3 to 6 years of age.
Afternoon play group under special supervision for children 8 to 10 and 3 to 6.
Booklet on request.
MRS. M. C. WHYTE,
345 West 86th Street, NEW YORK CITY.

HARRIETTE MELISSA MILLS KINDERGARTEN-PRIMARY TRAINING SCHOOL

Affiliated with New York University. Students enrolled for September and February. Exceptional residence facilities. Excellent positions for graduates. Address
Miss HARRIETTE MELISSA MILLS, Principal,
5-H, NEW YORK UNIVERSITY BLDG., Washington Square, N. Y. C.

FROEBEL LEAGUE

Kindergarten Training School for Teachers and Students.
Normal and Special Courses accredited by New York State. Kindergartens and primary grades for practice and observation. Especially designed and equipped building. Convenient location. Residence Accommodations for students. Circular on request.
MRS. MARION B. B. LANGZETTEL, Director, 112 E. 71st St., N.Y.

THE PROPER PRIVATE SCHOOL

for your children is perhaps the most important choice you have to make. If you have difficulty in making a selection from among the large number of schools advertised in this issue, feel perfectly free to write us for information and suggestions, stating the kind of school wanted, the locality preferred, and the age of the student for whom assistance is requested.

School Information Bureau, HARPER'S MAGAZINE,
49 E. 33rd St., N. Y. C.

When writing to schools please mention Harper's Magazine

AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

By HARRY HANSEN

Literary Editor of the Chicago Daily News

ANY attempt to write a survey of the two ponderous volumes that bear the title, *These Eventful Years* should consider, first of all, why they have been printed and to what audience they are addressed. They bear the subtitle: "The twentieth century in the making as told by many of its makers" and consist of eighty-four chapters on the progress of the twentieth century by authorities whose names are widely known. The publisher is the Encyclopaedia Britannica, Inc., and although the work has no direct relation to the encyclopaedia, the editor, Mr. Franklin H. Hooper, declares that the pioneering work of the latter has made it easier to obtain these articles. The two books are, to our mind, evidence that there exists, in all countries, an intelligent class that is ready for an impartial study of the arts, science and human affairs, willing to listen to spokesmen whose views are often divergent. The man who opens these books comes with the wish to understand. The popular newspaper, having discovered that the ten-year-old mind has pennies to spend, writes down to the lowest level of literacy, so that the thinking man can hope for nothing there. The better newspaper and the weekly periodical can present surveys like this but sparingly, and in attenuated form. Clearly a book is best adapted for systematic, detailed study of this character. It would take a reference library of 1,000 volumes to cover the ground that has been summarized here by experts who have devoted their lives to their subjects. . . . In these books politics has the predominant place. The survey of the World War, coming from both sides of the conflict, gives proof of a perspective that was not possible even to rational thinkers in 1918. Thus Prof. Carlton J. H. Hayes of Columbia University, writing on "The Causes of the World War," places emphasis on the fact that no one man could have willed the war without support. He believes that the war was meant to be a local matter, fomented by Berchtold, the Austrian foreign minister, to give Austria the opportunity to override Serbia, with the support of the Germans. "The World War was directly precipitated by certain officials of the Russian general staff. But their conduct was the outcome of criminal activity of an Austrian foreign minister and this was in turn aided and abetted by criminal activity in Berlin." The actual accounts of the campaigns, by Sir Frederick B. Maurice, General Mangin, Admiral Jellicoe, and Rear Admiral Sims, are fair and detached, but the work does not stop with the Allies. Here also the Germans had the opportunity to write what they wished, and the articles on their side were written by General Ludendorff, Admiral von Tirpitz and Admiral Sheer. The account by Ludendorff places the usual heavy blame on treachery within the German ranks, due to the poison of socialism, but there is less of an attempt to minimize the

importance of American intervention than appeared in his remarks during the war. To turn from these accounts to Bertrand Russell on "Government by Propaganda" is rather ironical, but it shows the breadth of the work. Mr. Russell, naturally, is speaking about all governments, the propaganda of the Allies as well as that of the Germans, and we find with interest that the story of the Germans' making soap out of human bodies "was set going cynically by one of the employees in the British propaganda department, a man with a good knowledge of German, aware that the misrepresentation could be made to 'go down.'" . . . More interesting reading are the chapters devoted to the growth of the arts and sciences, although these are smaller in proportion. H. G. Wells makes a forecast of future developments; George Brandes writes on the Scandinavian countries; Henry Seidel Canby traces the development of literature in our century in a logical and informing paper; John Gould Fletcher discusses the new poetry with justice; Madame Curie writes on radium; Sigmund Freud explains psychoanalysis; Shailer Mathews reviews the tendencies in religion and points to the growth of social activities of the churches as the principal contribution of the age. Most of the authors are intent on summarizing impartially the work of their time; a few, like Clive Bell, have a viewpoint to support. Other contributing authors are St. John Ervine, Charles M. Schwab, James R. Angell, James H. Breasted, J. Arthur Thomson, Edward M. House, Brand Whitlock, Albert Thomas, Francesco Nitti, Léon Bourgeois and men of similar stamp. The editor assures us that none of these articles has been printed in any other publication. The scope of the work, wholly apart from the views expressed, entitles it to the attention of those who are awake to what is going on around them.

Short Stories by Martin Armstrong

If Englishmen are at all superior to Americans in writing the short story it is because of their ease and naturalness. The work of Martin Armstrong is an example in point. Of the many authors of short stories published in our magazines few have his gift of presenting an unusual mood or picturing a telling bit of human action or psychology. Many American short stories reflect the harsh, interrupted life of the dweller in large cities. Short sentences, snappy introductions, pert comment that reminds one of today's newspaper—these are found much more often than leisurely characterization. Of the short stories grouped in *The Bazaar and other Stories* (Alfred A. Knopf) no one is an index of what is to follow. "Mrs. Barber's Christmas" and "Helm Hall" are both revelatory of the human mind, but do not resemble each other in theme or in method. "The Bazaar," from which the book takes its name, is neither delicate nor deft, but rather plainly satirical, and may indicate where the author's preference lies. Our favorite is "The Inn." Two guests, discoursing with the innkeeper at a lonely inn, tell of strange happenings which dovetail. One tells of a countryside dance at which the fiddler was hit on the head with a beermug. The other relates a strange burial at dark which he observed from the window of an inn. The innkeeper himself contributes the key. This is a vivid, well-told tale. Nineteen stories are bound up in this book. Martin Armstrong, now of London, was formerly literary editor of the Spectator. He says of himself that he "was born of an ancient family of freebooters and cattle stealers" and educated at Charterhouse and Cambridge, taking a degree in mechanical science against his will.

Love-making in Our Best Circles

The Innocents, by Henry Kitchell Webster, is announced as "a novel of father and son," but the father is a sort of imitation Squeers without any positive characteristics worth noting, and the actual interest in the book centers about the adolescent love affairs of the son. The most important of these is admirably done, and Mr. Webster proves that he can depict the psychology of love-making without a recourse to pathological terms. The fact that Edward Patterson, just completing high school, makes radio sets is the only timely touch; otherwise the plot is made up of familiar characters and situations. Edward's father disapproves of his toil over the radio, advising him to adhere to his Virgil; thereupon the Willards suggest that Edward come to their home for the summer to manufacture radio sets at the market price. Agatha Willard is the chum of Edward's sister, Edith, but the expected courtship makes no progress because Edward's attention is diverted, for the best part of his visit, to the governess, Marion Thorne. His

love affair progresses through the various stages from holding hands to meeting the lady on the porch of her cottage after she has quickly thrown a bathrobe over her nightgown. The triteness of this situation is at once apparent but Mr. Webster stops proceedings this side of Paradise, and has Marion decide to send the lad away. Edward recovers, and toward the last we see him on friendly terms with Agatha and about to begin college work. Edward's father has in the meantime come out of the nineteenth century into this, approved his son's genius and forgotten his own little aberration with another woman. The novel is well written but moves in the accustomed grooves. (Bobbs Merrill.)

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

whose short stories of note are collected in a book called *Temperamental People*

The Romance of Old Boxwood

There is an inspirational value in this book called *Boxwood Gardens; Old and New*, by Albert Addison Lewis. While many of our novelists assume sackcloth and ironically depict the rise of an industrial America, and while critics lament its spiritual decay, many other Americans are busy making an Eden out of the rough, stony hillsides and the sandy flats on which they build their homes. In this tremendous growth of our appreciation of beauty, most marked in the last fifteen years, boxwood plays a part. And rightly. Edith Tunis Sale remarks, in the introduction, that "old box holds the charm of romantic environment and new box brings the promise of romance to come." It is an aristocratic shrub, one found in the oldest gardens; the pride of the Romans of old and the monks that came after, and from the old world it was transplanted to the new. George Washington loved boxwood and saw to it that it was liberally used at Mount Vernon, drawing himself all the detailed plans for the gardens. Mary Washington had it when she lived at Fredericksburg during the revolution, and there it may still be seen. From Westover, Brandon, Shirley, Claremont, and many another old seat Mr. Lewis draws descriptions and photographs of beautiful box hedges; he tells of the rows that Patrick Henry took pride in, and that Dolly Madison loved at Montpelier. In 1820 she gave a dinner for ninety in the garden. "Picture the long tables," writes the author, "gleaming with fine damask, and old glass and rare silver, set against the rich verdure of her huge box hedges." Horseshoe, the original seat of the Spotswood family in Virginia, was famous for its horseshoe box, and when Pope's soldiers arrived here during the civil war "silver was hastily carried out and buried in under the thickest boxtrees. The garden did not suffer much: Its loveliness was its own protection." The story of the Bonaparte boxwood hedge, planted by Jerome and Betsy Patterson Bonaparte, is in itself a romance. Mr. Lewis then tells about the use of boxwood in some of the newer gardens of the North, and presents photographs of them, including those of Mrs. Edgar F. Luckenbach at Sands Point, L. I., W. R. Coe at Oyster Bay, N. Y., Eugene Meyer at Mount Kisko, N. Y., Capt. Francis R. Mayer at Howlett, L. I., Frank Henderson at Roslyn, L. I., Dr. P. P. Satterwhite at Great Neck, L. I., Edward F. Hutton at Roslyn, L. I., Harry Croft at Greenwich, Conn., and many more. Throughout the book he has avoided the style of the statistician and the

expert gardener, intent on details of planting and trimming hedges, but has seen the subject from the broader, more romantic and colorful viewpoint which is likely to instill a love for box hedge in the hearts of many who admire beautiful landscapes. The photographs alone are remarkable. (The William Byrd Press, Inc., Richmond, Va.)

An Important Novel About India

A Passage to India, by E. M. Forster, is bound to be one of the most important novels of the year because it scores on several counts: It has an engrossing story, it is admirably written and it gives a better picture of political and social conditions in India than any recent document, memoir or apology. Mr. Forster discards statistics in order to deal with human hearts and souls, recognizing that differences in temperament create a chasm that neither the English nor the East Indians can successfully bridge. India has been the colorful and romantic East for most writers; they have used it as a background for tales of transplanted Englishmen, as in the case of Kipling and Maud Diver, or have combined "the quaint customs of the East" with highly colored melodrama, as in the case of Talbot Mundy. What was needed to interpret India for us was a novelist with an understanding heart and deep wells of sympathy who could be depended upon to check any tendency to romanticize. E. M. Forster, who has already become known as a painstaking artist, answers this demand. He tells here the story of two Englishwomen who have just arrived in India and therefore still possess that generosity toward the native that all Englishmen there expect them to lose in six months. Mrs. Moore is the mother of Heaslop, who has become a city magistrate in Chandrapore, and Miss Quested is his prospective bride. To the consternation of the acclimated English both discover merits in the Indians they meet, notably in Dr. Aziz, an educated physician, and a Mohammedan. As the story progresses they meet, in the limited environs of Chandrapore, all types of human beings that made up the riddle of India; Mrs. Callendar, who observes that "the kindest thing one can do for a native is to let him die"; the Collector, "who knew something to the discredit of nearly every one of his guests and was consequently perfunctory"; Ronny Heaslop, once a humanitarian, who now talked "like an intelligent and embittered boy"; Dr. Aziz, emotional, unstable, often bewildered; Fielding, an educator, whom the English detested because he associated with the natives; Dr. Panna Lal, the cringing type of native, who, being of low extraction, often received insults from his compatriots; Prof. Godbole, who ignores political differences in order to promote his educational schemes, and many others. The story moves toward a very acute crisis in which the prejudices of both groups are involved, but the admiration of the reader must go out to Forster for his power of analysis and description and his ability to portray the nuances of human feeling. A trip to the caves in the Marabar hills provides opportunity for skillful writing; the passages depicting the effect of the heat of the hills and the unpromising scenery on the people are so unified that one scarcely observes that Mr. Forster employs unusual verbs and adjectives: "The sun crashing on their backs," "bland and glutinous the sky connected the precipices," "then the hole belched and humanity returned." As they move into the hills dawn arrives:

"The sky to the left turned angry orange.

Six Books of Fiction

A Passage to India, by E. M. Forster. Gets at the root of the problem of India in a plain tale of human encounters.

The Tattooed Countess, by Carl Van Vechten. A lively tale of what happened to Iowa when the countess returned with the new Paris modes.

Plumes, by Laurence Stallings. The cross borne by the disabled soldier, who sees idealism as sublimated profiteering.

Temperamental People, by Mary Roberts Rinehart. Contains eight of the best of her short stories written since 1914.

The Golden Bed, by Wallace Irwin. A brisk chronicle out of American life of today.

The Little French Girl, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick. A lovely story contrasting English and French character and temperament.

Color throbbed and mounted behind a pattern of trees, grew in intensity, was yet brighter, incredibly brighter, strained from without against the globe of air. They awaited the miracle. But at the supreme moment, when night should have died and day lived, nothing occurred. It was as if virtue had failed in the celestial fount. The hues in the East decayed, the hills seemed dimmer though in fact better lit, and a profound disappointment entered with the morning breeze. Why, when the chamber was prepared, did the bridegroom not enter with trumpets and shawms, as humanity expects? The sun rose without splendor. He was presently observed trailing yellowish behind the trees, or against the insipid sky and touching the bodies already at work in the fields."

ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK

whose new novel, *The Little French Girl*, is announced for publication by the Houghton, Mifflin Company

There is always danger that one may write too much about a book, so it will best serve to advise the reader that the passages that stir us are too many to quote. "A Passage to India" most likely will start a hunt for Mr. Forster's better known earlier books, "Howard's End" and "A Room with a View." Two slim books, one of short stories, "The Celestial Omnibus," and another of historical essays on Alexandria, "Pharos and Pharillon," were published during the year and are also available at the bookshops.

The Charm of Masefield's Diction

John Masefield's labors at Oxford have just yielded *Shakespeare and Spiritual Life*, a paper for which no reader, either of Shakespeare or of Masefield, can be too thankful. Viewed solely as a bit of modern English it stands apart. It happens to have been delivered as the Romanes lecture in the Sheldonian theater at Oxford, June 4, 1924, and is now presented in an attractive pamphlet of thirty-two pages. (Oxford University Press, American Branch.) Writing in a lucid style that seems to have an air of exaltation about it, Mr. Masefield discredits the idea that Shakespeare was at all religious in the sense of conforming slavishly to doctrines and creeds, but finds in his work a deep well of spirituality. "Religion meant almost nothing to him," writes Mr. Masefield, "education little more, tradition a great deal more, and superstition very much indeed." For "his mental training on what we may call the feminine, or old wives' tale side, was always profoundly important to him: it made his intensest self. The memory of the countryside, the tradition of the great events of the past, which had led to marchings and violent deaths up and down the four counties known to him, was much to him." Then the poet traces Shakespeare's energetic Tudor childhood, which must have left him robust, and his boisterous fun. "He had, therefore, intense zest for the beauty and the rush of life. On the top of these two zests, sex ran in him like a sea." In Julius Caesar Mr. Masefield finds that Shakespeare "climbed from his instinctive and romantic self into the adventure of great poetry," whereas in "Macbeth" he touched the heart of life. Here and there in the essay Mr. Masefield has digressed to state his own faith. "Now artists of all kinds exist and progress by destroying those selves of them which, having flowered, have served. . . . They know, better than any one, that they can only be saved if they are born again. . . . The great writer is as unexpected as life, and follows no formula: his morrow is not as his yesterday, and his night may blaze with comets. . . . All things are in the mind of the great poet in the moment of his power,

because he touches energy, the source of all things, the reality behind all appearance. In the moment of his power he is made one with nature: his being is completed and his work perfected by the force of life itself. One other thing is true. The effort to truth, beauty, and understanding is the strength of any age of men." Imagined dreams, argues the poet, are the rock that endures. "The images of his belief walk the world still like the only realities."

A Man Who Knew the Elizabethans

It matters not how far Mr. Masefield has based his study of Shakespeare on pure conjecture, for he is a poet, but it would matter a great deal if A. H. Bullen did not give chapter and verse. This scholar, recently deceased, was so thoroughly at home among the Elizabethans that even Mr. Masefield said of him: "He talked of Elizabethan books and people much as though they were alive in the streets outside, like the time come back." Mr. Bullen's paper on "Shakespeare, the Englishman," was written at the height of the war for a journal devoted to the soldiers; it may well be imagined that he has marshalled those sonorous lines in *Richard III* and elsewhere that prove Shakespeare to have been thoroughly patriotic and often insular. Both Mr. Masefield and Bullen touch on the various capacities and identities ascribed to Shakespeare and the similarity may be cited: whether soldier, sailor, lawyer, butcher or schoolmaster, Mr. Masefield concludes that "I believe that he was an English poet of a great and beautiful mind, who held no religion save that of humanity and his own great nature." And Bullen, with almost the same preamble, says that "On one point we are all agreed—that Shakespeare is our sovereign poet, the chosen spokesman of the English race to the nations of the world." This paper and nine others by A. H. Bullen have been put together in a book called *Elizabethans*, among them essays on Drayton, George Chapman, Thomas Dekker, Samuel Daniel and Dr. Thomas Campion. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

How the Disabled Soldier Feels

The disabled American soldier becomes articulate in *Plumes*, for the first time, so we believe, in American history, and the result is a very frank story of his suffering, mental and physical. The author is Laurence Stallings, who lost a leg in the attack of the first wave at Belleau wood, and so may be thought to have some knowledge of what he is talking about. The disillusion of the private soldier maimed in other wars has probably been just as severe, but his voice was drowned out and he left no written record of his feelings. Of the leaders who lost their members nothing survives bearing on the problem. Lord Nelson ties up his loose sleeve and writes with his left hand pretty much the same sentiments expressed through his right. The arm of Stonewall Jackson was formally buried at Chancellorsville, but Jackson died too soon to write about war. A monument in the village of Waterloo tearfully recalls that the leg of the Marquis of Anglesea is buried there, but the marquis said nothing to intimate that he believed the field of glory was really wholesale murder for the benefit of profiteers. General Sherman, who expressed himself most forcibly on war, lost none of his limbs. . . . The book of Mr. Stallings is not solely about one man, but also about his wife. Richard Plume was truly an American who like his forebears fought for a cause that did not come very close to him and got nothing out of it. Upon his return he is an invalid, with a festering leg which the physicians try to save by braces, crutches, etc., but finally amputate. Formerly a robust football player, he now sees himself going from door to door begging for bread. His suffering has disillusioned him. War-time Washington, dancing and dining, sickens him. He voices the comment of the disabled soldier who sees nothing in ideals but the inciting of men to war so that politicians and monopolists may profit. A thorough individualist, he repudiates his responsibility to the state because he sees men without power being used as dupes by those who wield it. But he offers no solution because none is possible; the book is a record of experiences, as it should be, and so retains this point of view of disillusion and bewilderment. In contrast to this stands the admirable conduct of the wife, Esme. In college she has been without illusions of romance; psychology and biology have made her the modern girl of the best type—the antithesis of the flapper. Yet in face of the larger problem of war she can only do her part, which is to save her husband for her-

self and their son. The book belongs to that unsentimental interchange of opinions about war which unfortunately follows, rather than precedes a war. The style is brisk and to the point. (Harcourt, Brace.)

The Tattooed Countess Shocks Main Street

Critical readers tell us, in the familiar phrase, that *The Tattooed Countess* by Carl van Vechten is "the best thing he has done," but he has done so many books in so many different manners that comparative judgment is difficult. We still prefer *Peter Whiffle* among the books done in Mr. van Vechten's most sophisticated manner, but we would probably put *The Tattooed Countess* next. It is a most fascinating and amusing tale and thoroughly justifies the use of Mr. van Vechten's polished artificial style, which seemed affected and unnatural in *The Blind Bow Boy*. Ella Poore, born fifty years ago in Maple Valley, Ia., married an Italian count in Paris. After an absence of twenty years she now returns to Maple Valley to visit her sister. The count is dead, and as the Countess Nattatorrini Ella has experienced every phase of unconventional life in Paris. Naturally, Maple Valley is agog to entertain the countess. Here comes the opportunity for Mr. van Vechten. Dealing, as always, with a warehouse full of archives and documents, he presents Iowa of the nineties by a deft selection of particulars. This part of the book is exceedingly satirical of Main Street, and the characteristic pride of the town in its water works, its depot and its high school is put to good use. The book is certain to give much amusement by stirring the sense of recognition among many now more or less north and south of the meridian of middle age; for there must be men in the seats of the mighty who recall the days when they smoked Sweet Caporals and collected picture cards of actresses in tights. The countess naturally shocks the town by her paint and powder, but the town affects her no less and before the end we see her giving up her morning cigarette. But her revenge is complete: She runs off with "the town dude," and leaves with the citizens of Maple Valley the promise of a scandal that will rank with the water works as one of the town's picturesque assets. The tale will afford much amusement and ironical speculation on wintry nights to come and will give Mr. van Vechten a still wider following than he already has. (Alfred A. Knopf.)

For Three-quarters of a Century

"The Supreme Authority"

—from the time when Daniel Webster called an early Webster's Dictionary "A work of extraordinary merit and value," to the day when Calvin Coolidge as Vice President said "Webster's New International Dictionary has been the official reference and authority in my office." Here is the one book you are sure to find wherever there is need for words rightly used—

WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

The Merriam Webster

The State Supreme Courts of every State in the Union have endorsed it. The Presidents and Department Heads of all leading Universities use it regularly and praise it highly. Almost without exception the State, County, and City Boards of Education in the United States testify to the standard authority of *The Merriam Webster.*

Thousands of new words are included in its 407,000 vocabulary terms. There are in addition 12,000 biographical and 32,000 geographical entries. 6,000 illustrations. Here are the answers to all your questions about words, people, and places.

Let Us Send You a Copy of "The Magic of Words"

You may have this interesting, illustrated booklet free on request, with its illuminating story and full information about the highest authority of the English-speaking world.

The Coupon Brings the Booklet Free

G. & C. Merriam Company, Springfield, Mass.

Please send me without cost or obligation the illustrated booklet, "The Magic of Words," and full information about Webster's New International Dictionary.

Harper's 10-25

Name.....

Street.....

City and State.....

The Copley Prints

Fine Art Reproductions of

Distinguished Works of American Art

For 29 years a hallmark of good taste in pictures

For Gifts, your Home and Schools

One can live without art—but not so well

Extensive choice of subjects—including ABBEY'S HOLY GRAIL, depicting the Triumph of Right Over Evil.

Prices, $2.00 to $100.00

Pictures for every room in your house

WE SEND PRINTS ON APPROVAL

Send 25 Cents for Illustrated Catalogue

(Stamps accepted)

It is practically a handbook of American Art

Also Your Old Family Portraits

Done privately in the Copley Prints from old daguerreotypes, faded photographs, tintypes, snapshots. They make unique gifts to your relatives.

PEACE, by Ethel Wright

Above picture is from a Copley, copyrighted by

CURTIS & CAMERON, 104 Harcourt Street, BOSTON

Salesroom: Pierce Building, opposite Public Library

for The STUDENT

Schoolday Records

Address and Memory Books
Writing Portfolios, Diaries, Stationery
Fountain Pens

Language Books

Grammars, Text Books for the study of French, Italian, Spanish, German, etc.

Art Books

Architecture, Design, and Decoration
Furniture, Porcelain, Rugs

Magazines Foreign and Domestic

BRENTANO'S

Booksellers to the World

Fifth Avenue at 27th St.
New York

Shirtsleeve Heroes in American Fiction

One is prompted, upon reading *The Golden Bed* by Wallace Irwin, to recall *The Rise of Silas Lapham*, of William Dean Howells; *The Memoirs of an American Citizen* of Robert Herrick, and *The Genius* of Theodore Dreiser, for contrast. Americans have always written about poor boys who rose to power, but how differently! Mr. Irwin's novel has no similarity to its many predecessors. It is, nevertheless, out of American life. The scene is a Southern town greatly different from those sketched in the writings of George W. Cable. Admah Holtz is poor white trash, the son of a woman who makes peppermint candy and sells it herself. The Peakes, Margaret and Flora Lee, are by contrast the representatives of the first families. Admah's mother dies and Admah continues the candy business, eventually winning his way upward to monetary success. Flora Lee Peake, who destroys everything she touches, marries a Spanish marquis, lives riotously, and eventually comes back to the old town, a *divorcee*. Her family declines in wealth and at the height of Admah's career she marries him. He also loses everything he has gained. The interest of the story centers in the character of Admah and that of Flora Lee. The man is not meant to be an ideal hero, whose manners and speech progress as rapidly as his fortune. He remains externally a boor, though Mr. Irwin has attempted to reveal a kind heart beneath the rugged mask. The book is much better than *Lew Tyler's Wives* and reveals that Mr. Irwin can write seriously, as well as humorously. Such events as he has pictured no doubt come to pass in this strange, conglomerate, changing age of ours, and as such have their place. The story suffers from an attempt to depict the variations of pronunciation and dialect, and in this seems out of tune with the spirit of our time. The dialect story of twenty years ago has left harrowing traces in our memory, and excellent writers have proved that misspelling is wholly unnecessary for the projection of atmosphere and character. Mr. Irwin may profit much from a study of the methods of Joseph Hergesheimer, who has effectively solved the difficulty from *The Three Black Pennys* down to *Balisland*. Admah Holtz, the candy man, holds our interest, but we do not find that Mr. Irwin has given us the "feel of the times" that he sets out to depict. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

By HARRY HANSEN

Literary Editor of the Chicago Daily News

FIRST readings of new books stir the spirit of discovery that also animated the pioneers of old as they moved toward the distant mountains. Victory and defeat lay in their path; these, too, await the reader. The test of a book comes when we are willing to retrace our steps and reread with enthusiasm words set down in our own time. At this time of the year, when the making of books almost approaches the proportions of a major industry, like the manufacture of motion pictures and automobiles, we can do little more than sample the new book and pass on, but we may well wonder whether we will come back to any of them in the spirit in which Mark Rutherford approached *Les Miserables*. He has recorded in certain desultory comment quoted in *Letters to Three Friends* the pleasure this book gave him upon rereading. "What a wonderful book it is!" he exclaims. "How daring and yet how loyal! With all its audacity it stands on the firm rock." And in another letter he tells of reading Synge's *Aran Islands* for the third time. "It holds me, clutches me, I may say. It will not let me go. I am no critic, but for me it has rare qualities such as I have not found for many a day. Sorrow, sorrow, that the man died so young. Perhaps, however, it was as well. He was saved from becoming literary." How many of the new books, now coming in endless procession, stand on the firm rock? And how many of our younger artists will be saved from becoming literary? The task of reviewing, happily, does not demand a gift for prophecy.

Interesting Titles Among the New Books

Many excellent novels have been published in the last few weeks. In the spring of 1924 good novels were few and the best writers appeared to be resting on past achievements. This can hardly be said of the publications of this fall. A bookseller might point to shelves crowded with the home-grown product, with importations from England and with translations from foreign languages. It is easy to name a dozen titles that will bring pleasure to readers of a variety of tastes. *Balisand*, by Joseph Hergesheimer, is an admirable American story; *A Passage to India*, by E. M. Forster, is easily the best of the foreign tales. In *The Little French Girl*, Anne Douglas Sedgwick has appealed to intelligent readers with a novel that contrasts the outstanding differences in manners and morals of the English and French; in *The Heavenly Ladder*, Compton Mackenzie writes the last of the trilogy that tells of the spiritual adventures of Mark Lidderdale. Readers of the books of William J. Locke have already expressed their marked approval of *The Coming of Amos*, and those who were swayed a few years ago by the colorful romances of Blasco Ibanez have at their command *Queen Calafia*, a novel that touches on the old and the new California. In more sophisticated

fields we have *The Green Hat*, by Michael Arlen, already widely read in England, and *The Tattooed Countess*, by Carl van Vechten. Donn Byrne has written a small book called *Blind Raftery and His Wife, Hilaria*, and Gouverneur Morris has presented a study of the American woman in *Keeping the Peace*. *Goin' on Fourteen* is an inviting title for a tale by Irvin S. Cobb that starts with boys, dogs, cats, and homey folks, and *The Devonshers* is the Anglican title of a real Western tale by Honore Willsie Morrow in her characteristic manner. A great many more could be mentioned—Harper books, too, if the editor would let me—but these titles should be sufficiently tempting to lead the hungry reader into the bookstores, where so many other books are on display. Most of these novels are along the high road of literature, not offshoots into the paths of experimentation.

MARGARET CULKIN BANNING
Author of *A Handmaid of the Lord*

Traveling in the Rumanian Fairyland

Mr. E. O. Hoppé, the famous photographer, has fallen a victim to the magic of words. Rumania so inspired him that the camera was not sufficient to express what he saw. The result is *In Gipsy Camp and Royal Palace*, a book of wanderings in Rumania, by E. O. Hoppé, with a preface by Queen Marie of Rumania. From beginning to end it is a book of enthusiasms. Mr. Hoppé found himself captivated by the queen, the palaces, the people, the gipsies of the highway, the music, the songs, the customs—and in that spirit he wrote his book. One reads of it with avidity, for it has a refreshing air about it; there is no overloading of statistics, no attempt to convey information in bundles, and Mr. Hoppé's impressions are vivid enough to admit being shared. Sometimes Mr. Hoppé is even more concerned with the whereabouts of his linen and formal attire than need be, but this helps the individuality of his narrative. The gipsies particularly interested him; he speaks often of the skill with which the tziganes repeat music that they have heard but once. The women of Bukarest he finds "ideally beautiful, with their oval faces, blue-black hair and pearly teeth." He forgives their free use of cosmetics. "In dress they are as smart as the smartest Parisiennes. They are at once high-spirited, gay, emotional, impetuous. Sometimes they seem a little sad, and the next moment they bubble over with the gaiety of life. They are thoroughly feminine in concentrating on the material pleasure of life, and are *spirituel* in the French sense only. As girls they have no freedom whatever, as they are constantly chaperoned, and may not cross the street unless suitably guarded. Once married, however, they see life to its fullest, enjoying perpetual flirtations." Throughout the countryside, one reads, girls marry early, usually when just in their teens, children are welcomed and there is much friendly hospitality and cheerfulness. There is much in this book about kings and queens, princesses and court attaches, but that is as it should be. Rumania is still, for most of us, a fairy story land, and we are glad to have Mr. Hoppé's concurrence in this view. It is one of the few lands of the earth not yet standardized for the hurrying tourist. (Scribner's.)

"Balisand," Mr. Hergesheimer's New Novel

Balisand is like a tapestry, rich in texture; a work of art that glows and grows as you

The Literary Tid-Bit of the Season

Eight printings necessary to satisfy the demand in Europe and America

UNCENSORED RECOLLECTIONS

ANONYMOUS *Octavo. 340 pages.* $4.50

No other book of the season has aroused such violent denunciation, and such high praise. It is the book all America and all Europe will read this year. King George, it is reported, has read his copy three times, and this is not to be wondered at, considering the piquant and racy revelations it makes.

"It should be tremendously popular."—*Laurence Stallings in New York World.*

"Even Margot Asquith did not present social gossip and scandal, human simplicity and snobbery, as this writer does."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

"The most entertaining volume of intimate memoirs the reviewer has read for many seasons."—*New York Herald-Tribune.*

"It is an important contribution to Continental biography, not overlooking that of London, New York and Boston."—*Walter Littlefield in Times Book Review.*

SEEING CANADA. By John T. Faris. The glories of the Dominion—its scenery, its romance, its summers, and even its winter climate, its big game and wilderness area, its almost unlimited resources. Completes Dr. Faris' popular American Travel Series. Frontispiece in color, 150 illustrations in doubletone. $6.50

THE MANORS AND HISTORIC HOMES OF THE HUDSON VALLEY. By Harold Donaldson Eberlein. Published in limited editions, all previous volumes of the Lippincott books on Historic Homes have speedily gone out of print and, when procurable, now sell at a premium. The present volume will become one of the most desirable because of the fascinating Colonial and Revolutionary traditions clinging to these quaint dwellings of the past. Frontispiece in photogravure, 81 illustrations in doubletone. Octavo. Boxed. $10.00

HISTORIC WALL-PAPERS: From Their Inception to the Introduction of Machinery. By Nancy McClelland. A literary luxury. The only comprehensive and authoritative study of the subject in any language. Printed from type in a very limited edition, this magnificently illustrated volume is destined to become a rare book among rare books—an ornament to any fine collection. 12 Color plates, 245 illustrations in halftone and a folding chart of periods. Quarto. $25.00

SPANISH GARDENS AND PATIOS. By Mildred Stapley Byne and Arthur Byne. A rare and artistic revelation of a garden style unique and little known. The first authoritative work on the subject. Its many beautiful illustrations were made first-hand and will give new ideas to owners of summer homes everywhere. 4 Color plates, 175 illustrations in halftone, with measured drawings of important gardens. Quarto. $15.00

FEEDING PETER. By "Caroline." "To cook interestin' is the Lord's own gift." But young housekeepers who read "Caroline's" instructions on how to feed Peter deliciously, wholesomely and economically may acquire it second-hand. Never have pots and pans, recipes and menus, been more alluringly presented. $2.00

A New Jane Abbott Story for Girls

LAUGHING LAST. By Jane Abbott. The story of Sidney Romley's adventurous summer on the boats and wharves of Provincetown. A splendid book for girls, fresh and sweet as the clean breath of the Atlantic over the Cape Cod sand dunes. Colored frontispiece, 3 illustrations in black and white. $1.75

HARBOTTLE

By John Hargrave

"A book of more than passing interest. Indeed, it is not too much to call it a novel of great importance, as an expression of the spirit of the times. Many of the episodes are dramatic, and all are realistic. Mr. Hargrave owes much to H. G. Wells, but his thought is his own, though its great significance lies in the fact that it is also an up-to-date expression of the chief idea at work in 'The Mind of the Race'."—*Saturday Review, New York City.* $2.00

PRILLILGIRL. The New "Fleming Stone" Detective Story. By Carolyn Wells. A crime in theatrical circles—a playwright found stabbed with his own pen, wrought from a mediæval dagger. Carolyn Wells at her best in her own delightful combination of love and mystery story. $2.00

LOUIS BECKE'S

Never-To-Be-Forgotten South Sea Tales Now Published in a Uniform Edition

PACIFIC TALES. Strangely true stories of the days when "bluff-bowed old wave-punchers plunged their clumsy hulls into the rolling swell of the Pacific, carrying their 'trade' of knives, axes, guns, bad rum and good tobacco, instead of, as now, white umbrellas, paper boots and shoes, German sewing machines and fancy prints." $2.00

BY REEF AND PALM *and* **THE EBBING OF THE TIDE.** Still stranger romances of island life—the loves of white men and brown women, often cynical and brutal, sometimes exquisitely tender and pathetic. $2.00

RODMAN THE BOATSTEERER. Tales of mutiny on whaler and pearl ship, of savage peace and war, of human nature, white and brown, in the old beach-combing days in the Pacific, "when every white man lived like a prince and died in his boots from a bullet or a spear." $2.00

HELEN ADAIR. There is a mystery about Helen Adair, dark, silent, hauntingly beautiful, a girl of obvious refinement and education—yet confessing in open court to a criminal charge. An unusual romance of loyalty and daring in the rescue of political prisoners from the old Convict Colony of New South Wales. $2.00

AT ALL BOOKSTORES

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

London **PHILADELPHIA** **Montreal**

become immersed in its mood. It is written with firmness and understanding and easily takes its place with the best of the novels of Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer. A courtly Virginia of a nebulous past rises in his pages, the Virginia that survives in memories of the old gardens along the James. Mr. Hergesheimer has told the story of a life, that of Richard Bale of Balisand, a patriot; but also an aristocrat; a man who helped fight England for idealistic principles, but to whom the growing emphasis on rule by the plain, untutored people is abhorrent. The earliest debates between the men who stood for state's rights, and even state's independence and the federalists, form a vivid background in these pages. Mr. Hergesheimer has studied the politics of the period in every detail, but he has also drawn its manners, its moods. Richard Bale is one of the best individualized characters he has ever drawn, and although I have no mind to place the book first among his novels—*The Three Black Pennys* has never been surpassed—yet it is far superior to *Cytherea* and *The Bright Shawl*. Mr. Hergesheimer is a master of texture, embellishment and decoration, but he possesses one great virtue: he never lets the background dominate him. When he describes other times, other manners, these are done with the brush of the artist, but our principal interest is in the dominating character that moves through this colorful setting. Richard Bale at the party at Todd Hundred, or with his negroes on the lazy river, or imperiously stalking through the woods, or on the dueling ground—always he is the one central theme of the story. There is no doubt that Mr. Hergesheimer's new book will meet the exacting requirements of lovers of good books who ask that the author have not only a tale to tell but a manner of telling it. The years of silence when Mr. Hergesheimer was an apprentice at his art were well spent; today at maturity he shows no inclination to stand still and rest on his earlier achievements. It is easy to recommend *Balisand* as a noteworthy American novel. (Alfred A. Knopf.)

JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER
Author of *Balisand*

Mr. Gelett Burgess as a Puritan Father

Goofs and goops are not necessarily the same. Every child knows that, and grown-ups are likely to become informed if they read *Why Be a Goop?* the newest of a long series of goopy books by Gelett Burgess. At first glance one supposes these creatures of Mr. Burgess' nimble brain to have come into being because he desired to let off steam. But closer study shows that the goops have a mission. In common with most things American, they exist not for the sake of existing, but to teach, to inspire, to convert. Mr. Burgess, in checking up the faults of youngsters, found that each had about 150; so he set about correcting them. His plan is to write about errors in deportment in such a manner that the child will be amused—but here is the catch: "not only are they warnings and guides so jinglingly put as to enter the child's subconscious mind" (ah!) but they contain hints to parents as well.

> Do you touch autos? Do not touch them;
> You're apt to scratch and smear and smutch them. . . .

Mr. Burgess advises against chewing with the mouth open, eating between meals, marking books, bothering mother when she is busy, using "ain't," putting elbows on table,

May Sinclair

Arnold Waterlow

"Arnold's woes at public school, his rough first contacts with business, the little girl from whom he ran when she tempted him—such moments Miss Sinclair has photographed as distinctly as she later photographs the scenes of his turbulent love affair with Rosalind."
—Allan Nevins, *New York Sun*. $2.50

Eden Phillpotts

Redcliff

The story of a Devon coast village; its romances and its ironies, its weddings and its feuds. Men and women, rich and poor, young and old, simple wisdom, homely philosophy, love, death, pomp, and misfortune—all in an element of genial, gentle, persuasive humor. $2.50

SARD HARKER A NEW NOVEL By JOHN MASEFIELD

D'Artagnan—Sard Harker! Could two names be more dissimilar? And yet the one is the other. Sard Harker is the same impetuous, romance-seeking, lovable daredevil that Dumas created almost a century ago.

In his youth Sard Harker met, and loved, a girl. She disappeared. Years later they meet again—but in Sard's dream. He goes in search of her.

The terrors, the dangers, the seemingly impassable barriers of that search through lands haunted by romance and adventure—rum-runners, pirates, kidnappers, cruel Spanish dictators—that is John Masefield's great story. $2.50

W. J. Sollas

Ancient Hunters and Their Modern Representatives

Since the last edition of this book the progress of discovery has been rapid. The discovery that humans were in Europe at an age far more remote than has been generally accepted, the work of General Deperet, the emendations on the Eskimos by Vilhjalmur Stefansson—everything has been brought up to date. $7.50

Lady Frazer

Leaves from the Golden Bough

No more fascinating book on the life of ancient peoples has been produced than "The Golden Bough". It is a mine of supernatural lore and legend; an exhaustive study of the earliest forms of superstition and religion. Lady Frazer has taken the choicest bits from her husband's book and now presents them in her own interesting style. Sixteen full page illustrations by H. M. Brock. $3.00

Francis L. Wellman

Gentlemen of the Jury

This popular author of "The Art of Cross Examination" has written an entertaining book about the court. The material is arranged in the form of narratives, anecdotes, and amusing incidents and should prove a worthy companion to his other book which has gone into nineteen issues. $4.00

Ask your dealer to show you these books. You will find him interested in helping you make the proper selection.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

New York Chicago Atlanta Boston Dallas San Francisco

Prices subject to change on publication

marring furniture—these being some of the 150 sins of goops. Will the warnings stick? We do not know. No testimonials are appended. Our own experience leads us to remain pessimistic. We liked Mr. Burgess better when he was writing about the purple cow. (Stokes.)

The Colorful City That Never Fades

Often when I read books about London or Paris or New York I fancy that I can find an application for Emerson's phrase: "The ground is all memoranda and signatures." Emerson conceived writing and recording as one of the functions of nature; if man has written himself down it is in the great cities. What men see of this record differs mightily. One views faces, another scans towers. A year ago Theodore Dreiser published *The Color of a Great City*, and set down with meticulous care all the odds and ends that he observed as a reporter in New York. This year Konrad Bercovici gives us *Around the World in New York*. Mr. Bercovici is a linguist, more closely associated with the foreigner than Dreiser, and perhaps a bit more sympathetic, but the whole picturesque panorama of a polyglot city unfolds before him; he sees "the strongest and the weakest, the most virtuous and the most vicious." He is tempted to describe its markets, its churches, its dinners, its actors, its boulevardiers—primarily its people. Wherever he turns he recalls landmarks, and knows that the recording is going on apace; that here stood, less than twenty years ago, such and such an edifice, gone now, almost forgotten, save for the historian. Rich and poor are in his vision, but his gaze seems to linger a bit more lovingly over the poor and the picturesque foreigner who is already on the way toward assimilation. Even in New York one can almost forget that this is America. "A hundred feet from Broadway, a hundred feet from the entrance of the Subway, a few minutes' distance only from the City Hall . . . there is a separate little world, a world that lives its own life. Hundreds of these people have never gone out of their district and do not know much about the life that surges about them. People from a different world, Christians with Moslem habits, still feeling that they are the Nasrani of the deserts of Syria, the Kellas and settlements of Arabia and the lowlands of Palestine . . . Kavas and bazaars and dancing houses, zarafs and their own Arabic newspapers." Mr. Bercovici sets down odd facts. Of the East Side he writes: "Poverty is absorbed much faster here than elsewhere. Already one can see the strong mixture of several people; propinquity is doing its work. Children of mixed marriages, marriages between Italians and Jews, Poles and Jews, Russians and Jews and Americans and Jews are no longer a rarity anywhere. No matter what the mixture, they still remain Jews." Mr. Bercovici breaks a lance for Greenwich Village. There is nothing exotic about the real village, he says. "New Yorkers treat the village as if it were a foreign country, when as a matter of fact it is the most American of all districts. Here you find people from all over the country, frequently the best from everywhere, working, laboring, to voice the spirit of the country. Greenwich Village has been the artistic center of the country for more than a half century now. Poe lived here, Washington Irving,

GELETT BURGESS
Author of *Why be a Goop?* and the other classic Goop books

Changing Ireland

By Norreys J. O'Conor

Studies in the literary backgrounds of the Irish Free State; a delightful account of recent Anglo-Irish literature and its relation to older Gaelic. $2.50

Getting a Laugh

By Charles Hall Grandgent

Familiar essays of a geniality and humor that recalls Holmes or Lowell but yet of piquant individuality; a treat for all lovers of good talk. $2.00

Greek and Roman Sculpture

By George H. Chase

"Refreshing in contrast to the usual tomes on art. He is definite in his statements, logical in his deductions, and writes with clarity and ease." — *Town and Country.* $7.50

In the Day's Work

By D. B. Updike

It not only formulates the laws of good printing but it embodies the standards which have made its author one of the greatest modern printers. $2.00

William Dean Howells

By Oscar W. Firkins

A discriminating but genuinely sympathetic study of one of our most lovable and sensitive writers, with a brief memoir drawn from Howells's own works. Mr. Firkins reviews Howells's books in an order that proceeds from the most subjective, the autobiographies and the travels, through the novels, the plays, and the poems, to the most impersonal, the literary criticism. The book is accordingly not merely a delightful work of appreciation but a guide to a large and influential section of American literature. $4.00

The Philosophy of Character

By Edgar Pierce

An account of how ideals act in the world, preserving both the ethical value of the notions of God, freedom, and immortality, and the validity of scientific laws. $4.00

The Sense of Immortality

By Philip Cabot

A warm, vibrant message drawn from personal experience, this essay will bring new assurance to those who believe and important suggestions to the hesitant. $1.00

Prophets of Yesterday

By John Kelman

A study of Carlyle, Arnold, and Browning in which their meaning and message for today are luminously brought out. $1.50

The Achievement of Greece

By William Chase Greene

"A skillful interpretation of Greek achievement and a sane appraisal of its permanent value." — *Classical Journal.* $3.50

English Versification

By Paull F. Baum

"A delightfully readable book." — *Springfield Republican.* "To be recommended both for soundness of judgment and refinement of taste." — *Saturday Review* (London). *Third Impression.* $2.00

Dr. Johnson By Percy H. Houston

"So fine and deep a book that it deserves the highest compliment. . . . It deserves a place on the same shelf with Boswell." — *Boston Transcript.* $3.00

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS

9 RANDALL HALL CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Mark Twain, Thomas Paine." Then he recounts the living writers and artists who live near Washington Square: Theodore Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Jo Davidson, among them; and describes the theaters that have brought new ideas to Broadway and Forty-second Street. Of course Mr. Bercovici is convincing when he writes about the gipsies and the colorful southern people who inhabit New York. The little references to history enhance the value of the book. (Century.)

On a Mississippi Steamboat in the Fifties

Mark Twain's *Life on the Mississippi* remains a sort of Bible of the river country. Mark poured everything into it; legend, adventure, steamboat lore, history, characterization. But the lure of the steamboat is eternal. It belongs to our romantic past, and ever and again it will recur in our books. Thomas Boyd has used it for background in *The Dark Cloud*, the story of a lad's fight to become master of himself. He begins the tale in Quebec during the fire of 1853, where Hugh Turner runs away from a ship because the skipper heaps indignities upon him. Hugh is a sensitive, dreamy lad, bewildered by the rough usages of the new lands. *The Dark Cloud* traces his story as he passes down the St. Lawrence with an abolitionist who is freeing slaves via the underground railway, follows him after he gets a job as stoker on the Bald Eagle and describes his adventures after he reaches the Mississippi with his steamboat. A vivid and altogether intelligent treatment of the subject which shows that the author of *Through the Wheat* is on the make. (Scribner.)

The Lawless West of the Open Ranges

Frederick R. Bechdolt's stories of the old, lawless West have long excelled, for me, any imaginative tales of the two-gun man school of fiction. Mr. Bechdolt's style is simple narrative, plain and conventional as a newspaper account, but it has the merit of truth. *When the West was Young* was an earlier book that brought him many friends; this fall he has published *Tales of the Old-Timers*, which will keep you up all sorts of late hours if ever you start reading it. (Century.) In his chapters called "The Warriors of the Pecos" and "The Warriors of the Canadian" he gives an idea of the sort of man-hunting that went on in the Southwest in the seventies. The frontier beckoned men who loved adventure and outlawry. First the buffalo hunting called them; then they stole cattle and horses. The settlers suffered either from the Comanches and their kind, or from renegade whites. In the eighties, men said: "There is no law beyond the Pecos," and for a decade or two this was true. One of the most thrilling tales in this book tells the story of Cynthia Ann Parker, a white girl captured by the Comanches in 1836, and of her son, Quanah, who became a chief by his own courage, and eventually a bitter antagonist of the white men. Yet by 1911, when he died, he had become a docile Indian, a great help to the government. The chapter called "The Forgotten Expedition" recalls the border fighting when Texas was a nation and Mexico was wary of its growing prowess. Men died of thirst, of treachery, of fighting. The tales of cowboy outlaws make this book a thriller of the first rank. There was "Butch" Cassidy, the terror of Wyoming, who could steal cattle, rob banks, hold up trains and yet remain popular with those who met him. His career closed in the Argentine. He was a cowboy of whom his colleagues on the trail might have sung:

> Oh, take me to Boot-hill and throw the sod o'er me,
> I'm only a cowboy; I know I done wrong.

MR. HANSEN'S interesting Reviews and dependable Comments on worth-while current books—excluding those published by Harper & Brothers—are now a prominent feature of every issue of Harper's Magazine.

Throughout publishing circles Mr. Hansen is known to be unusually qualified for this important work from which no reader of books, no buyer of books, can fail to benefit.

Mr. Bechdolt has drawn on many authentic sources for his material, which revives a West that few would recognize now.

The Big Political Ballyhoo

You Takes Your Choice is the title of a book that appraises the candidates for president. Clinton W. Gilbert, widely known as an astute newspaper correspondent at Washington, wrote it; his earlier success was a study of political leaders called *The Mirrors of Washington*. In a very short time the country will make its choice; this book may, and may not, help in that decision. We read much here of Mr. Coolidge's plain common sense and good taste, and of how he became a conservative leader when he thought of keeping the party liberal; we learn that he was shocked when the Cleveland convention placed a super-conservative, Gen. Charles G. Dawes, on his ticket; we are told of that latter that "he is a conformist with such zest that he seems to be following his own sweet will. He holds all the accepted ideas with such passion that they seem to be original with him. Where conventionality is with others a species of timidity, with him it looks like daring." Mr. John W. Davis' mind, we are informed, "is as smooth and round as his face"; he is reasonable, sane, graceful and "fortunate in his birth." Mr. La Follette's greatest lack is a sense of humor. "With his amazing vitality he ought to have found as much fun in living as Roosevelt did . . . but he has always borne his burden of progressivism a little too consciously." As for Mr. Charles Bryan: "In Nebraska they call him the rain-maker, for whatever happens, he did it. He believes in William J. as William J. believes in Genesis. He is small, narrow, rural, intolerant, with his whole mental horizon bound by another man." The sketches are amusing, often informing, but lack the satirical touch of *The Mirrors of Washington*. In the essay on Mr. Coolidge, Mr. Gilbert is often witty; in the essay on Mr. La Follette he is serious, trying hard to explain the man. The book fails to add to Mr. Gilbert's reputation as a political satirist, but it is in the right direction; we should have more writing of a critical and ironical nature, divorced from party bias, during our campaigns. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

A Novel on Small-Town Terrorism

Over one hundred years ago America was debating freedom for the negro slave, just as today it debates justice and equal opportu-

Important New STOKES Publications

OLD GLASS
European and American
By N. HUDSON MOORE

The most comprehensive book in existence on old glass—a source book written to satisfy a real demand among collectors for an adequate, up-to-date treatment. The book is distinguished for its wealth of illustrations. It is the only one, to our knowledge, that covers American glass. *265 unusually fine illustrations.* $10.00.

ANGKOR
THE MAGNIFICENT
By HELEN CHURCHILL CANDEE

A fascinating account of the deserted city of Angkor in Indo-China and its recent discovery as a wonder city for travelers—one of the few remaining unspoiled, little explored places to visit. *79 illustrations.* $5.00.

SOME ASPECTS OF MODERN POETRY
By ALFRED NOYES

The famous poet discusses the essential principles of English poetry from an entirely new viewpoint—*not that of the Victorian period or even that of the last decade, but that of the period which criticism is now entering.* "I have tried," says Mr. Noyes of the book, "to combat the present cynicism and to formulate some constructive ideas and beliefs which apply not only in literature but in life." An arresting, thought-provoking book. $2.50.

SAILS OF SUNSET
By CECIL ROBERTS
Author of "Scissors"

A young Englishman, roused by the mystery and beauty of an Italian girl, glimpsed on a fishing boat, starts out to find and woo her. It is a story of rare beauty, for in this swiftly moving tale the background shifts from the enchantment of Venice to color-drenched Chioggia, the old-time fishing village on the Adriatic. $2.00.

THE OLD MEN OF THE SEA
By COMPTON MACKENZIE
Author of "Sinister Street," etc.

A South Sea story that is different. A few lines in the *Times'* personal column start a motley group of men and women sailing for an unknown island in the Southern Pacific. The dangers and mystery into which they are drawn make an exciting story, which is told vividly and with humor. $2.00.

FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY
443 Fourth Avenue New York

nity. In the earlier battle the book proved a powerful weapon. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* gave the human side of a bitter political argument that had already produced tons of speeches. Walter F. White's story, *The Fire in the Flint*, adopts fiction as the method for reaching an intelligent audience with the story of the terrible plight of the negro in certain American communities. The setting is Central City, located by the author in the southernmost part of Georgia. The activities of the small-town Ku Klux Klan are pictured, giving one the impression that they are comparable only with the terrorism evoked in Western communities by bands of outlaws fifty years ago. The writing is straightforward; the Klan stands accused of the most horrible injustice and oppression. Walter F. White is assistant secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. He is known as a lucid writer and a clear thinker. Although the book is fiction, the earnest reader may well remember that there is enough documentary evidence at hand to prove that Mr. White's terrible story might easily have been fact. (Alfred A. Knopf.)

A Midwestern Sage in Manhattan

Mr. Stuart P. Sherman's name is "in the news." Doffing cap and gown in midwestern Illinois, he comes to New York to enter the literary arena. With him comes his style. This style is no longer what it was when he wrote his first damning papers on George Moore, Theodore Dreiser and the Zola school. He has become more fluent, more adroit, and more nimble. In the old days Mr. Sherman and Mr. Mencken engaged in combat by throwing ponderous rocks at each other. Today Mr. Sherman is armed with a slingshot. What does he write like? Readers who are curious may inform themselves by reading a new book called *My Dear Cornelia*. (Atlantic Monthly Press.) It contains the best of the essays that he contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly*, and a few others. What are his views? There you have us. We can take down his earlier works and tell you exactly what his views are on every author. But more recently Mr. Sherman has been reading the new books as they drop from the press, and he has become more elusive, often a bit facetious. It has been said that men should not look upon the wine when it is red for fear that it might become agreeable to them. Mr. Sherman has been reading the moderns right and left, and one discerns a growing kindness in his glance. True, they misunderstand themselves and their motives, says Mr. Sherman; they think they are making sex pleasant, when as a matter of fact they are making it abhorrent; in this way they—the Andersons, Hechts, Bodenheims, Lawrences, Dreisers, Joyces—are actually aiding morality. "No lust-bitten monk wrestling with hallucinations in a medieval cloister could have made the entire subject more bewilderingly detestable than this group of anti-Puritan and anti-Catholic emancipators, who apparently set out with a desire to make it pleasant." Mr. Sherman is perhaps a little too hasty in his final conjecture. We are not sure that all of these men set out to make sex pleasant. What the moderns fought for principally was that sex should not rest under a taboo—that no theme should be withheld from the artist. But whatever Mr. Sherman's deduction, we feel, in reading him, that he is coming dangerously close to understanding, and to understand is——. We read his book with zest; some of the phrases will be widely quoted. His description of Mr. Hergesheimer standing in "real isolation among the Jacksonian rabble who imagine that he is one of them" is likely to interest even the latter; his inclusion of Meredith Nicholson in the school that advocates unchastity is likely to astound even that staid Indiana squire. There are here five long essays, each with numerous breathing spaces, so that the reader may regain his equilibrium. It is easy to predict that Mr. Sherman in his lighter mood will go much farther than when he spoke through the hole in the statue.

What the Editorial Mind is Like

A growing elasticity has long been observed in the rules that an editor lays down for the conduct of his magazine. Once editors sat in state, and poets and novelists trooped their weary way to their dens, bowed scrupulously, and apologized profusely for "this modest thing I have written." But no more. Today an editor sits for the most part with his ear to the ground. One gets an inkling of this growing adaptability of editors in the interesting

Flying Leaves from Autumn Books

A LOITERER IN LONDON

Helen W. Henderson

Whether you know London or have it still to view, this delightful new volume in a famous series is indispensable. Profusely illustrated. Octavo. **$5.00**

A GAME RANGER'S NOTE BOOK

A. Blayney Percival

A record of extraordinary fascination of thirty years in Africa in which daring, skill and intimate knowledge of wild life combine to make a thrilling book. Illustrated. **$6.00**

TWELVE YEARS AT THE IMPERIAL GERMAN COURT

Count Robert Zedlitz-Trutzschler

The actual secret diary kept during pre-war years by the Controller of the Household for Wilhelm II. Octavo. **$5.00**

THE LONDON OF CHARLES DICKENS

E. Beresford Chancellor

Each chapter follows through the actual London scenes of one of Dicken's well-beloved books. Illustrated. **$6.00**

THE OLD LADIES

Hugh Walpole

The most powerful novel Hugh Walpole has written: the story of three seventy-year-olds who lived at the top of a "windy, creaky, rain-bitten" house. Comparable to Edith Wharton's "Ethan Frome." **$2.00**

BEFORE THE DAWN

Toyohiko Kagawa

A remarkable story—a book to take to one's heart for its humanity and beauty. A book you will not forget. **$2.50**

ELSIE AND THE CHILD

Arnold Bennett

A novelette continuing the story of Elsie, lovable heroine of "Riceyman Steps," along with a dozen other new tales in Bennett's most captivating style. **$2.50**

GOIN' ON FOURTEEN

Irvin S. Cobb

The American boy, his heart and his escapades as only the humor and tenderness of Irvin Cobb can set them down. Illustrated by Worth Brehm, illustrator of "Penrod." **$2.50**

GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY
244 MADISON AVENUE NEW YORK

The Green Hat

By Michael Arlen

The literary sensation of the year. All Michael Arlen's work is now published in a uniform and handsome edition, each volume $2.50

THE GREEN HAT
THESE CHARMING PEOPLE
"PIRACY"
THE LONDON VENTURE
THE ROMANTIC LADY

Kay Nielsen's

Fairy Tales by Hans Andersen

The incomparable art of Kay Nielsen, illustrator of "East of the Sun and West of the Moon" and "The Twelve Dancing Princesses," is displayed in twelve full-page color plates and many black and white decorations. Large quarto, stamped in gold and handsomely boxed. **$6.00.**

Harper's Readers Will Enjoy These New Books

E. BARRINGTON'S

The Divine Lady

The love story of Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson. Harry Hansen says: "'The divine lady' lives again in these pages as she does in the pictures Romney made of her, yet no portrait on canvas can convey the sense of reality one gets from this vivid story. A thoroughly distinguished, brilliantly written and absorbing novel." *7th printing.* $2.50.

STEPHEN LEACOCK'S

The Garden of Folly

Those who have enjoyed Mr. Leacock's hilarious contributions in Harper's will be thoroughly amused by this clever burlesque of the world's latest follies.

"His is a clear vision of all the imbecilities and preposterous fads and fancies of mankind, and his method of transplanting that vision is distinctly and delightfully his own."—*Chicago Evening Post.* $2.00.

At all Booksellers or

DODD, MEAD & COMPANY

448-449 4th Avenue NEW YORK

The Copley Prints

Fine Art Reproductions of

Distinguished Works of American Art

For 29 years a hallmark of good taste in pictures

***For* Gifts, *your* Home *and* Schools**

One can live without art—but not so well

Extensive choice of subjects—including ABBEY'S HOLY GRAIL, depicting the Triumph of Right Over Evil.

Prices, $2.00 to $100.00

Pictures for every room in your house

WE SEND PRINTS ON APPROVAL

Send 25 Cents for Illustrated Catalogue

(Stamps accepted)

It is practically a handbook of American Art

Also Your Old Family Portraits

Done privately in the Copley Prints from old daguerreotypes, faded photographs, tintypes, snapshots. They make unique gifts to your relatives.

SIR GALAHAD, by Watts

Above picture is from a Copley Print, copyright by

CURTIS & CAMERON, 115 Harcourt Street, BOSTON

Salesroom: Pierce Building, opposite Public Library

reminiscences of writing people that have been published by L. Frank Tooker, for forty years associated with the Century magazine, in *The Joys and Tribulations of an Editor*. It is true that even in its infancy his magazine sought to hold the interest of its readers by printing stories and articles that would please them, but one gets the impression that authors wrote in more clearly defined grooves than now. Mr. Tooker's anecdotes of the "temperamental brotherhood" show that even forty years ago authors were not always tractable. "The gods and the half-gods of literature are temperamental," he writes, "and with the best of intentions one cannot always lure them into the ways of consistent and logical editors. Oftener than not, like Howells, they sometimes 'like to play by ear.' And one of the things that every editor ought to know is that though consistency may be a jewel, a 'foolish consistency,' as Emerson said, 'is the hobgoblin of little minds.'" Mr. Tooker has here sketched interesting reminiscences, but he has also interlarded his account with good literary criticism, often hardly perceptible because he passes so easily from the portrait of a personality to his writings. After all, do we not know the writings of Henry James better for knowing James himself? In 1885 the magazine was publishing "The Bostonians" and "The Rise of Silas Lapham." Mr. Tooker's chapter deals admirably with both men and their work. His description of Henry James reveling in England is a gem. "It gave him a certain exalted feeling of wonder that England should be as English as, for his entertainment, she took the trouble to be." Although James romanticized England to himself, yet he remained unemotional. "His rigid devotion to the theory of the art of the novelist, his impartial treatment of his characters, his aloofness from his readers, his real or apparent lack of humor, his selection of essentially impassive situations for the groundwork of his novels—all these appear as the natural corollaries of an inherently unemotional personality. There is also the evidence conveyed by the involutions of his later manner—his concern to run down to its last meaning and significance every thought he expressed. It became in the end a whimsey, not art, and akin to the eccentricities of certain atrophied, elderly unmarried people." No one can accuse Mr. Tooker of being be-

hind the times in his character analysis. "Fumbled personalities," contributors, poets, men of temporary and permanent fame, appear in his pages in attitudes that the public so rarely sees. The book easily supplements Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson's reminiscences of magazine editing in his *Remembered Yesterdays*. (Century.)

A Home and Its Memories

They say that T. A. Daly of the *McAroni Ballads* has written his first prose in *Herself and the Houseful*. But the book gives proof that there has been prose as well as poetry in his life. Mr. Daly's story grows out of his experience as a man of family. A photograph pictures him surrounded by Mrs. Daly and seven youngsters of all ages. They all have a place in the book, but it is apparent that the house is the "queen's domain" and that the super who tells the tale is glad to be the scrivener. The illustrations have been made by the second son of the household. (Harcourt.)

All Sorts, for All Souls

First Aid to the Opera Goer, by Mary Fitch Watkins, is just that. It gives every incident in forty-two operas. With a preface by Antonio Scotti. (Stokes.)

Cargoes for Crusoes, by Grant Overton, is made up of sprightly biographical and critical sketches of authors who are not only alive but kicking. (Three publishers, Doran, Appleton, Little Brown; no prejudice.)

Glimpses of Japan and Formosa are tales of adventures by a man who refuses to stay put, Harry A. Franck. Like William Penn, he walked and walked and walked. (Century.)

One-Act Plays of To-day, selected by J. W. Marriott, is one of those books that are so useful to clubs and schools, and to the reading circle. Among the authors are A. A. Milne, Arnold Bennett, John Galsworthy, Lord Dunsany, Laurence Housman—in other words, first-raters. (Little Brown.)

Angkor the Magnificent, by Helen Churchill Candee, deserves to be put on the Christmas booklists, for it is another one of those travel books that are welcomed as gifts. Well illustrated. (Stokes.)

This famous book now FREE

"*JUST what I have always wanted!*" thousands say of this wonderful book—The Daily Reading Guide. Here is the famous new reading plan by which you can quickly and easily become familiar with the essential literature of the world. The Daily Reading Guide tells you exactly what to read on every day of the year.

Nine eminent educators and men of letters have created this fascinating plan. From the great literature of all time they have selected just those elements which every cultivated person should know, and they have arranged a systematic program of reading that requires but twenty minutes a day. By following this simple plan you obtain a broad grasp of the work of the world's most eminent writers, past and present. You acquire the knowledge and the culture that stamp you as a well-read person.

Limited Number of Copies FREE

In order to extend the benefits of this new plan of worthwhile reading, the publishers of The Daily Reading Guide now offer a limited number of copies free. Simply mail the coupon, enclosing only 25c to help cover handling and mailing costs, and you will receive your copy of this famous book, handsomely bound in blue cloth and containing 192 pages. In addition to the complete schedule of reading for every day of the year there are illuminating articles by eminent men of letters. Mail the coupon today, as this free distribution is limited. Address:

NELSON DOUBLEDAY, Inc., Dept. Y-10811
Garden City, New York

Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. Y-10811
Garden City, New York

Gentlemen: Please send me a copy of The Daily Reading Guide. 192 pages bound in cloth, containing the complete new plan for reading the essential literature of the world in only twenty minutes a day. I enclose 25c (currency or stamps) to help cover handling and shipping charges. There are to be no further payments of any kind.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

$10,000 in prizes for Short Stories to be given by

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

Four Competitions:

1st Competition: Closed March 31.

2nd Competition: Closed June 30.

3rd Competition: Closed September 30.

4th *Competition: Oct. 1 to December 31.*

For the best stories submitted in each of these competitions the Magazine offers a first prize of $1250, a second prize of $750, and a third prize of $500.

The Judges

The three judges are:

MEREDITH NICHOLSON, novelist, essayist, and philosopher.

ZONA GALE, author of "Miss Lulu Bett" and "Faint Perfume."

BLISS PERRY, professor of English Literature at Harvard University and former editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

The Conditions:

1. The contests are open to all American (and Canadian) authors. Previous literary reputation is not a factor.

2. The stories must be original, not translations or adaptations.

3. No limits are set as to length, but stories of from 4,000 to 7,000 words are preferable.

4. No particular type of story will be given preference. Harper's seeks the best short fiction being written in this country, regardless of type, but with a claim to literary distinction.

5. A contestant may submit as many stories as he desires. Each story should be mailed to HARPER'S MAGAZINE, 49 East 33rd St., New York City, accompanied by a self-addressed envelope with sufficient stamps for return. Each story should have on the manuscript the name and address of the author and the words "Short Story Contest."

6. Manuscripts will be promptly accepted for publication or promptly returned by the editors, on the basis of their availability for the Magazine, without waiting for the close of the competition. At its close, the acceptable stories will be forwarded to the Judges, who will select the prize winners from among them. All rights in accepted stories other than first serial rights will remain the property of the author.

THE editors hope and expect that the 1924 Short Story Competitions will bring out new fiction writers of preëminent ability and launch them successfully on their careers.

Publication of the prize-winning stories and other Contest stories accepted by the editors will be continued throughout the next twelve months.

HARPER'S welcomes the new. In its pages appeared the first stories of such widely different writers as Mark Twain and Sherwood Anderson. It was a story by a hitherto unknown author, published in Harper's, to which was recently awarded the O. Henry Prize for the best American short story of 1923 ("Prelude," by Edgar Valentine Smith). These competitions are open both to writers of established reputation and to those who have never had work published before.

HARPER & BROTHERS, *Publishers of* HARPER'S MAGAZINE

49 East 33rd Street New York City

BUSINESS AND FINANCIAL

Building and Construction
Wholesale Prices
Fundamental Soundness

By JOHN GRANT DATER

JUDGE ELBERT H. GARY, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the United States Steel Corporation, addressing the stockholders at the annual meeting of the company in this city on April 21st, in speaking of the general business situation and the outlook, took occasion to say: "The worst thing we have at the present time, which I hesitate to say anything about, and certainly I would not say with the intention of offending any single individual, is our American Congress." Judge Gary made it clear that he spoke not as a partisan but as an individual citizen which is the only proper way in which he or any other manager of a corporation, whose shareholders are made up of a vast multitude of men and women representing every party, could consider the very delicate question of the influence of politics on business.

PROGRESSIVE RECESSION

THAT in his declarations against Congress, Judge Gary has voiced the general and the predominating opinion of the business men of the country, that politics constitutes the chief, if not the sole source of the present-day industrial unsettlement admits of no very serious question. You find references to the subject in practically every trade report, every review of business and in the writings of all the economic and market analysts. In considering the financial situation at the beginning of May, for example, the *Commercial and Financial Chronicle*, the most conservative financial and commercial publication in the country says: "Owing to the delay in tax reduction, soldier bonus legislation and the considerations by Congress of other disturbing and objectionable measures, the recession in trade and business which has been a feature of the situation since the beginning of March is steadily becoming more pronounced."

A SECONDARY STAGE

AT this writing—early in May—the reaction appears to have entered upon what may be termed a secondary stage; that is, a stage where it has broken beyond the limits of the textile industries, where it was confined to the practical exclusion of others for several months, and is affecting business in general. According to the commercial agencies forward buying has been further restricted and the trend of manufacturing industries generally is towards further contraction. Decreased demands have forced an adjustment of output in all the more important or major lines of business, the spread of curtailment at pig iron furnaces and steel works being the latest phase. It is estimated that steel production is now down to about 70 per cent of capacity and prevailing uncertainty regarding prices, which are declining, has the tendency to contract output still further.

Financial Success

YOU can profitably read our booklet *"Common Sense in Investing Money,"* no matter how successful you are in handling money.

The booklet is not simply the viewpoint of S. W. STRAUS & CO.—it defines the principles of sound investment and tells how to test them. Write for your copy. Ask for

BOOKLET F-1409

S. W. STRAUS & CO.

Established 1882 Incorporated

STRAUS BUILDING
565 Fifth Avenue at 46th St.
NEW YORK

STRAUS BUILDING
6 North Clark Street at Madison St.
CHICAGO

STRAUS BUILDING
79 Post Street, SAN FRANCISCO

42 Years Without Loss To Any Investor

© 1924—S. W. S. & Co., Inc.

Strength *of* Diversification

INVESTMENTS diversified among many cities and towns in widely separated localities and welded together in a single, able and responsible institution, gain additional strength by application of the law of averages. An example of proven success in this respect is

Standard Gas and Electric Company

whose operated utilities now serve 840 cities and towns in 17 states.

We recommend as an attractive investment the Company's new *7% Cumulative Prior Preference Stock*, yielding about 7½%. Full details and illustrated descriptive booklet BK-244 sent on request.

H. M. Byllesby and Co.

208 South La Salle Street, CHICAGO
NEW YORK 111 Broadway
BOSTON 14 State St.

ACCORDING to information gathered in representative markets by the United States Department of Labor, through the Bureau of Labor Statistics, the general trend of wholesale prices was downward in March. In its announcement of April 18th, the Bureau said:

> Large decreases from the February level of prices took place among farm products due to declines in cotton and cotton seed, eggs, flaxseed, packers' hides, wheat oats, rye, potatoes, and tobacco. The decrease in the group as a whole was over 4 per cent. In the group of foodstuffs the decrease averaged nearly 1½ per cent, while in the cloths and clothing group they averaged 2½ per cent. Smaller decreases took place among chemicals and drugs and among house furnishing goods. No change in the general price level was reported for the two groups of building materials and miscellaneous commodities. In the groups of fuel and lighting materials and in that of metals and metal products prices in March were slightly higher than in February. Of the 404 commodities or price series for which comparable data for February and March were collected decreases were shown in 155 instances and increases in 81 instances. In 168 instances no change in price was reported.

LOWER WHOLESALE PRICES

FROM the 404 commodities the Bureau of Labor statistics compiles its own index numbers, which arranged in groups (wholesale prices, 1913, equals 100) compare as follows for March this year and last:—

COMMODITIES	1923	1924
Farm Products	143	137
Foods	143	141
Cloths and Clothing	201	191
Fuel and Lighting	206	181
Metals and Products	149	144
Building Materials	198	182
Chemicals and Drugs	135	130
House Furnishing Goods	185	175
Miscellaneous	127	113
All Commodities	159	150

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN wrote "Remember that money is of a prolific, generating nature. Money can beget money, and its offspring can beget more, and so on. Five shillings turned is six, turned again it is seven and three pence, and so on until it becomes a hundred pounds. The more there is of it the more it produces every turning, so that the profits rise quicker and quicker." He thus told the wisdom of keeping funds steadily invested and reinvested—reaping the full benefits of compound interest.

When Is a Good Time to Buy Bonds?

THOSE of widest experience have learned that funds for investment should not be kept idle awaiting problematical developments in the bond market. They know that, in the long run, the steady employment of such funds is the better policy. To wait for lower market prices is always uncertain; in interest lost, you may pay a material forfeit for the waiting.

Bonds should be bought for security and income. When exchanged or traded in for speculative profit, the essential purpose of this form of investment is perverted.

Invest Systematically

Moreover, the habit of steady, systematic investment of funds as they come to hand, increases the accumulation because it helps avoid unnecessary spending. And, when prompt reinvestment of bond interest is also practised, the growth of principal is surprising.

To the investor who desires to make the safest and most productive use of investment funds, it is especially valuable to become a client of a large resourceful house such as Halsey, Stuart & Co. Such an organization has broad investing experience gained over many years. It knows values. Its operations are extensive. It underwrites—not merely distributes—bonds of many types. So, it can help the buyer diversify his holdings to the best advantage.

Complete Service

Halsey, Stuart & Co. facilities meet every need of the conservative bond investor. Its issues are high grade. Its service has the qualities which only a large and broadly experienced organization can provide. Through several offices, and by correspondence, this service is readily available.

"Bonds—Questions Answered; Terms Defined"—This booklet, indexed for ready reference, covers questions which observation has shown most frequently present themselves to investors when selecting or handling bond investments. The experienced as well as the beginning investor will find it valuable. Ask for booklet HM-6.

HALSEY, STUART & CO.

INCORPORATED

CHICAGO 201 S. La Salle St.	NEW YORK 14 Wall St.	PHILADELPHIA 100 South Broad St.	BOSTON 85 Devonshire St.
DETROIT 601 Griswold St.	MILWAUKEE 425 E. Water St.	ST. LOUIS 319 N. 4th St.	MINNEAPOLIS 610 Second Ave., S.

What Will Your Estate Be Worth?

What will your *net estate* be, after Federal and State Inheritance Taxes have been paid?

This question is vital to both large and small estates.

Our new booklet, "The Inheritance Tax and Your Estate," outlines the application of Federal and State laws to this important subject.

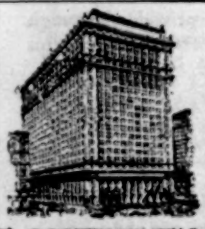
Get a free copy—Ask for 6-2410

A. C. ALLYN AND COMPANY
ESTABLISHED 1912
71 West Monroe Street, Chicago
Milwaukee Minneapolis New York Boston

"How To Select Safe Bonds" —also Investment Record

Every investor should have these books. "How to Select Safe Bonds" shows you how to judge an investment and how to secure the investment best suited to your needs. The Investment Record makes keeping track of your investment, income and taxes remarkably easy. These two books will be sent absolutely FREE to every investor requesting them. A postcard will bring your copies.

GEORGE M. FORMAN & COMPANY.
Dept. 146, 105 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.
30 Years Without Loss to a Customer



RESOURCES MORE THAN $500,000,000

The CONTINENTAL *and* COMMERCIAL BANKS
CHICAGO
"An Extra Measure of Service"

Comparing the prices this year as with those of a year ago as measured by changes in the index number, and it appears that the general level has declined more than 5½ per cent.

OF specific industries, textiles, particularly cotton goods, in which department the signs of depression first manifested themselves, appear to be the principal sufferers. And the list of mills both in the New England states and the South that are closing down or are operating on short time to prevent a further accumulation of unsalable goods makes a very gloomy record. In addition to this many textile mills have been forced to reduce or pass their dividends and much suffering has been reported among the operatives in various leading New England mill centers. The coal industry also is acutely depressed and there is much unemployment of labor in the mines as a consequence. The depression in the coal trade where production has been reduced to about 60 per cent of normal output and the product selling below the cost of production has been reacting harmfully on railroad traffic.

BUILDING AND CONSTRUCTION

ALTHOUGH the sum total of building and construction contracts still continues high the large totals are attained as a result of the work now in progress in New York and building and construction has been showing signs of falling off in interior cities with the recession in industry manifesting itself everywhere else, the statistics of building and construction will be scrutinized narrowly from now on, for if building and construction are affected adversely, practically everything in the way of the larger manufacturing industries in the country will be included in the recession. The interest in this matter arises out of the fact that the reaction a year ago was tempered and, in large part, neutralized by the buying of railway equipment, the automobile industry and building and construction. Of these three the buying of railway equipment was the first satisfied and has been proceeding slowly for months. Then the automobile manufacturers were compelled to curtail their construction programs.

J. P. MORGAN & CO.

Wall Street, Corner of Broad

NEW YORK

DREXEL & CO., PHILADELPHIA

Corner of 5th and Chestnut Streets

MORGAN, GRENFELL & CO., LONDON

No. 22 Old Broad Street

MORGAN, HARJES & CO., PARIS

14 Place Vendome

Securities bought and sold on Commission.

Foreign Exchange, Commercial Credits.

Cable Transfers.

Circular Letters for Travelers, available in all parts of the world.

Investment Information

IN these pages the readers of "Harper's Magazine" receive each month the announcements of various investment and commercial bankers. These announcements contain suggestions concerning the many phases of banking service which are rendered by the individual bankers. In some cases, they express their ideas more definitely by means of booklets and circulars, and our experience is that such reading matter is really very useful to men and women who are in need of expert advice in financial matters. Therefore, "Harper's Monthly" is glad to publish, for the benefit of its readers, the following list of financial literature, and recommends that readers write directly to the bankers, asking for such booklets or circulars as may seem to fit into their personal requirements. Our banker friends are always glad to be of service to "Harper's" readers.

BANKING SERVICE: To executors of the larger business establishments and to individual investors, the Service Department of the Continental & Commercial Banks, Chicago, Ill., would be glad to send information concerning its service in commercial, fiduciary and investment banking.

CHOOSING YOUR INVESTMENT BANKER: A worth while booklet for investors, giving them an idea of what to expect in the way of service from their investment banker. Offered by Halsey, Stuart & Co., 209 So. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

BONDS INSURED AGAINST LOSS: A booklet giving full information concerning the newest development among real estate mortgage bonds—bonds insured against loss by the National Surety Company. Offered by the Mortgage Security Corporation of America, Norfolk, Va.

BOND AND STOCK TRANSACTIONS: Circulars of interest to buyers of listed stocks and bonds are offered by Hornblower & Weeks, 60 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

COMMON SENSE IN INVESTING MONEY: A booklet setting forth the qualities in real estate mortgage bonds which commend them to investors. Offered by S. W. Straus & Co., 565 Fifth Ave., New York City.

FOR BUYERS OF BONDS: An interesting and helpful booklet which will be appreciated by investors. Offered by the National City Company, 55 Wall St., New York City.

MONTHLY INVESTMENT PLAN: Financial independence through the purchase of high-grade securities on a ten-payment plan. An interesting and attractive booklet. Offered by H. M. Byllesby & Co., 208 So. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

HOW TO SELECT SAFE BONDS: A booklet describing the various steps in the purchase of sound securities. Offered by George M. Forman & Co., 105 West Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

PROTECTED BONDS: A booklet, "How to Judge Southern Mortgage Bonds," explaining methods used in making and selling Adair Protected Bonds. Helpful to investors. Offered by Adair Realty and Trust Co., Atlanta, Ga.

IN view of the wide sweep of the recession; of the progressive character of the movement it would seem as though building and construction could hardly bear up in the face of such a general falling off elsewhere, and particularly not in view of the high relative cost of building at this time. Sooner or later, of course, there is certain to come a reaction, a slowing down in building and construction and all competent authorities agree that a setback will develop despite such especially favorable temporary advantages today as the partial immunity from taxation enjoyed by speculative builders in some communities and the activities of numerous small hamlets. Thanks to the exemption from all state and Federal taxes which municipal bonds enjoy, thousands and thousands of little towns, villages, school districts and other municipal subdivisions which were never before able to borrow money on their own credit have sold their bonds, and laid out the proceeds extravagantly in all sorts of public improvements; in school houses and public buildings, in better roads, streets, sewers, disposal plants, and in countless other ways.

MOUNTING BURDEN OF DEBT

IT is all a part and parcel of modern development and progress no doubt; the conditions of living which satisfied our fathers have become antiquated and do not measure up to our requirements at all. But we are making all these changes at a fearful cost to the taxpayers. Some idea of what the cost has been is indicated by an estimate made by the Treasury Department last month showing the amount of wholly tax-exempt securities outstanding on February 29th this year. The total net amount on that date was $12,521,000,000, of which the bonds of states, counties, cities, and other municipal subdivisions comprised $9,671,000,000. The $12,521,000,000 for all purposes on February 29th last compares with $4,086,000,000 on December 31, 1912, the increase, of which a large part is due to the enlarged borrowing of states, counties, cities etc. has been $8,435,000,000 since 1912. Small wonder that the country groans under a crushing burden of taxation from which seemingly there is no relief.

Expert Counsel

is never more essential than when the purchase or sale of investment securities is contemplated.

For more than a generation Hornblower & Weeks has maintained a staff of specialists upon whose experience the investor may draw, either by mail or in person, without incurring any obligation.

May we send you our current list of Investment Bonds and Stocks? Ask for list H J.

HORNBLOWER & WEEKS

BOSTON *Established in 1888* DETROIT
PORTLAND PROVIDENCE NEW YORK CLEVELAND CHICAGO

Members of the New York, Boston and Chicago Stock Exchanges

REFERENCE has already been made to political activities as a disturbing element and to the deep-seated belief on the part of business men that the reaction in trade is chargeable to the do-nothing attitude of Congress on the matter of income tax revision, the enactment of the soldiers' bonus bill and to the seemingly never-ending scandals and investigations. That the latter have created an atmosphere of distrust and suspicion, and raised a doubt in the minds of many persons regarding the integrity of the Government itself is unfortunately the case, and that has complicated the situation seriously. But while stock speculators and superficial observers are prone to throw all the responsibility for the reaction upon Congress and upon politics, many thoughtful observers and more careful thinkers are disposed to the belief that the true source of the unsettlement will be found in the economics of the situation; in the as yet uncompleted adjustment following the tremendous dislocation occasioned by the Great War.

AMERICA FUNDAMENTALLY SOUND

IN the opinion of President Coolidge, for example, the war wrought a vast corruption of manners and morals and methods which has endured to this day. The President struck this note in his speech to the Associated Press, late in April. The old standards of action, he pointed out, were either suspended or entirely cast aside. Altogether too many of those in a position to do so began to take advantage of the necessities of the situation for their own profit. Continuing, President Coolidge pointed out how almost inconceivable sums of money were raised, and how they were spent with a lavish hand and without ordinary commercial safeguards. The condition began to subside four years ago but the corruption had been so great that a frame of mind had been created where the public was prepared to give credence to almost any story of corrupt bargaining. Continuing, President Coolidge said:

> From all this sordidness the affairs of government, of course

Some Representative Homes where Jewett Refrigerators are used

Mr. David W. Chalmers, Amsterdam, N. Y.
Mr. G. W. H. Allen, Canenovia, N. Y.
Mr. Wm. Fahnestock, Katonah, N. Y.
Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Pocantico Hills, N. Y.
Mr. H. S. Holden, Syracuse, N. Y.
Mrs. S. M. Roosevelt, Skaneateles, N. Y.
Mr. Sherwood Aldrich, Great Neck, L. I.
Mr. Marshall Field, 3d, Huntington, L. I.
Mr. Murray Guggenheim West End, N. J.
Mr. Seth Thomas, Morristown, N. J.
Mr. J. Ogden Armour Chicago, Ill.
Mr. Ezra J. Warner, Jr. Lake Forest, Ill.
Mr. Frank A. Seiberling, Akron, Ohio
Col. W. H. Morgan, Alliance, Ohio
Mr. A. D. Baldwin, Cleveland, Ohio
Mr. Frank Billings, Cleveland, Ohio
Mr. Walter Stewart, Toledo, Ohio
Mr. William F. Cochran, Greenway, Md.

In Homes of the Better Sort

THE same discriminating judgment that selects a rare painting or a genuine antique is quick to recognize the intrinsic value of the Jewett. This is why you will invariably find Jewett Refrigerators in homes of the better sort.

Glistening white compartments of solid, seamless porcelain, 1½ inches thick, with full rounded corners, assure cleaner, colder refrigeration. There are no joints, cracks or crevices—not a single place for dirt, food particles or spilled liquids to collect.

Illustrated catalog on request

The Jewett Refrigerator Co.
128 Chandler St. Buffalo, N.Y.

Branch Offices:
New York Boston Chicago
Cleveland Los Angeles Montreal

JEWETT

The Only Solid Porcelain
REFRIGERATOR

If it isn't a Jewett it isn't a solid porcelain refrigerator

suffered. In some of it a few public officers were guilty participants. But the wonder is that this has not been so much or so many, rather that it has been so little and few. I know that the management of our government has been and is in honest and competent hands, that its finances are sound and well managed and that the business interests of the nation, including the owners, managers and employes are representative of honorable and patriotic motives and that the present economic condition warrants a continuance of confidence and prosperity. Fundamentally, America is sound.

WORKING OUT THE PROBLEM

FUNDAMENTALLY, America is sound but the country is involved in a trade reaction which gives every impression, outwardly, of being of a progressive character and the question uppermost in the mind of every business man is: How is the Country going to work out of the present situation? That it will work out successfully in the end is unquestionably the case but no one of the first prominence appears willing to venture an opinion upon whether the recession will be of long or short duration. Not unnaturally some of those who find the source of unsettlement in politics feel that the depression will pass with the adjournment of Congress, or the National Conventions or, failing that, with the Presidential elections in November. But persons who feel that the disturbance centers in the economics of the situation, are not wholly in accord with the theory that all the troubles will pass away even with the elections. An enormous burden of debt will remain even if the income taxes are revised; the passing of the present Congress paves the way for the election of another which may be no better. Production costs will continue high in any event and the condition of agriculture leaves much to be desired. Probably the most encouraging features are the money and banking situation and the prospect that something of real benefit may result from the work of the Reparations Commission.

BUSINESS AND FINANCIAL

General Resume of Existing Business Conditions

By JOHN GRANT DATER

THE lassitude of the financial markets and of industrial and commercial operations through the months that have passed since the holiday season, which at this writing still holds the country's economic processes in a languorous thraldom despite some bestirring happenings like the defeat of the President's veto of the soldier bonus bill, the submission of the Dawes reparations report and the growth of radical influence in the state councils of Europe, is a phenomenon not a little puzzling and disconcerting. It is puzzling and disconcerting because it calls for unusual application to study of day-to-day manifestations and developments and a methodical care in piecing them into a significant whole. Most persons are not concerned to any such extent.

IT may be of general interest, nevertheless, to venture a tracing of cause and effect that some conception of future probabilities may be had. It should be noted first, perhaps, that the year 1924 to date has failed in several important respects to bring a realization of hopes entertained at the close of 1923. The spring advance in securities values and expansion in trading activities did not materialize. The currents of industry continued sluggish. Prices of goods and products that may be regarded as trade barometers remained practically stationary or, when not stationary, yielded ground slightly. Car loadings from the beginning of March began to decline week by week when compared with loadings in the corresponding weeks of last year. Through January, February and the first half of March production of goods proceeded with a momentum predicated on an increase in spring consumption that did not come.

LATTERLY the domestic markets have been engaged in adjusting their machinery to this series of unfulfilled expectations. The process carried with it a semblance of mistrust and even of discouragement. The orderly course of this readjustment, the benefits that will eventually accrue to an improved trade relationship, the establishment of stable economic rationalism, the preparing of ground for the resumption of normal international trade and commerce, have not received possibly their full meed of appreciation. They are looked upon as war penalties too frequently; they are in truth, war remedies, unpalatable no doubt in their temporary effect, seeming to retard recovery sometimes, occasionally entailing individual disaster, yet inevitably working to a curative end.

POLITICS AND ECONOMICS

THE length of time required for the cure is the pertinent point for inquiry. It would be idle to conjecture whether the cure would have been more speedily effected if the rotation of our

The Highest Type of Real Estate Mortgage Bond Obtainable in any Market

6% Insured

This caption is not extravagant when considering the Insured Mortgage Bonds issued by Mortgage Security Corporation of America.

Examine first the underlying security—a first mortgage on real estate worth twice the amount of bonds, located in the Nation's prosperous cities.

Then there is the unconditional guarantee of Mortgage Security Corporation of America.

Above all this, the bonds are insured against failure and default by the National Surety Company, the World's largest surety company.

6%

Principal and interest Guaranteed by the National Surety Company.

The National Surety Company guarantee makes the bonds negotiable anywhere in the United States. Here is indeed a NATIONAL SECURITY which takes pre-eminence over all local mortgage investments no matter where the properties are located.

Send orders for bonds—denominations of $100, $500 and $1,000—maturities from two to fifteen years, at par and interest to

STEIN BROS. & BOYCE
INVESTMENT BANKERS SINCE 1871
6 S. CALVERT ST., BALTIMORE, MD.
WASHINGTON RICHMOND

MAIL THE COUPON BELOW FOR BOOKLET

STEIN BROS. & BOYCE
6 S. Calvert St., Baltimore, Md.

Please send booklet, "Insured Mortgage Bonds, A National Security."

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

Inquiries solicited from investment bankers.

political system had not brought the Presidential elections this year. Political motives have hampered constructive legislation and political motives have facilitated mischievous legislation. Party lines in Congress have been less clearly drawn than usual. Party principles have ceased to be the exclusive property of either of the major parties. The line has been drawn rather between radical and conservative than between Republican and Democrat, a manifestation of the world-wide fact that the recent European elections have emphasized.

POLITICAL sentiment, therefore, in advance of the conventions and the election campaign has been thrown into confusion. With both parties espousing the same principles with few exceptions and each contending for the claim of sponsorship of the most vital questions of the day, the thoughtful voter scarcely knows where to place his adherence. His perplexity reacts on his business. He hesitates to place orders beyond immediate requirements. If he judges the feelings of his patrons by his own feelings he may not be too severely blamed. The consumer, the retailer, the wholesaler and the manufacturer, each is influenced by human motives and judgments. The result is repressed initiative. To look ahead, to plan ahead and to buy ahead implies confidence which conceivably may become over-confidence. Conversely, to hold back implies distrust which may become irrational fear. Neither are wholesome but both are very human.

POLITICS intensively played as in a Presidential year is a direct interference with the smooth working of economics laws. Congress is unusually free with public funds at such a time. It is the duty of the President to protect the interests of all the people; it is the duty of the Secretary of the Treasury to guard the treasury. The President has adopted the just policy of opposing class legislation and particularly that which would entail an unfair burden on the taxpayer's income. Thus he vetoed the Bursum pension bill. The veto was sustained. He vetoed the soldier bonus bill. The veto was voted down. There was a nice weighing of consequences

J. P. MORGAN & CO.

Wall Street, Corner of Broad

NEW YORK

DREXEL & CO., PHILADELPHIA

Corner of 5th and Chestnut Streets

MORGAN, GRENFELL & CO., LONDON

No. 22 Old Broad Street

MORGAN, HARJES & CO., PARIS

14 Place Vendome

Securities bought and sold on Commission.
Foreign Exchange, Commercial Credits.
Cable Transfers.
Circular Letters for Travelers, available in all parts of the world.

Invest $1,000 July Funds to Net $65 a Year

YOU may obtain a return of $60 or $65 a year on each $1,000, with complete safety, by investing in Straus First Mortgage Bonds, yielding 6 and 6½% interest. Investigate these sound securities. Write today for

BOOKLET G-1409

S.W. STRAUS & CO.

Established 1882 Incorporated

STRAUS BUILDING
505 Fifth Avenue at 40th St.
NEW YORK

STRAUS BUILDING
6 North Clark Street at Madison St.
CHICAGO

STRAUS BUILDING
79 Post Street, SAN FRANCISCO

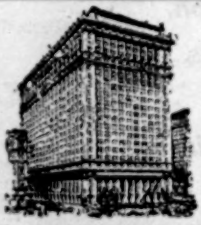
42 Years Without Loss To Any Investor

© 1924—S. W. S. & Co., Inc.

"How To Select Safe Bonds" —also Investment Record

Every investor should have these books. "How to Select Safe Bonds" shows you how to judge an investment and how to secure the investment best suited to your needs. The Investment Record makes keeping track of your investment, income and taxes remarkably easy. These two books will be sent absolutely FREE to every investor requesting them. A postcard will bring your copies.

GEORGE M. FORMAN & COMPANY
Dept. 147, 105 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.
39 Years Without Loss to a Customer



RESOURCES MORE THAN $500,000,000

The CONTINENTAL *and* COMMERCIAL BANKS
CHICAGO
"An Extra Measure of Service"

here bearing on the political future of members of Congress. Widows of Civil War veterans are scarcely a political factor; veterans of the World War (and their wives and mothers) are a political factor.

THE TAX QUESTION

THE enactment of the bonus was a shaft directed against every big and little business man. It struck each where he was most vulnerable and at a time when business enterprise was most hopefully expectant of essential relief in taxation. The breast of each was filled with disquieting doubts anew. Already the scientific tax plan of Secretary Mellon was sadly mutilated although some of the more objectionable provisions of the original House opposition bill were eliminated in the Senate and subsequently approved by a favorable vote on the report of the joint conference committee. It was very doubtful whether the President would accept the bill. He was opposed, of course, to the principle of legislating a deficit in times of peace. The reply in terms of political expediency was that there would be no deficit if Congress would refrain from passing all extraordinary appropriation bills introduced since the opening of the current year.

SUCH a reply was not reassuring with Congress bent on spending money. There was no assurance that with the tax bill enacted into law involving a reduction in levies that would require new Government financing, Congress would cease spending money. In that event what would become of budget balancing? What would become of the Government's admirable plan for reducing the public debt which has already been reduced approximately $6,000,000,000 in the six years since the armistice was signed? What, in short, would be the result of this embarking on a sea of dubious experiment when business was just beginning to find sure footing on firm ground?

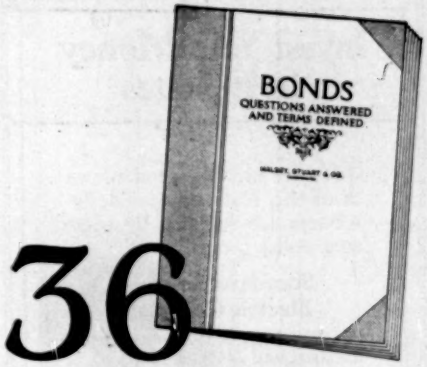
BUSINESS interests had to consider these interrogations from a practical viewpoint. Their connotations were extremely disturbing. Fortu-

nately excessive production has been corrected. Merchants' stocks have been cut down to the bare requirements of current merchandising. Commercial accounts have been largely liquidated although in some quarters credit has been in demand to carry wholesale stocks. The industrial situation has left much to be desired, yet the outlook has become the more promising in proportion to the adjustment of production to consumption. It may be presumed that when the election campaign is ended and when the consequences of recent legislation can be gauged, this favorable position in which industry finds itself will be translated into renewed activity on a sound economic basis.

MEANWHILE all markets have been more or less restricted in scope and animation by the lateness of the spring. Cold weather with extremes of rain and drought in varying sections of the country has checked the volume of trade that we are justified in expecting in the spring months. Business failures in unusual numbers have been caused by the slow interchange of goods. The growth of the crops has been retarded and both cotton and grain stood in palpable need of clear, warm days. Retailers have not improved the situation by their refusal to co-operate with wholesalers and manufacturers in a price reduction plan having for its purpose the stimulating of the purchasing incentive of the consumer. Needless to say industrial interests have indulged in rather caustic criticism of this narrow and excessively cautious course of the retailers when, as they hold it to be true, a little daring and initiative might effectively counteract unseasonable conditions which are beyond economic control.

PRICES AND WAGES

THE trade adjustment already alluded to has not brought about, however, the much to be desired relationship of prices to wages. High wages have made it difficult for manufacturers to reduce the price scale but considerable has been accomplished in that direction without eliciting the co-oper-



36 Pages of Useful Bond Information

THE experienced as well as the beginning bond buyer will find it valuable to have at hand a copy of our booklet, "BONDS—Questions Answered and Terms Defined."

This book provides a digest of information which might otherwise be gained only from broad experience or wide reading concerned with investments.

It is indexed for ready reference and covers questions which long observation has shown most frequently present themselves to investors when selecting or handling their bond investments.

Non-technical definitions of commonly used bond terms are included.

We shall welcome the opportunity to place this booklet in the hands of any one to whom it may be useful.

Write to nearest office for Booklet HM-7

CHICAGO 201 S. LaSalle St. | NEW YORK 14 Wall St. | PHILADELPHIA 100 South Broad St.
BOSTON 82 Devonshire St. | DETROIT 601 Griswold St. | ST. LOUIS 319 N. 4th St.
MILWAUKEE 425 E. Water St. | MINNEAPOLIS 610 Second Ave., S.

HALSEY, STUART & CO.

Invest Your Money in 17 States

IN over 840 cities and towns of the Nation, vital daily services are supplied by operated utility companies of

Standard Gas and Electric Company

Gross business of this organization has increased 224% in 10 years.

We recommend as a sound investment the Company's new

7% Prior Preference Stock

Cumulative **Par Value $100**

Yielding 7½%

Copy of certified annual report and illustrated booklet BK248 free on request.

H. M. Byllesby and Co

208 South La Salle Street, CHICAGO

NEW YORK 111 Broadway

BOSTON 14 State St.

Dictate

Summertime is the best time to get freedom, speed and ease in your office.

Telephone the Ediphone, your city. Send for the Edison book for executives. "Getting Action."

THOMAS A. EDISON, INC.

Orange **New Jersey**

Ediphone

Built By Edison

ation of the retailers. The manufacturers, in consequence, have been forced to curtail operations. Within the past fortnight steel output was estimated at a fluctuating figure within a few points of 60 per cent of capacity. This figure was at least 30 per cent below the top figure of March. At the same time textile mills in many cases were operating at not more than 50 per cent of capacity. The wool market, especially in the East, was slow and depressed. The West reported somewhat better conditions. Fall River and other centers of the cotton goods trade found trade very dull with production progressively curtailed in New England and the South alike. The petroleum trade, particularly trade in gasoline, has declined. The lumber trade has also declined. Building has become less active though still on a substantial scale. And, finally, reduced operations of industrial plants were reflected in the reduction of bituminous coal to the smallest proportions in a number of years.

HIGH retail prices have kept the cost of living high. The high cost of living has justified the refusal of labor to accept a lower wage scale. The manufacturer perforce reduced operations. The result was closely akin to stagnation. Some of the railroads have succeeded in making agreements with certain classes of employees, but the cotton mills of Fall River and the carpet mills of Connecticut have failed dismally in achieving a like result. Wages have in effect been cut to some extent by shortening the working week; merely a makeshift, however, that is contingent on continued stagnation. At the recent annual meeting of the American Iron and Steel Institute Judge Gary, chairman of the United States Steel Corporation, told his auditors that wages should be high enough "to give the (working) man good and reasonable support."

THIS excellent theory may not be gainsaid but such a complacent attitude does not solve the problem created by the vicious circle of cause and effect. The manufacturer has sought to reduce the cost of living by

Look inside the Piano for this Trade-Mark

The Sign of the World's Standard Piano Action

The Unfailing Sign of A Quality Piano

THE Wessell, Nickel & Gross trade mark (shown above) is not only the symbol of the world's standard piano action but it is the *sign of an artistic piano.* Makers of mediocre pianos naturally do not use the world's highest priced piano action; builders of fine pianos have long appreciated the importance of quality in the action—the piano's most vital mechanism and the means of *tone production and touch.*

Because leading American piano manufacturers have recognized, since 1874, the supremacy of the Wessell, Nickel & Gross piano action, the piano purchaser is assured of obtaining an instrument of quality and reliability if choice is made of a piano, player or reproducing piano equipped with this famous product.

Your dealer also is fully aware of the unquestioned leadership of the Wessell, Nickel & Gross piano action. He will gladly show you an instrument in which this action has been installed.

WESSELL, NICKEL & GROSS
Established 1874 New York City

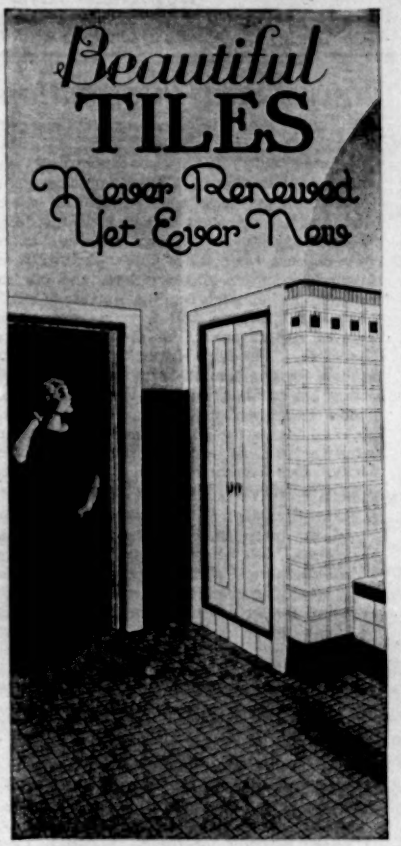
When you Buy an Upright, Grand, Player or Reproducing Piano— Insist on the Wessell, Nickel & Gross Piano Action.

Gardening With Brains

By HENRY T. FINCK

A FASCINATING manual on how to grow flowers, fruits and vegetables, of which Luther Burbank, the world's most famous gardener, says: "It is the best book that has so far been written on garden subjects. No book could be more instructive. You get at the facts in such a pleasing, human way that they are irresistible." *$2.50*

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers



The Making of a Home

Beautiful Tiles represent a home-making material. They offer fine, unlimited opportunities for self-expression, and require a negligible amount of care after they are in place.

As a decorative medium they enable you to have just what you want in color effects, patterns, design, texture; and provide that no less desirable condition called "atmosphere."

There are many places in your home where Beautiful Tiles ought to be used. The "Home Suggestion Book" will serve as a helpful reminder while you are deciding just how the different rooms should be finished.

The Alhambra Tile Company
American Encaustic Tiling Co., Ltd.
Beaver Falls Art Tile Company
The Cambridge Tile Mfg. Co.
Grueby Faience & Tile Co.
Matawan Tile Company
The Mosaic Tile Company
The National Tile Company
Old Bridge E. B. & Tile Company
Perth Amboy Tile Works
The C. Pardee Works
United States Encaustic Tile Works
Wheeling Tile Company

ARE THE

A copy of the "Home Suggestion Book" sent Free on request.

FREE on request

Associated Tile Manufacturers

340 7th Avenue, Beaver Falls, Pa.

Investment Information

IN these pages the readers of "Harper's Magazine" receive each month the announcements of various investment and commercial bankers. These announcements contain suggestions concerning the many phases of banking service which are rendered by the individual bankers. In some cases, they express their ideas more definitely by means of booklets and circulars, and our experience is that such reading matter is really very useful to men and women who are in need of expert advice in financial matters. Therefore, "Harper's Monthly" is glad to publish, for the benefit of its readers, the following list of financial literature, and recommends that readers write directly to the bankers, asking for such booklets or circulars as may seem to fit into their personal requirements. Our banker friends are always glad to be of service to "Harper's" readers.

BANKING SERVICE: To executors of the larger business establishments and to individual investors, the Service Department of the Continental & Commercial Banks, Chicago, Ill., would be glad to send information concerning its service in commercial, fiduciary and investment banking.

CHOOSING YOUR INVESTMENT BANKER: A worth while booklet for investors, giving them an idea of what to expect in the way of service from their investment banker. Offered by Halsey, Stuart & Co., 209 So. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

BONDS INSURED AGAINST LOSS: A booklet giving full information concerning the newest development among real estate mortgage bonds—bonds insured against loss by the National Surety Company. Offered by the Mortgage Security Corporation of America, Norfolk, Va.

BOND AND STOCK TRANSACTIONS: Circulars of interest to buyers of listed stocks and bonds are offered by Hornblower & Weeks, 60 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

COMMON SENSE IN INVESTING MONEY: A booklet setting forth the qualities in real estate mortgage bonds which commend them to investors. Offered by S. W. Straus & Co., 565 Fifth Ave., New York City.

FOR BUYERS OF BONDS: An interesting and helpful booklet which will be appreciated by investors. Offered by the National City Company, 55 Wall St., New York City.

MONTHLY INVESTMENT PLAN: Financial independence through the purchase of high-grade securities on a ten-payment plan. An interesting and attractive booklet. Offered by H. M. Byllesby & Co., 208 So. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

HOW TO SELECT SAFE BONDS: A booklet describing the various steps in the purchase of sound securities. Offered by George M. Forman & Co., 105 West Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

PROTECTED BONDS: A booklet, "How to Judge Southern Mortgage Bonds," explaining methods used in making and selling Adair Protected Bonds. Helpful to investors. Offered by Adair Realty and Trust Co., Atlanta, Ga.

reducing prices to the wholesaler and retailer. Until now the retailers have refused to co-operate in this laudable and far-seeing policy. The cost of living continues high, the wage scale continues high, labor declines angrily to be imposed upon and trade sluggishness naturally follows. There must be a beginning somewhere and it still remains to be seen whether the close of the impending election campaign will mark such a beginning. The adjournment of Congress, it may be supposed, will aid in allaying some of the nervous fears that have attended its sittings with its extravagances, its inquisitions, its political maneuvers and its indifference to economic rules and requirements.

THE railroads have derived no small degree of satisfaction from the very dilatoriness of Congress and its inability to find the time to consider the many bills for transportation regulation which have been introduced or were awaiting introduction. The railroad companies have strengthened their position by effecting substantial economies in operation — by consolidating their corporate interests through the purchase of securities of their subsidiaries and by heavy investments in improvements, betterments and maintenance. In short, the railroads have utilized every agency to demonstrate that the men in charge of them have the ability and the will to repair the ravages of Government control and operation in war-time and to place the roads on a sound business basis to the end that the country's distributive requirements may be met and anticipated, at the same time justifying the confidence of the public in them as a medium for safe and profitable investment. The state of the transportation industry is, perhaps, the most encouraging feature of a rather dubious outlook so far as it is given us to gauge that outlook at this time. The soundness of the country's commercial status may not be questioned although its translation into constructive sentiment may be deferred until political conditions here and abroad have crystallized into well defined policies.

BUSINESS AND FINANCIAL

Influence on Business of Political Activities

By JOHN GRANT DATER

THE continuously slackening pace of industrial and commercial activity through the first six months of the current year featured one of those curious intervals of time which few observers of economic phenomena anticipate and, therefore, appraise with their usual keen perception. At the close of 1923 optimistic forecasts for the spring and, indeed, for the year were quite general. Through January, February and March judgment was to a considerable extent suspended. Seasonal influences were cited to account for unfulfilled prophesies. In April, some misgivings developed; in May hopes for a definite spring revival went a-glimmering and in June it was reluctantly conceded by nearly everyone that little was to be expected of business or of the financial markets until after political excitement had died down.

THE Republican Convention at Cleveland did what it was supposed it would do; it nominated President Coolidge and it adopted the platform formulated by the President in its entirety. What might have been regarded as a performance offensively cut-and-dried was saved from reproach by popular recognition of the fact that the President was, in reality, the champion of the people and of the people's best interest at a time when political juggling in Congress was of such scope as to obstruct constructive legislation and, by the same token, to facilitate expedient legislation. It was with profound relief that the country saw Congress adjourn, not to meet again until December unless circumstances should make a special session necessary. It may be presumed that the complexion of the next Congress will be changed in some degree. Much mischief had been done that could be laid at the doors of both the major political parties. The campaign promised to bring a welcome diversion which conceivably might establish a basis for new economic energy and optimism when the elections shall have been passed and done with.

POLITICAL PREOCCUPATION

THE Democratic Convention at New York was a sharply contrasting spectacle to that of the Republican Convention at Cleveland. The race for the Presidential nomination was from the beginning an open contest. Candidates for the nomination who had a right to expect success for their aspirations were numerous. The later political gathering, in consequence, commanded an interest that served to preoccupy all classes, not only in the nomination itself but in the elections to follow. This political preoccupation, coincident with industrial and commercial stagnation, intensified by the dulness that usually characterizes the summer months, had the effect of holding in abeyance the business initiative that might otherwise have been more conspicuously in evidence as a result of the extreme laxity of the credit position.

Straus Safety

THE standards of Straus Safety have been maintained for 42 years, without loss or delay in payment to any investor. This is your best assurance of the future safety of the Straus Bond you buy today. Write for circulars describing these sound 6% investments. Ask for

BOOKLET H-1409

S.W. STRAUS & CO.

Established 1882 Incorporated

STRAUS BUILDING
565 Fifth Avenue
at 46th St.
NEW YORK

STRAUS BUILDING
6 North Clark Street
at Madison St.
CHICAGO

STRAUS BUILDING
79 Post Street, SAN FRANCISCO

42 Years Without Loss To Any Investor

© 1924—S. W. S. & Co., Inc.

The Financial Department

of Harper's Magazine will supply upon request booklets on Investments in Stocks and Bonds, Insurance, Banking and Trust Company service—see list on the 10th page following.

3 Secrets of Wise Investing

Thirty-nine years of sound, conservative financial experience were necessary before we acquired the investment knowledge given in this book. It gives the three secrets of wise investing which everyone should know.

HOW TO SELECT SAFE BONDS

A postcard or letter will bring your copy of this book, "How to Select Safe Bonds." For 30 years no investor has ever lost a penny on any investment purchased from us—an unsurpassed record. Send today for your copy of this valuable book. No obligation.

GEORGE M. FORMAN & COMPANY
Dept. 148, 105 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.
39 Years Without Loss to a Customer

THE situation at the mid-year was patently psychological. It bore but slight relation to fundamental factors. The elements of prosperity, it was generally agreed, were present in nearly if not all aspects. Money was cheap; so cheap, in truth, that those with surplus funds perforce turned their attention to listed bond investments, including foreign issues, and to any and all new flotations that came anywhere near the requirements for prudent investment. Gold continued to flow into the country at the rate of some $30,000,000 monthly. Credit facilities were enlarged proportionately. Commercial demand for loans declined as inventories were reduced from proportions that, in the sequel, were large in the early months of the year. There were intervals when consumption demand for goods quickened and even now there are not wanting indications of good buying power. This buying power, however, has failed to reach the manufacturer, not because it lacked potential momentum or substance but because the retailer and the producer were miles apart in a price policy.

THIS complaint of the producer against the retailer was not a new one. It was first heard several months ago, but little has been done as yet to remove the cause notwithstanding the reiterated open charge of large industrial interests that retailers were retarding trade revival by declining to cooperate in the price reduction movement. The retailers' main concern, apparently, was to dispose of stocks on hand at prices obtaining when they were bought before building up their stocks which must be sold at a lower scale of prices. They mingled these two policies only so far as current requirements compelled them to do so. The individual consumer was aware that prices were coming down; at any rate he read in the press that they were. And it was perfectly true that such was the case, but the benefit went to the storekeeper who still had to pay high salaries to his employees and high rents to his landlord. The public consequently bought less freely even though part of the tax burden had been lifted.

Government • Municipal • Joint Stock Land Bank • Public Utility • Industrial

The Making of Good Bonds

OF COURSE, the most important thing about a bond is its underlying security—the physical assets behind it, the product or service it represents, the record of earnings and management, if it is a corporation issue; or the financial standing and legality, if the issue is of government or municipal origin. But, second only in importance to this is the house responsible to the investing public for the issue.

Thorough Investigation

Bond issues originated by Halsey, Stuart & Co. have the most thorough investigation of all underlying values. The ability to pay principal and interest is scrutinized by accountants, engineers and appraisers, as may be required.

This investigation is by no means a formality. It is searching. Every possibility of weakness is weighed. Bond issues are rejected which give every indication of soundness under ordinary conditions, but which might not survive a general depression.

This conservative policy naturally attracts high-grade financing. Business concerns, industrial and public service—as well as governments and municipalities of high standing—prefer to have their bond issues underwritten by an organization whose known standards reflect prestige. They court the searching investigation. They want their securities placed with a wide range of conservative investors.

A Guide to Investors

Finding out who are the underwriters of an issue should be one of the investor's first steps in making up his mind about a bond. It means as much as the mark of a maker on merchandise. It is a guide to banks and bond dealers in selecting the issues which they offer to their customers. It is of even greater importance to the private investor.

Our Booklet, "Essentials of a Sound Investment Policy," presents four cardinal principles of safe investment. Both experienced and beginning investors will find it worth reading. May we send you a copy? Ask for Booklet HM-8

HALSEY, STUART & CO.

INCORPORATED

CHICAGO 201 South La Salle St.	NEW YORK 14 Wall St.	PHILADELPHIA 200 South Broad St.	BOSTON 82 Devonshire St.
DETROIT 601 Griswold St.	MILWAUKEE 425 East Water St.	ST. LOUIS 319 North 4th St.	MINNEAPOLIS 610 Second Ave., S.

Recognized Reliability of Utility Investments

SAVINGS banks, trust companies and insurance companies of the United States are holders of about four billion dollars of public utility securities—substantial recognition of the safety and desirability of utility investments.

As a sound, well protected investment we recommend at present the

7% Prior Preference Stock

Standard Gas and Electric Company

Business of the Company's operated utilities has increased over 224% in the last 10 years.

Yield about 7½%

Send for illustrated booklet BK-254 and details of this timely opportunity.

H. M. Byllesby and Co.

208 South La Salle Street, CHICAGO
NEW YORK 111 Broadway
BOSTON 14 State St.

THE STOCK MARKET BAROMETER

By William Peter Hamilton

¶ In this unusual book, William Peter Hamilton, the editor of the *Wall Street Journal*, explains exactly what is meant by Dow's theory of the stock market price movement.

¶ The book shows how the stock market movement reflects in advance, and often many months ahead, the coming conditions of business generally.

¶ Mr. Hamilton's illustrations and examples come from the personal experience and observation of one who has had confidential intimacy with Wall Street leaders and executives of national reputation, for the past twenty-two years. $3.00

HARPER & BROTHERS
Established 1817 New York

THE CREDIT POSITION

JUNE and July have brought no essential change in this situation. Taxes have been reduced, it is true, but tax reform has by no means been accomplished. Congress, before adjourning, did just enough in that direction to leave ground for belief that the next Congress would have to go a good deal farther to help business, whichever political party was successful at the polls in November. Meanwhile the agricultural situation was improved by the substantial rise in grain and cotton prices. To what extent this rise will result in increased purchasing power remains to be seen. It is not likely to be manifested in any positive way in the midsummer season with production normally at low ebb and seasonal tendencies accentuated by political considerations. Cheap money has little or nothing to do with it.

THE Federal Reserve banks recognized this state of things when they reduced their rediscount rates. The New York and Boston regional banks cut their rates to 3½ per cent, a step that followed rather than led the open market rate. At the same time there was a pronounced buying movement in bonds, embracing virtually all classes and descriptions of these securities. Prices tended to advance accordingly. This, in turn, suggested the possibility of inflation, signs of which have not yet appeared, it may be observed. Speculation has been kept in check, not for want of funds with which to finance it, surely, but for want of movement to make it profitable. It is obvious that the danger of inflation will be one that will have to be guarded against later in the year when the political future shall be known, when, perhaps, the Dawes reparations plan will be in operation and when industry shall begin to take up the credit slack. It has indeed become so patent that such will be the next problem to be solved that prudent men have been leaning backward in their caution, as it were, a circumstance that has contributed materially to the present period of stagnation.

AN EXTRA MEASURE OF SERVICE

ORGANIZATION

It's the "everlastin' team work" in these days when the reach of business is so great.

ORGANIZATION is indispensable. Training and experience must be won by many minds and many hands before there comes the order and organization competent to deliver efficient banking service.

Fifty-four tried officers in this institution supervise upwards of 100 departments whose many managers and assistants direct the work of more than 2200 employes. Each department is a unit and part of the one great unit which operates smoothly, swiftly, effectively to deliver the extra measure of service.

The CONTINENTAL and COMMERCIAL BANKS
CHICAGO

RESOURCES MORE THAN 500 MILLIONS

T

8½% Current Yield

Industrial Trustee Shares

Representing Full Participation in Ten Leading Industrials

American Locomotive Co.
American Tel. & Tel. Co.
American Tobacco Co.
American Woolen Co.
Endicott-Johnson Corporation
Studebaker Corporation
The Texas Company
United Fruit Company
U. S. Steel Corporation
Westinghouse Elec. & Mfg. Co.

These shares offer to every investor the possibility of participating in the ownership and profits of America's great industries. They combine Diversity, Stability, Safety, Marketability, High Yield, Profit.

Price at market

Approx. $10½ per share

Price subject to market changes

Book Value Over $14.00

Circular Q.G.-2 on Request

THROCKMORTON & CO.
INVESTMENTS
115 BROADWAY NEW YORK

Dictate

Judge dictating machines by the new standard of Edison's latest executive model.

Telephone the Ediphone, your city. Send for the Edison book for executives. "Getting Action."

THOMAS A. EDISON, INC.
Orange New Jersey

Ediphone

Built By Edison

THE low cost of credit has not been a stimulus to productive enterprise, although it is entirely probable that it will facilitate such enterprise in the proper season. Much will depend on the extent to which factors favoring a rise in agricultural products shall develop between now and the final crop reports. The farmer is a good buyer when the prices of farm products advance. Whether the present trend to higher prices will continue will be contingent, of course, on the showing of domestic and world crops in August. They cannot be appraised with accuracy until then. The outlook at the moment is for a shortage in both wheat and cotton. The decrease in acreage planted in this country to wheat and cotton, the unfavorable growing conditions in the West and Northwest all through the spring and early season and the severe drouth in Russia no doubt will contribute to higher prices, although it should be borne in mind that such conditions often become so extreme as to offset the price advantage by the disadvantage of a too limited supply of marketable commodities.

RETAIL TRADE DECLINE

REPORTS from all parts of the country, covering April, May, and, in a preliminary survey, June, told the same tale of declining retail buying. It was noticeable that the sharpest declines were in districts where there was the best buying in the early part of the year. The most pronounced recession was in the East, with the Western agricultural section second, the Pacific Coast third and the Southern district fourth. Based on comparisons month by month, the trend of business was downward in all districts, although the volume of business transacted was slightly ahead of the same period of last year. The Standard Statistics Company compiled the May earnings of ten leading mail order and chain store organizations, including comparisons with April of this year and with May of last year. Of these, seven suffered losses in May as compared with April but only one failed to report gains as compared with May of 1923. Only one, also (and be it noted the same one), failed to show a gain for the five-months

J. P. MORGAN & CO.

Wall Street, Corner of Broad

NEW YORK

DREXEL & CO., PHILADELPHIA

Corner of 5th and Chestnut Streets

MORGAN, GRENFELL & CO., LONDON

No. 22 Old Broad Street

MORGAN, HARJES & CO., PARIS

14 Place Vendome

Securities bought and sold on Commission.
Foreign Exchange, Commercial Credits.
Cable Transfers.
Circular Letters for Travelers, available in all parts of the world.

To grasp a Smith and Wesson revolver is to awaken immediately the feelings of confidence and trust in this superior arm. Its sturdy construction, proved accuracy, and assured reliability arouse instant appreciation for superb craftsmanship.

SMITH & WESSON

Manufacturers of Superior Revolvers

SPRINGFIELD
MASSACHUSETTS

Catalogue sent on request. Address Department Y.

No arms are genuine Smith & Wesson Arms unless they bear, plainly marked on the barrel, the name

SMITH & WESSON, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Western Representatives:

Andrew Carrigan Company, Rialto Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.
Los Angeles, Cal., Seattle, Wash.

period over the corresponding period last year.

THIS seemingly excellent showing has not been realized without the most strenuous sales efforts. It may well be supposed that the showing likewise represents the realization on the part of some retailers that buying cannot be stimulated without price concessions. The large organizations recognized this fact clearly enough, but the small shopmen would seem still to be groping in the dark spaces between the desire to sell on a large scale on the one hand and to maintain price levels at or near war figures on the other. The people had their fling at extravagant expenditure at and around the peak of the post-war boom in 1920. Experience taught them that such excesses brought their own peculiar penalties. They have no desire to repeat them, because they have learned from them the value of money. Hence, retail trade revival has, perhaps, as never before, required a higher plane of worth for goods offered in exchange for money. Under these conditions people will buy, but they will not throw away money.

THE soundest of salesmanship has, therefore, been necessary to prevent a more severe slump in trade than has yet taken place. And it may well be that the moral tone of salesmanship has been raised thereby much in the same manner that the moral fibre of the railroad managements has been strengthened by the intensive campaign to reduce the cost of operation. Before the United States entered the late war the term "economy" in its original and homely sense had lost its meaning. That false and utterly pernicious doctrine that the demand of the American public for "the best of everything" must be filled at whatever cost in order to maintain a "place in the sun of competition" was accepted by the railroads as by everybody else with a grand, expansive gesture. Nothing was too good for this petted public, but the prevalent idea of what was "good" was curious, to say the least. Post-war experience has taught a finer discrimination and a sounder economy without impairing service.

Look Inside the Piano for this Trade-Mark

WESSELL, NICKEL & GROSS

The Sign of the World Standard Piano Action

Tone and Touch and The Piano Action

TRUE tone! Crisp, responsive touch! With them, real piano worth. Without them, merely an article of furniture. There is one certain way to obtain genuine quality in tone and touch. Insist upon the Wessell, Nickel & Gross piano action! Look for the *octagonal trade-mark*. (Shown above.)

Since 1874, leading piano makers have set the stamp of approval on the Wessell, Nickel & Gross action—*the highest priced piano action in the world*. They know by long experience that it unites every desirable piano action quality. This action is never found in instruments of doubtful worth. Piano dealers, too, recognize the supremacy of this famous product. Any dealer will be glad to show you a Wessell, Nickel & Gross equipped piano, player or reproducing piano.

WESSELL, NICKEL & GROSS
Established 1874 New York City

When you Buy an Upright, Grand, Player or Reproducing Piano—Insist on the Wessell, Nickel & Gross Piano Action.

THE BEHAVIOR OF CROWDS

By Everett Dean Martin

Are your actions the result of your own conclusions, or are you influenced by mass suggestion—the crowd mind? This is what Hudson Maxim, the great inventor, has to say of this important book: "It is a subject which has not heretofore been given the attention it deserves. Few persons do their own pioneer thinking. . . . The rarest kind of independent mindness is that coupling of courage with conviction which can pronounce a truth a truth, a fact a fact, when recognized, without the sanction or support of any presumed authority. The author of *The Behavior of Crowds* has recognized these pregnant truths, and he has the rare faculty of presenting what he knows in most lucid language."

HARPER & BROTHERS
Est. 1817 *"107 Years of Good Books"*

happy legs

always cool and comfortable - unburdened with pads or metal clasps

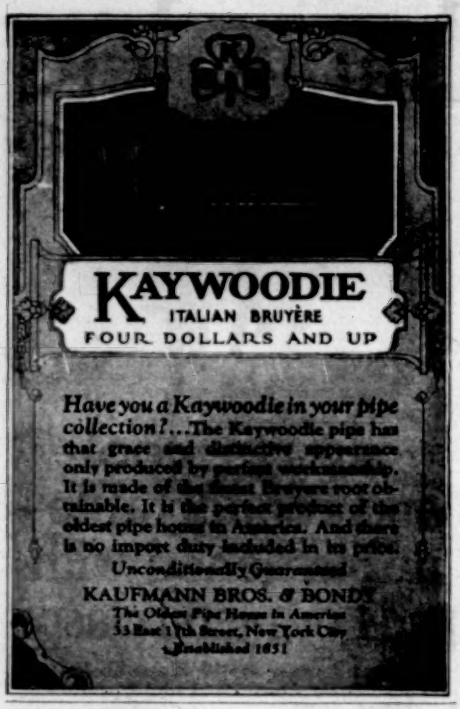
IVORY Garters are light and cool—just lively elastic and clean, white clasps.

Because they don't have to protect your skin from metal, Ivories don't need thick, lifeless, sweaty pads. There is no fixed angle at which to wear them. They fit any leg—comfortably, without binding.

Go to any men's store and insist on Ivories. They come in wide or standard web, with single or double grip. 25c up. You'll never know garter comfort till you own them.

IVORY GARTER COMPANY
New Orleans, La.

Ivory Garter


KAYWOODIE
ITALIAN BRUYÈRE
FOUR DOLLARS AND UP
Have you a Kaywoodie in your pipe collection?...The Kaywoodie pipe has that grace and distinctive appearance only produced by perfect workmanship. It is made of the finest Bruyere root obtainable. It is the perfect product of the oldest pipe house in America. And there is no import duty included in its price.
Unconditionally Guaranteed
KAUFMANN BROS. & BOND
The Oldest Pipe House in America
53 East 11th Street, New York City
Established 1851

THE MIND IN THE MAKING

By James Harvey Robinson

THE well-known historian's account of how we have come to think as we do. No book has ever offered so graphic a picture of our unconscious intellectual bondage, or pointed the way more clearly to escape. H. G. Wells says: "For me, I think James Harvey Robinson is going to be almost as important as was Huxley in my adolescence and William James in later years. . . . I question whether in the long run people may not come to think it as marking a new and characteristic American initiative in the world's thought and methods." Dr. Frank Crane says: "It is a good book, one of the best I have read in a long while, and worthy of a place side by side with John Dewey's *Reconstruction and Philosophy*."

HARPER & BROTHERS
Established 1817 New York City

HEREIN lies, perhaps, the truest insight into the future of the transportation companies and into that of all industry. Railroad consolidation developments, the allayment of fears of radical legislation inimical to the railroads and a broader conception of duties on the part of the Interstate Commerce Commission have opened an interesting field of conjecture. Renewed interest in railroad securities has been not the least interesting. Railroad bonds, like all other bonds, have been directly enhanced in value by low money rates. Railroad stock issues have been given increased attractions by the contrast in their relatively low prices and high investment yields to open market rates for credit. The railroad companies themselves have demonstrated what can be done in maintaining the level of net earnings in the face of decreased gross earnings. Indications now point to net earnings that will compare favorably this year with those of 1923, whereas traffic thus far has been and still is some ten per cent less than in the same period of a year ago.

TO carry this point even farther, the same result may be noted in the position of the United States Treasury. One of the last acts of Congress was to reduce income taxes 25 per cent, yet June income and profits tax collections up to the last week of that month were estimated at $186,930,208. Last year at the same time they were estimated at $188,511,302. This very satisfactory showing was effected despite the fact the reductions in payments were not operative until the June payments were due. During the fiscal year, that is to say, from July 23d last year to June 18th this year, internal revenue collections from income and profits taxes represented an actual increase of $189,212,630. And in this same period, the gross debt of the United States was reduced $1,009,727,888. Last November the Treasury, in a preliminary estimate for the fiscal year, placed the surplus after providing for Government expenditures, the sinking fund and public debt retirements required by law at $329,639,624. Late in June of this year the same officials told President Coolidge that the surplus would exceed $500,000,000.

BUSINESS AND FINANCIAL

The Outlook for the Coming Months

By JOHN GRANT DATER

THE summer season, now approaching its final phase, has been notable and, perhaps, unique for its development of a close alliance between economics and politics. The character of this alliance and all the implications which have but recently been impressed upon the public mind in their possible bearings on the impending Presidential elections, have perforce caused a revision of ideas with respect to financial and business prospects in the second half of the current year. The change has been immediately reflected in a quickening of operations in the securities and commodities markets, a manifestation not unusual in the late summer yet one commanding more than ordinary interest at this time because of unprecedented conditions obtaining the civilized world over.

THE key to such a situation, in several senses, may be found in the United States. The reparations plan, formulated by American banking experts and given a prestige that always attaches to a politically disinterested motive, was designed to indicate methods of recovery which Europe in her confusion of national conflicts and political prejudices could neither visualize nor put into practice without outside aid. That aid had to come from a source that was above suspicion of ulterior purpose. Coming from America, it could be accepted without fear; indeed, it was accepted as probably the last opportunity for adjusting a state of affairs that otherwise would become hopelessly muddled and debar the old countries from associating themselves with the prosperity and vast resources of the one new country which could and which was willing, albeit unofficially, to extend a helping hand.

THE prosperity and resources of the United States have thus become a subject for careful study and analysis by the whole world and in the vital interest of the whole world. The political and financial condition of Europe has been the chief handicap of this country's post-war development. It has now become a subject of keen inquiry and speculation as to the probable position of the United States when that handicap shall have been removed or the way pointed out for its removal through the instrumentality of the Dawes formula. It may not be supposed that the formula will work miracles at once, but competent opinion concedes that it has the elements for a beginning on a rational basis and for a gradual solution of problems as they press for solution in due sequence.

This *Handy*
Investment Record

saves unnecessary trips to your safe deposit box and quickly furnishes complete information—amounts, interest dates, maturities, prices, taxable status, etc., of your investment holdings.

It is made in loose-leaf form so that pages may be added as required—the pocket size is handy and compact.

Included is a bond interest table, also a chart of information on all issues of Liberty Bonds.

Income Tax Data
Is Readily Available

when you use the convenient forms provided in this loose-leaf booklet for recording purchases and sales of securities, income derived, tax provisions, etc.

Write for our
"Loose Leaf Security Record" HM-9

CHICAGO 201 S. La Salle St.
NEW YORK 14 Wall St.
PHILADELPHIA 100 S. Broad St.
BOSTON 82 Devonshire St.
DETROIT 601 Griswold St.
ST. LOUIS 319 N. 4th St.
MILWAUKEE 425 E. Water St.
MINNEAPOLIS 610 Second Ave., S.

HALSEY, STUART & CO.

WE have, therefore, for consideration at this time three major factors that have already been woven, to employ a somewhat loose simile, of the threads of international economics and politics and of national economics and politics into one whole and controlling factor. The component factors are the Dawes report, the domestic political divisions which the platforms of the Republican and Democratic parties and the principles advocated by the radical group under the leadership of Senator LaFollette have clearly established, and the highly significant development of enhancement in values of farm products, notably wheat and corn. Deductions to be drawn from these factors as they have come to the surface in recent weeks have necessarily changed the current of popular thought as well as of authoritative conceptions.

THE London conference held in July seemingly found ways and means for satisfactory and effective application of the provisions of the reparations plan. The assemblage of the American Bar Association in the British capital at about the same time, headed by Secretary of State Hughes, afforded an opportunity for an unofficial exchange of views on this pervading topic and, it may be presumed, facilitated an understanding between American and British minds at any rate. In lesser degree, perhaps, but still much in the same manner and with the same purpose in view, international accord was forwarded by the open and round table discussions of international affairs at the August session of the Institute of Politics at Williamstown, Massachusetts. All these were symptomatic of the world-wide longing for an adjustment of the difficulties brought in the train of the war.

THE impending Presidential elections here were not without their bearing on these difficulties. With a plank in the Republican platform calling for adherence to a World Court and with an expression of sympathy in the Democratic platform with the hopes and aspirations of the League of Nations, it was evident that our national political thought was concerned with matters beyond our own borders, re-

N EXTRA MEASURE OF SERVICE

POLICY

POLICY is the body of principles which guide the conduct of the organization. Every business concern has a policy because even no policy is a policy.

In this institution the policy is definite and pronounced. It calls always for constructive financial service to American business. In war or peace, in storm or calm, there has been no departure from that policy.

Five thousand customer banks and many thousand individual customers attest it It is one of the striking components of the *extra measure of service* normal to these banks.

The CONTINENTAL and COMMERCIAL BANKS
CHICAGO

RESOURCES MORE THAN 500 MILLIONS

Insured Mortgage Bonds

THERE'S PEACEFUL MIND IN WISE INVESTING

6% Insured

Among the good things of life, which a wise investment buys, is a peaceful mind.

Insured Mortgage Bonds

secure for wise investors a full measure of a peaceful mind and a most liberal income yield besides, in

A National Security

[1] guaranteed by the house of issue, Mortgage Security Corporation of America;

[2] insured by the National Surety Company, the world's largest surety company;

[3] recommended by conservative Investment Bankers;

[4] purchased by large Estates, Endowments, and by thoughtful investors who appreciate a peaceful mind.

Send orders for Insured Mortgage Bonds, at par and interest in $100, $500, and $1,000 denominations, and in maturities of two to fifteen years to

STEIN BROS. & BOYCE

Investment Bankers since 1871

Richmond Baltimore Washington

MAIL THE COUPON BELOW FOR BOOKLET

STEIN BROS. & BOYCE
6 S. Calvert St., Baltimore, Md.

Please send booklet, "Insured Mortgage Bonds, A National Security."

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

Inquiries solicited from investment bankers.

flective not of sentiment merely but quite as much of an expanding conception of the relationship between national and international well-being. Concurrently the radical movement on this side of the Atlantic was an echo of a similar more advanced movement on the other side, and tended to accomplish here what it has already accomplished there, that is to say, an awakening of the conservative parties to the intimate requirements of each nation and to a concert of the whole.

THE fall campaign cannot as yet be very closely analyzed. At this writing the campaign can scarcely be said to have opened. The question of funds, heretofore exposed to free criticism, is a delicate one under the circumstances with the peculiar alignment of political forces. The campaign, therefore, is likely to be a late one and a short one, a probability that will not be displeasing to business interests. The result of the three-cornered contest has engaged the earnest thought of all sections in this country and in no small degree abroad. The contingency of the election being thrown into Congress has not been overlooked. Here again the economic factor enters in. The original strength of the third electoral venture was largely derived from the discontent of the agricultural interest based on the continued high cost of living and the hitherto prevailing low prices for grains and other farm products brought into high relief by the disproportionate expense of distribution and marketing.

MID-SUMMER brought about a quick and pronounced change in this situation. The crop report of the Department of Agriculture, based on the July 1st condition, indicated a corn crop of 531,000,000 bushels less than last year's harvest, the estimated total production being 2,515,000,000 bushels. The forecast for winter wheat was 543,000,000 bushels and for spring wheat 197,000,000 bushels, the total of 740,000,000 bushels comparing with 786,000,000 bushels harvested in the 1923 season. Wheat crop prospects improved over the June 1st prospects and the more definite forecast due in August may indicate further improvement. The immediate result of this showing was a

J. P. MORGAN & CO.

Wall Street, Corner of Broad

NEW YORK

DREXEL & CO., PHILADELPHIA

Corner of 5th and Chestnut Streets

MORGAN, GRENFELL & CO., LONDON

No. 22 Old Broad Street

MORGAN, HARJES & CO., PARIS

14 Place Vendome

Securities bought and sold on Commission.
Foreign Exchange, Commercial Credits.
Cable Transfers.
Circular Letters for Travelers, available in all parts of the world.

Safe Investments

THE success of S. W. STRAUS & CO. is founded simply on the sale of nothing but safe investments. For 42 years, no investor has ever lost a dollar on any security purchased of us. This record of the past is your best assurance for the future. Investigate Straus Bonds. Write for

BOOKLET I-1409

S.W. STRAUS & CO.

Established 1882 Incorporated

STRAUS BUILDING
505 Fifth Avenue
at 46th St.
NEW YORK

STRAUS BUILDING
6 North Clark Street
at Madison St.
CHICAGO

T

Current Yield Over 8%

Industrial Trustee Shares

Representing Full Participation in Ten Leading Industrials

American Locomotive Co.
American Tel. & Tel. Co.
American Tobacco Co.
American Woolen Co.
Endicott-Johnson Corporation
Studebaker Corporation
The Texas Company
United Fruit Company
U. S. Steel Corporation
Westinghouse Elec. & Mfg. Co.

These shares offer to every investor the possibility of participating in the ownership and profits of America's great industries. They combine Diversity, Stability, Safety, Marketability, High Yield, Profit.

Price at market
Approx. $11 per share
Price subject to market changes
Book Value Over $14.00
Circular Q.G.-2 on Request

THROCKMORTON & CO.
INVESTMENTS
115 BROADWAY NEW YORK

brisk and virtually sustained rise in corn and wheat prices in the Chicago and New York markets. The estimate that the advance in grain values was approximately $1,000,000,000 was regarded as reasonable and it was deemed a certainty that farmers would get more money for smaller crops this year than they received for larger production in 1923.

WHILE it was hazardous to place too much reliance on the grain outlook in advance of the August reports, July or August being the months in which all crops may be made or marred except winter wheat, it was perfectly safe to conclude from the data available that the farmer will be in a far better position financially in the latter part of the current year than he was last year. And this was equivalent to saying that all business interests would be in an improved position as a consequence of the increased buying power from agricultural sources. Needless to observe such buying power has not yet become manifest, but its imminence was sufficiently patent to arrest the spirit of discontent that promised to be an outstanding factor in the approaching elections and which was the main source of strength to the dissenting elements in both the major political parties.

THE state of affairs thus briefly summarized was pregnant of political and economic significance which lost no part of its force by being rendered difficult of specific appraisement. The element of uncertainty was more than offset by the promise inherent in the situation when contrasted with the dubious outlook that clouded sentiment in the first half of the year. That the financial markets should respond readily was not in the least surprising. The decline in commercial and industrial activity was long since discounted by the Wall Street markets. The quickening of the trading pulse was an accompaniment partly seasonal, partly in the nature of forecast. The Conventions had completed their work. The rise in grain values was an important contributing factor to the decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission refusing to grant the agricultural petition for lower freight rates.

Successful Investing

minimizes risk by leaving as little as possible to chance. It is based on careful study of general economic conditions, as well as on correct information about the security under consideration. That is why it is of the greatest importance for the private investor to deal with a house on whose information he can rely implicitly.

Through offices in the principal financial centers of the country, this firm is in a position to give you accurate information on any investment matter, and offers a complete service backed by over a generation of experience.

WRITE FOR OUR "SEPTEMBER INVESTMENT SUGGESTIONS"

HORNBLOWER & WEEKS

BOSTON *Established in 1888* NEW YORK

PORTLAND PROVIDENCE CLEVELAND DETROIT CHICAGO

Members of the New York, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland and Detroit Stock Exchanges

This proved a distinct stimulus to railroad shares and the movement was in a short time communicated to public utilities issues, chemical and copper stocks and, in varying degrees, to all groups.

THE volume of trading quickly and easily expanded into million-share sessions on the New York Stock Exchange. Speculative pools became active. Public interest was again attracted after a protracted period of dull confusion of sentiment. Actual public participation in trading has not yet become apparent in any substantial degree. With the advent of August there were still numerous elements in the situation to hold speculative and investment enterprise in check. The continued inflow of gold and all that it implied in the way of possible credit inflation could not be ignored. There was practically nothing in precedent to guide bankers in their study of that problem. Money seeking profitable employment was in larger volume than it had ever been before in this country's experience. The effect of gold imports was accentuated by depression in business. Each dollar of gold received was capable of expansion into credit power at least seven-fold.

DOMESTIC industrial requirements could readily be met without recourse to this gratuitous credit power. Foreign Government and corporate loans would consume part of it but the real solution would seem to lie in the working out of the Dawes reparations plan and the gradual restoration of foreign currencies to a gold basis. This in turn was contingent on the revival of productive enterprise in Europe. The vast sums of gold which have been sent here can find their way back only by the production and distribution of European goods and products. The process will be a slow one at best and the interval of gold credit regulation here will call for banking ingenuity of the first order if the unprecedented opportunity for helping the world is not to be frustrated

Ready Reference Investment Record

FOR the convenience of investors we have prepared a new, simplified pocket investment-record book — specially designed to facilitate the keeping of up-to-the-minute data regarding your personal investments.

We shall be glad to send you a copy, without obligation, on request for *Ready Reference Investment Record BK-259.*

H. M. Byllesby and Co
INCORPORATED

208 South La Salle Street, CHICAGO
NEW YORK 111 Broadway
BOSTON 14 State St.

The Financial Department

of Harper's Magazine will supply upon request booklets on Investments in Stocks and Bonds, Insurance, Banking and Trust Company service—see list on the 6th page following.

The Secret of Wise Investing!

Experienced investors have discovered the secret of wise investing—a secret which assures the safety of their money and good yield. This secret is given in a valuable investment book—now FREE.

How to Select Safe Bonds

A post-card will bring you a copy of this book, "How to Select Safe Bonds." It has been written from the experience of 39 years, during which time no investor has ever lost a penny on any investment purchased from us. Send for your copy of this valuable book.

GEORGE M. FORMAN & COMPANY
Dept. 149, 105 W. Monroe St. Chicago, Ill.
39 Years Without Loss to a Customer

by inflation that conceivably may get beyond control. The experience of 1920 and 1921 has at any rate taught the perils that lie in the path of the banking business. Foreign credits have already been resorted to on a liberal scale. The question of tariff regulation in the interest of world-trade stimulation has been brought to the fore, a delicate matter that involves our own industrial well-being.

HOW to protect our own industries and at the same time to help Europe to pay its debts in the only way that they can be paid, by sending products, raw and manufactured, to its creditors, is, and for a long time will be, the chief task which bankers and Government must co-operate to achieve. The segregation of gold for eventual return to Europe is closely bound up with the question of the tariff. To what extent measures to this end will be capable of neutralizing the consciousness that this gold exists and may be used as credit has not yet been tested severely. The test will come when and if there should be a brisk revival of trade activity in this country in the autumn. Unless steps are taken to exercise rigid Government control over the store of gold now constantly being augmented the temptation to utilize it on the slightest indication of credit strain may well be found to be irresistible.

THE outlook for the later months of the year is still somewhat obscure. Sentiment, particularly in Western sections of the country, has undoubtedly brightened as the result of the improved position of the farmer. Buying has not increased substantially, but inquiries have begun to reflect potential buying power. Higher prices for grains and hogs in Chicago have formed the basis for this better feeling. That most sensitive of all industrial barometers—the steel industry—has failed to date to indicate decided trends. To the end of July there was fair consumption of steel, yet the much-discussed factor of ex-

Look inside the Piano for this Trade-Mark

WESSELL, NICKEL & GROSS

The Sign of the World's Standard Piano Action

Making Your Piano A Real Investment

YOUR piano purchase will bring lasting satisfaction if you insist upon an instrument equipped with the Wessell, Nickel & Gross piano action. For you will find this famous tone-producing mechanism *only* in instruments conforming to the highest standards of art and craftsmanship.

The Wessell, Nickel & Gross piano action is built by the oldest, the largest and the foremost maker of piano actions in the world. It is the highest priced action built today. Look for the octagonal trade-mark (shown above) which identifies the Wessell, Nickel & Gross equipped instrument.

WESSELL, NICKEL & GROSS
Established 1874 New York City

When you buy an Upright, Grand, Player or Reproducing Piano—Insist on the Wessell, Nickel & Gross Piano Action.

MONGOL PENCIL

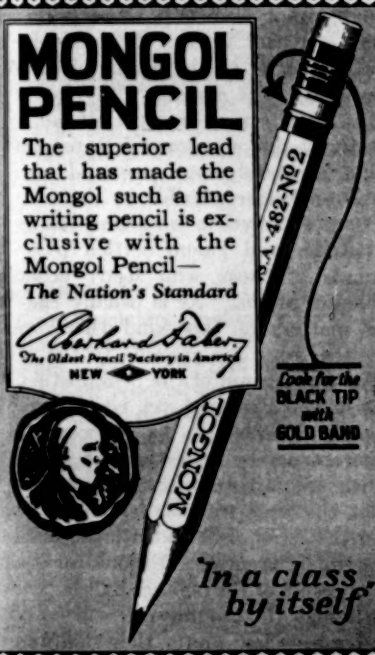
The superior lead that has made the Mongol such a fine writing pencil is exclusive with the Mongol Pencil—

The Nation's Standard

A. W. Faber

The Oldest Pencil Factory in America

NEW YORK



Look for the BLACK TIP with GOLD BAND

In a class by itself

Beautiful TILES Never Renewed Yet Ever New

FRESH, radiant, immaculate!—surfaces like these satisfy woman's sense of true cleanliness. A Tiled kitchen is a spotless kitchen—the glistening delight of domestic femininity. Dirt, dust and grime cannot penetrate Tiles, but remain on the surface to be easily removed. A clean cloth and hot water occasionally will quickly restore the Tiled brightness of the modern kitchen.

Beautiful Tiles never wear out. Tiles outlast the house—yet retain indefinitely their pristine newness and attractive sheen.

"Home Suggestions," illustrated in color, presents typical uses for Beautiful Tiles.

FREE ON REQUEST

Ask us Anything About Tiles

Producers of Beautiful Tiles:

The Alhambra Tile Company,
American Encaustic Tiling Co., Ltd.
Beaver Falls Art Tile Co.
The Cambridge Tile Mfg. Co.
Grueby Faience & Tile Co.
Matawan Tile Company
The Mosaic Tile Company
The National Tile Company
Old Bridge E. B. & Tile Co.
Perth Amboy Tile Works
The C. Pardee Works
The United States Encaustic Tile Works
Wheeling Tile Company

Associated Tile Manufacturers
7th Avenue, Beaver Falls, Pa.

"Judge men, my boy, as you judge Craven."

Not by clothes, but by character. Craven does not rely on a fanciful multi-coloured tin for its sales. It's the quality of its contents that counts. The plain old tin, famous since the sixties, is in keeping with the old-fashioned, natural and painstaking way of curing that has been adhered to rigorously.

Craven Mixture is sweeter, smoother and more satisfying than any other tobacco.

No wonder it is smoked by real pipe lovers all over the world.

IMPORTED from LONDON
Made by CARRERAS LTD., 55, Piccadilly LONDON, W. EST. 1788.
New York Office: 220 Fifth Avenue.

Craven *Mixture*
in the plain old Tin
As originally Blended for the 3rd Earl of Craven

Dictate

We can gain a month out of 12 for executives. That is too big a thing to pass.

Telephone the Ediphone, your city. Send for the Edison book for executives: "Getting Action."

THOMAS A. EDISON, INC.
Orange New Jersey

Ediphone
Built By Edison

haustion of steel stocks has contributed very little to the increase in buying that may be discovered. And the steel mills have maintained a scale of operations rather better than expectations of a month or two ago. Jobbers and manufacturing consumers have not been compelled to draw upon stocks in any large way. Ingot production in July was estimated at fully 40 per cent and the production and shipment of finished steel products at not less than 45 per cent comparing with 47 per cent and 55 per cent respectively in June, those figures being much above trade estimates in the latter month. It was regarded as likely that stocks were previously reduced to a greater extent than was realized and that latterly mill shipments have been running close to actual consumption.

IT is not improbable that the mental attitude toward commercial and industrial phenomena has to some extent hidden from view the undercurrents of change that seem to have been in progress in recent weeks. It should be recalled that at the beginning of the year optimism was general with respect to the usual spring revival of activity. Activity did not come, but prophecies that it would come persisted until it was no longer possible to make them. There followed a complete change of attitude, and gloom settled over the minds of those who study economic manifestations. As is usually the case in matters of this kind there was a switch from one extreme to the other. The momentum of the pessimistic urge, as it were, has not yet been overcome nor is it likely to be overcome until more concrete indications of a definite turn are forthcoming. The summer is not the time to look for such a turn. In this year of Presidential elections it might be premature to look for it until the result of the polling shall be known, although the groundwork will no doubt have been laid pretty thoroughly in the months intervening between now and November.

BUSINESS AND FINANCIAL

Improved Outlook in Financial and Industrial Circles

By JOHN GRANT DATER

ASSURANCE that the Dawes Reparation plan will be put in operation in good faith by the Great and Little Powers of the World concerned—this assurance being the outcome at London of the one successful post-war conference—has created without doubt a profound change in the psychology of financial and industrial circles not less in Europe than in America and in the Orient. It is still too early, perhaps, to record a distinct impression of this change, although the probabilities may be measured with some degree of accuracy in the light of prior events that were influenced by such a happy issue of what may be justly termed the most constructive undertaking since the Germans laid down their arms in November, 1918.

GERMANY has already set going the legislative machinery necessary for the performance of her part of the contract. Great Britain and France have at last reached an agreement with respect to the problems created by the French occupation of the Ruhr. America has had the satisfaction of contributing much to this desirable end without disturbing domestic susceptibilities as to the scope of its commitments abroad. A definite goal has been established; a definite world policy has been visualized, and a definite duty has been assumed. The fulfillment of this duty may not bring immediate, far-reaching results but the steps in the performance of it have already proved mentally and spiritually stimulating.

WORLD TRADE STIMULATED

THE direct manifestation of this stimulus may be found in the accelerated movement of world commerce and in the quickening of all the financial and commodity markets, particularly on this side of the Atlantic. Business in securities was conducted on a broad scale through August. The bond market assumed very large proportions indeed. The stock market was largely subject to professional control, yet it displayed expanding tendencies which were in part seasonal and in part indicative of a public interest enhanced in the first place by expectations of the acceptance of the Dawes plan and in the second place by the *fait accompli* of its acceptance.

PRELIMINARY to all this, however, it was for several months clear that conditions in this country were gradually improving. The securities markets were not spectacularly responsive for the reason that earlier in the year a good deal of discounting of what later happened took place. The first phase was that of discounting the depression in business which came in the spring, and the second phase, which began in the early summer, was that of discounting the revival in trade which has already been foreshadowed. This is not to say, of course, that a trade boom is in im-

Ten Year Record *of Growth*

THE remarkable growth in business of the operated public utility companies of Standard Gas and Electric Company is clearly reflected in the following figures:

Year	Gross Earnings	Net Earnings (Before Depreciation)
1913	$14,218,677	$6,482,550
1914	15,864,512	7,583,427
1915	17,810,727	8,765,583
1916	19,567,906	9,558,114
1917	22,085,111	9,993,764
1918	26,141,099	10,110,177
1919	30,574,753	11,546,001
1920	36,451,327	12,692,096
1921	39,497,169	14,296,952
1922	42,164,970	16,073,548
1923	46,165,533	18,711,033
1924*	48,769,863	20,006,067

*12 months ended June 30

Send for new illustrated booklet BK 264. Free on request.

H. M. Byllesby and Co.

208 South La Salle Street, CHICAGO

NEW YORK 111 Broadway — BOSTON 14 State St.

Invest in Sound American Industries

A nation prospers because its industries are successful. Bonds issued by financially sound, well-managed industrial corporations are safe investments.

You will be interested in the information contained in our new booklet, "*Bonds of American Industries.*"

Send for a free copy.
Ask for 6-2454

A. C. ALLYN AND COMPANY

ESTABLISHED 1912

71 West Monroe Street, Chicago

New York — Milwaukee
Minneapolis — Boston

mediate prospect. It would be difficult, nevertheless, for the markets to continue quiescent under the combined influence of the quickened commercial pulse, the extreme ease of credit as a consequence of the huge store of gold in this country, and the competition for investment of the vast accumulation of loanable funds. Industry, trade, expansion of transportation facilities against the revival of world commerce and all that goes with the antithesis of stagnation, have become as much a part of the public imagination as the reverse picture had been a part of the public imagination six months before.

THE chief of the European division of the Department of Commerce, on the occasion of the completion of the survey of the economic consequences attending the acceptance of the Dawes formula, said: "The adoption of the Dawes report by the London Conference has meant the conclusion of, perhaps, the greatest effort since the war to bring about financial stabilization in Germany and economic reorganization in Europe as a whole." The conclusion drawn by the survey itself was that such stabilization will result in a revival of world trade. If by this it is to be understood that world trade will at once leap into vigorous life and restore the forces operative in normal times there may be some disappointment in store for the impatient business man.

THE business world, however, learned long since that the wounds of a four-year war, involving practically all nations, cannot be healed quickly. The wounds have until now remained open, and they have festered. The healing process has begun. The business mind for the first time has been relieved. The psychological influence of a progressive curative process will henceforth play an important part in economic recovery, but the actual physical process as affecting this country's commercial rejuvenation must be slow in the nature of things.

BUYING POWER ENHANCED

YET it should not be ignored that buying power everywhere will be increased at once, not through change in physical condition but through change in mental attitude. Cotton, grain,

Fitting the Bond to the Investor

AFTER the safety of a bond is considered, other factors determine how well it *fits* the individual needs of the investor. The yield, the maturity, the type of the bond, and its marketability, should be properly related to the investor's other bond holdings and to his circumstances.

Investors' Circumstances Vary

Those who invest for income primarily are less interested in the marketability of their holdings. They want the highest yield obtainable from funds safely and permanently invested. Others may desire to invest funds temporarily—for a year, or two, or three. They naturally prefer bonds which are readily salable—short-term notes or long-term bonds having an active market.

Still others, subject to high income taxes, may to advantage buy Government, Municipal, or Joint Stock Land Bank bonds, which are tax-exempt. The active earning power of the investor also makes a difference; the business or professional man of substantial income can afford to take a broader viewpoint than the widow or some one entirely dependent upon investment income for support.

Wide Diversity of Offerings

Dealing with a large, originating bond house, underwriting many and diversified issues each year, enables the investor to make selections which exactly suit his circumstances.

Halsey, Stuart & Co. issues cover the important fields of conservative bond investment, and originate in widely separated localities. They include mortgage bonds, notes, and debentures—short-term or long; Public Utility, Industrial, and Foreign Government bonds; tax-exempt United States Government, Municipal and Joint Stock Land Bank bonds—all measuring up to high-grade investment standards.

Whether a customer invests $500 or $50,000 in Halsey, Stuart & Co. bonds, it is the policy of this house to give his investment problem careful study and to recommend bonds which *fit* his requirements.

"Choosing Your Investment House"—*This booklet clearly presents the factors of experience and equipment by which you may judge the service resources of a bond house. It is well worth the little time required to read it. Ask for booklet* WM-10.

HALSEY, STUART & CO.

INCORPORATED

CHICAGO 201 South La Salle St.	NEW YORK 14 Wall St.	PHILADELPHIA 100 South Broad St.	BOSTON 85 Devonshire St.
DETROIT 601 Griswold St.	MILWAUKEE 425 East Water St.	ST. LOUIS 319 North 4th St.	MINNEAPOLIS 610 Second Ave., S.

Check for Safety

AN investment is not an investment until it has been checked for safety—prompt payment of both principal and interest, when due. First mortgage securities offered by S. W. STRAUS & CO. have always been paid in cash when due for 42 years. Investigate these sound bonds—they check for safety. Call or write for

BOOKLET J-1409

S. W. STRAUS & CO.

Established 1882 Incorporated

STRAUS BUILDING
565 Fifth Avenue
at 46th St.
NEW YORK

STRAUS BUILDING
6 North Clark Street
at Madison St.
CHICAGO

The Financial Department

of Harper's Magazine will supply upon request booklets on Investments in Stocks and Bonds, Insurance, Banking and Trust Company service—see list on the 2d page following.

"How To Select Safe Bonds" —also Investment Record

Every investor should have these books. "How to Select Safe Bonds" shows you how to judge an investment and how to secure the investment best suited to your needs. The Investment Record makes keeping track of your investment, income and taxes remarkably easy. These two books will be sent absolutely FREE to every investor requesting them. A postcard will bring your copies.

GEORGE M. FORMAN & COMPANY
Dept. 1410, 105 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.
39 Years Without Loss to a Customer

meat products, oil, copper, lumber and other American export commodities will be bought on a larger scale by Great Britain and by Continental countries as well as by South American countries because those countries will at once feel new confidence in the future. In the phraseology of the Street they will "take a chance." The question hitherto has been—not what a nation couid do in the way of enterprise but what it had the heart to do, knowing as it did that no way had been found to enforce the terms of the Versailles Treaty and the business world had been almost entirely deprived of guidance in the new order of things created by the war. That guidance has now been supplied.

ENLARGED prosperity, a higher standard of living, restoration of world markets, in short, the re-establishment of economic morale, cannot at this date be measured statistically with any degree of satisfaction, but they can be felt, and, once felt, they can and usually do become contagious. And in the United States there would seem to be a distinct advantage in the matter of competition over other countries which were severely stricken by the war. As buying power increases abroad, the volume of business that comes to America will undoubtedly for a long time be quite disproportionate to the potential industrial resources of Great Britain, France and Germany. Raw materials and fabricated, and partly fabricated, products alike will be supplied by America until the breath of new life can be infused into all parts of the European body.

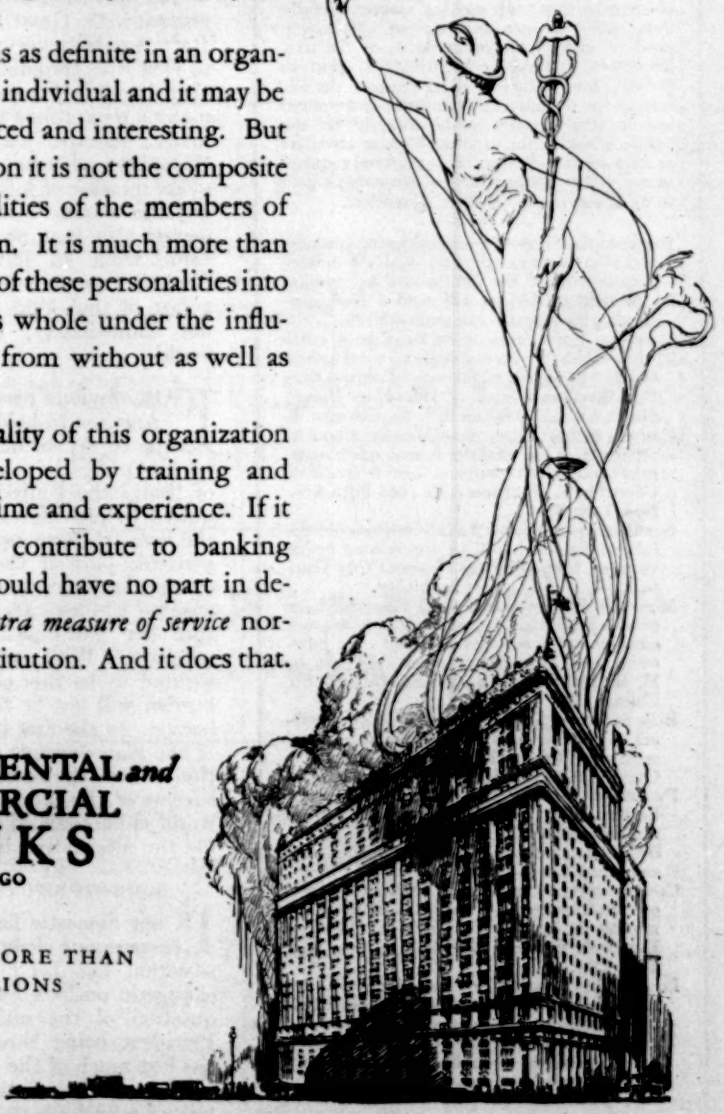
THIS country, it would seem, has little to apprehend from European recovery and from keener competition in world markets, and much to gain by way of expanding existing markets and creating new markets. Broadly speaking, continental countries will be buyers and the United States will be the seller for a year, perhaps. This enviable position will be made possible through the protection afforded by our tariff laws and by the fact that our major products are not such as to compete with Europe's major products. This is not literally true in all cases, certainly, but

AN EXTRA MEASURE OF SERVICE

PERSONALITY

PERSONALITY is as definite in an organization as in an individual and it may be more pronounced and interesting. But in this institution it is not the composite of the personalities of the members of the organization. It is much more than that—a fusing of these personalities into an harmonious whole under the influence of forces from without as well as within.

The personality of this organization has been developed by training and mellowed by time and experience. If it did not fairly contribute to banking efficiency, it would have no part in delivering the *extra measure of service* normal to this institution. And it does that.



The CONTINENTAL *and* COMMERCIAL BANKS
CHICAGO

RESOURCES MORE THAN
500 MILLIONS

INVESTED CAPITAL
OVER 55 MILLIONS

Investment Information

IN these pages the readers of "Harper's Magazine" receive each month the announcements of various investment and commercial bankers. These announcements contain suggestions concerning the many phases of banking service which are rendered by the individual bankers. In some cases, they express their ideas more definitely by means of booklets and circulars, and our experience is that such reading matter is really very useful to men and women who are in need of expert advice in financial matters. Therefore, "Harper's Monthly" is glad to publish, for the benefit of its readers, the following list of financial literature, and recommends that readers write directly to the bankers, asking for such booklets or circulars as may seem to fit into their personal requirements. Our banker friends are always glad to be of service to "Harper's" readers.

BANKING SERVICE—To executives of business establishments and to individuals the Service Department of the Continental & Commercial Banks, Chicago, will send a book concerning its organization and facilities.

CHOOSING YOUR INVESTMENT BANKER: A worth while booklet for investors, giving them an idea of what to expect in the way of service from their investment banker. Offered by Halsey, Stuart & Co., 209 So. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

COMMON SENSE IN INVESTING MONEY: A booklet setting forth the qualities in real estate mortgage bonds which commend them to investors. Offered by S. W. Straus & Co., 565 Fifth Ave., New York City.

FOR BUYERS OF BONDS: An interesting and helpful booklet which will be appreciated by investors. Offered by the National City Company, 55 Wall St., New York City.

MONTHLY INVESTMENT PLAN: Financial independence through the purchase of high-grade securities on a ten-payment plan. An interesting and attractive booklet. Offered by H. M. Byllesby & Co., 208 So. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

HOW TO SELECT SAFE BONDS: A booklet describing the various steps in the purchase of sound securities. Offered by George M. Forman & Co., 105 West Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

PROTECTED BONDS: A booklet, "57 Years of Proven Safety," explaining methods used in making and selling Adair Protected Bonds. Helpful to investors. Offered by Adair Realty and Trust Co., Atlanta, Ga.

CONSTRUCTIVE INVESTING: A general discussion of investment policies which should be of real interest to investors. Offered by Moody's Investor's Service, 35 Nassau Street, New York City.

INDUSTRIAL TRUSTEE SHARES: A new and attractive form of security based upon participation in the earnings of ten leading American industrial corporations. A circular explaining its details will be forwarded upon request by Throckmorton & Company, 115 Broadway, New York.

it is virtually true in cases that really matter for purposes of comparison. Nor is our dependence on world markets such as to render formidable any competition that may come from Germany or from other foreign countries.

IT is for this reason that there has never been widespread solicitude among industrialists here as to the effects of the operation of the Dawes plan on our market. Great Britain, France and Italy may have very good cause, indeed, to view with trepidation the competition that inevitably must come with Germany's reparations payments, although many, perhaps, may have overlooked that other advantage certain to accrue—the increase of buying power throughout the world. And it should be observed also that no good can possibly come from an industrially prostrate Central Europe. Its redemption from a fate of that kind must eventually, if not immediately, benefit the entire world.

FOR obvious reasons it is easier for America to hold this view than for Europe to do so, but economically the view is perfectly sound. In the nature of things the United States will be required to provide the larger portion of the loan to Germany which is an indispensable part of the plan. This loan cannot be floated until Germany has enacted the legislation necessary to ensure her participation in the Dawes program. With prospective investors assured as to this point, Wall Street's burden will not be found to be unduly heavy. In the first instance the success of the plan depends on German legislation and in the second instance on the success of the international loan. The world cannot afford to let the plan fail, for the alternative is chaos.

DOMESTIC SITUATION CLEARING

IN our domestic field there are many encouraging elements. The political situation has been simplified by the change in outlook for agriculture. The question of the ultimate choice of a President being thrown into Congress has lost much of the point it had earlier in the year when the discount of the farmer with low prices for what he had to sell and with high prices for what he

J. P. MORGAN & CO.

Wall Street, Corner of Broad

NEW YORK

DREXEL & CO., PHILADELPHIA

Corner of 5th and Chestnut Streets

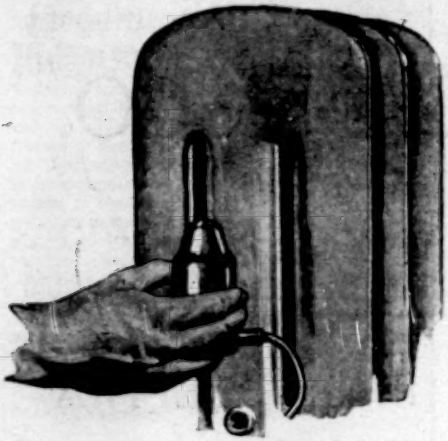
MORGAN, GRENFELL & CO., LONDON

No. 22 Old Broad Street

MORGAN, HARJES & CO., PARIS

14 Place Vendome

Securities bought and sold on Commission.
Foreign Exchange, Commercial Credits.
Cable Transfers.
Circular Letters for Travelers, available in all parts of the world.



How $1.60 can make a *cold* radiator *hot*

MANY an extra ton of coal is wasted trying to force steam into radiators clogged with cold air, when an AIRID would make each one hot for $1.60.

There's another nice thing about AIRID. It needs no "fixing," because it is non-adjustable—never leaks—and makes no noise. Any pair of hands can put it on any steam radiator in two minutes.

Made and guaranteed by the

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Specialties Department, 1807 Elmwood Ave., Buffalo, N.Y.

AIRID

AIR-VALVES

SOLD AT ALL HEATING AND PLUMBING SHOPS

had to buy; with decreased acreage for the more important crops; with the high cost of labor and with previous years' legacy of bank loans still unpaid, and with very little done or likely to be done to relieve the situation, threatened to create a third party that promised to be far more formidable than there would appear to be any likelihood of its becoming now. For one thing, the rise in prices for grains and farm products of various kinds has allayed discontent in the Middle and Far West, and for another thing aversion to having the election of a President thrown into Congress has grown apace as the time for the election approaches.

THE psychological influence of the success of the London Conference and of the probability of a campaign here along strictly, or nearly strictly, party lines, has been such as to enable a closer inquiry into actual economic conditions in this country. Since mid-year, business has been increasing moderately and conservatively. Crops have given a better account of themselves than was seemed possible two months ago. Canadian crops, on the contrary, have not given so good an account of themselves as they promised to do even recently. The latest government report on cotton estimated a yield of about 13,000,000 bushels, an estimate that at once depressed the price of raw cotton, but revived the hope in cotton textile centers, notably in Fall River and Manchester, of avoidance of a cotton famine.

IN the midst of a Presidential campaign it has ever been difficult to engender a cheerful conception of economic conditions. Fortunately this year there has spread an interval in which underlying influences experienced a change tending to neutralize normal caution and want of confidence. The major influences may be stated to be the acceptance of the Dawes report, the advance in grain prices and the prospect for a larger production of cotton. Less conspicuous but still susceptible to a favorable interpretation is the as yet faint reflection of trade revival. The fact is that trade restoration, following a prolonged period of depression comes slowly. A vast impetus, steadily ap-

Look Inside the Piano for this Trade-Mark

WESSELL NICKEL & GROSS

The Sign of the World's Standard Piano Action

The Most Important Part of Any Piano—

SIZE, style and finish influence one's selection of a piano, but every music lover should make the piano action the *determining factor* in a piano purchase. The action is the heart of the piano—the wonderful mechanism governing touch and controlling tone.

There is every reason why you should insist upon the Wessell, Nickel & Gross action —*the world's highest priced piano action*—in *your* piano. This famous action has been the choice of leading American piano makers since 1874. It is a real assurance of piano *quality*, for it is never found in pianos of doubtful worth. It is built by the oldest, largest and leading makers of high-grade piano actions.

You make the most desirable piano purchase when you are careful to see that the instrument is Wessell, Nickel & Gross equipped.

WESSELL, NICKEL & GROSS
Established 1874 New York City

When you Buy an Upright, Grand, Player or Reproducing Piano—Insist on the Wessell, Nickel & Gross Piano Action.

Dictate

Get Action! We write the voice easier than you telephone—with quicker action.

Telephone the Ediphone, your city. Send for the Edison book for executives: "Getting Action."

THOMAS A. EDISON, INC.
Orange New Jersey

Ediphone

Built By Edison

FOR 71 years Smith & Wesson arms have given dependable protection to home and fireside. Steadfast loyalty to the highest ideals of craftsmanship and generations of experience have won for Smith & Wesson revolvers the name SUPERIOR.

SMITH & WESSON

Manufacturers of Superior Revolvers

SPRINGFIELD
MASSACHUSETTS

Catalogue sent on request. Address Department W.

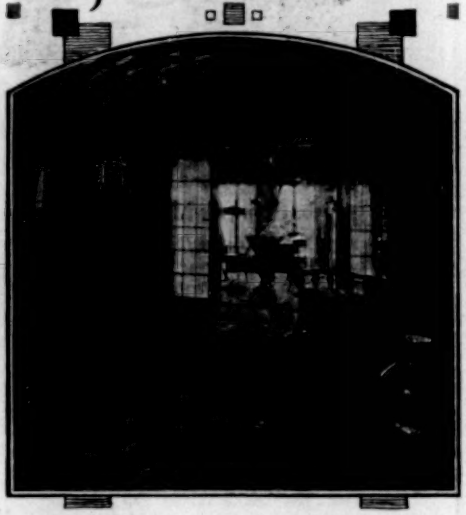
No arms are genuine Smith & Wesson Arms unless they bear, plainly marked on the barrel, the name

SMITH & WESSON, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Western Representative:

Andrew Carrigan Company, Rialto Bldg., San Francisco, Cal., Los Angeles, Cal., Seattle, Wash.

Beautiful TILES
Never Renewed Yet Ever New



HERE'S a Tiled floor that adds abiding atmosphere to this reception hall and sun room. High-fired faience with vivid color inserts impart that satisfying and substantial permanence so desirable in the home of character. Tiles have the approval of the ages. They never wear out or require renewal. Countless house cleanings cannot dull, deface or otherwise damage beautiful Tiles. An occasional wiping with a moist cloth for glazed surfaces, and a scrubbing with a gritty cleaning compound for unglazed floors, quickly restore their lustre and gleaming newness. Endless combinations of beautiful and harmonious decorative effects are offered. Send for your copy of "Home Suggestions."

FREE ON REQUEST

Ask Us Anything About Tiles

Producers of Beautiful Tiles:

The Alhambra Tile Company
American Encaustic Tiling Co., Ltd.
Beaver Falls Art Tile Co.
The Cambridge Tile Mfg. Co.
Grueby Faience & Tile Co.
Matawan Tile Company
The Mosaic Tile Company
The National Tile Company
Old Bridge E. B. & Tile Co.
Perth Amboy Tile Works
The C. Pardee Works
United States Encaustic Tile Works
Wheeling Tile Company

Associated Tile Manufacturers

7th Avenue, Beaver Falls, Pa.

plied, is required to accelerate the ordinary channels of trade. In the present situation that force may not improbably express itself fully until the Presidential election shall have been held.

INDICATIONS that the force is there, however, have not been wanting since July. In that month steel production, for example, was the smallest in more than two years but in August weekly estimates disclosed an active mill capacity of some fifty per cent as compared with forty per cent the month previously. Unfilled orders of the United States Steel Corporation at the end of July were 75,000 tons less than in June whereas the June decline was approximately 365,000 tons and in May about 580,000 tons. Incoming orders in steel were slow, nevertheless the trend was forward. It is to be noted that the usual seasonal trend covering the summer months is downward; yet the average of bookings in the first seven months of the current year was about the same as last year—that is to say, sixty-eight per cent.

RAILWAY car-loadings were less than in corresponding weeks of last year or of 1920, yet they were higher than in other years, and in some weeks in the late summer they were at the highest figure for 1924. Car-loadings this year to the first week of August totaled 27,658,938 cars; loadings for the same period last year totaled 28,979,703 cars, a loss of 1,320,765 cars; loadings in 1922 totaled only 24,115,037 cars, representing a gain in favor of this year of 3,543,901 cars. Such comparisons tell their own stories whether in industrial production or in trade distribution.

THE general trend of railroad earnings continued downward while the rigid control of the expenses of operation enabled the reporting roads substantially to hold their own in net returns and in several cases to exceed the figures of corresponding months last year. In virtually all reports, however, gross earnings declined. That this should be so in mid-summer was not at all disquieting.

BUSINESS AND FINANCIAL

A Timely Survey of Business and Financial Conditions

By JOHN GRANT DATER

THAT it should have been more than ordinarily difficult this year to gauge the influence of politics on economic progress was less strange, perhaps, than that political considerations should have obscured to so great a degree the elements composing the essential foundations for trade recovery. The Third Party movement—quite properly so termed notwithstanding the technical disclaimer of the La Follette adherents—has complicated the Presidential campaign in a manner not only to confuse fundamental issues but also to cloud the ultimate selection of a President.

THIS latter distasteful possibility looms less menacingly now in the closing weeks of the election campaign than it did at the time of the nominating conventions when the agricultural situation was more acutely a source of rankling political discontent; still, the increasing momentum of campaign activities served to keep it alive in the popular mind to the present moment and to obstruct business initiative usually to be expected at this season of the year. The farmer and his sympathizers, no doubt, have largely revised their attitude toward the major political parties in this interval and have found surcease of bitterness sufficiently to realize that natural laws of supply and demand incidental to nature's forces operative in the making or the marring of crops have scant relation to the virtues or the defects of this party or that.

CHANGE IN MENTAL ATTITUDE

TO give room for instinctive common sense, some such clearing of the mental horizon was necessary. That a process of this sort has been taking place since the notable rise in grain and other farm products relieved the pressing problems of agricultural communities can scarcely be denied. The rarer atmosphere of clear thinking, unclouded by personal anxiety, has brought about a pronounced change in the psychology of the business world, a change which the final decision at the polls may conceivably endow with vigorous life for the development of the potentialities inherent in the low scale of production and consumption alike and in the accumulation of idle funds awaiting suitable and constructive employment.

WHILE it may be noted that this change in psychology has actually taken place, it has not as yet been translated into action that the rank and file can discern clearly and without analyti-

Insured Mortgage Bonds

UNQUESTIONED SAFETY IN AN AGE OF SPECIALISTS

THE Mortgage Security Corporation of America specializes in Unquestioned Safety for Investors by confining its activities to issuing only one standard of security.

Insured Mortgage Bonds

Behind the name Insured Mortgage Bonds there stands the guarantee of the Mortgage Security Corporation of America.

Back of that stands the insurance guarantee of the National Surety Company, the World's largest surety company, as part and parcel of the security, testifying to its safety to the very day of maturity.

The unqualified recommendation of many Investment Bankers is an assurance to cautious investors that for unquestioned safety Insured Mortgage Bonds cannot be surpassed.

A NATIONAL SECURITY
Yielding 6%

Send orders for Bonds in denominations of $100, $500 and $1,000 and in maturities from two to fifteen years—also inquiry for Booklet, "Insured Mortgage Bonds; A National Security"—to our Fiscal Agents at 6 S. Calvert St., Baltimore, Md.

STEIN BROS. & BOYCE
Investment Bankers since 1871
Richmond Baltimore Washington

MORTGAGE SECURITY CORPORATION OF AMERICA
Pioneers in "Insured Mortgage Bonds"

cal effort. The groundwork has been prepared to a considerable extent, nevertheless, and the forces which have prepared it have gradually commanded attention even in competition with political preoccupations. The outstanding factor which by no chance could be ignored was the declining tendency of money rates. It is necessary to go back to the autumn of 1921 to find a parallel course in the money market. At that time there was a well-defined trade reaction of almost sweeping proportions, reflected in reduced bank clearings and railroad traffic. Industrial production was cut down in obedience to failing consumptive demand. The post-war "buyers' strike" was still a positive factor to be reckoned with. Money was in excessive supply and rates were low because economic conditions were plainly adverse.

BUT the comparison of the present autumn season with that of 1921 presents numerous important and interesting divergencies. Consumption has not been curtailed in the same sense at all. To the early months of this year the rebound from the 1921 slump may be said to have been continuous. That it did not continue after April or May may be attributed in large part to the impending Presidential contest in the first instance and to the delay in the adoption of the Dawes-Young reparations plan in the second instance. The one contest is about to be eliminated. The Dawes-Young plan has been accepted, and means have been found as a result of the London Conference in July to carry out its provisions. The stocks of manufacturing consumers meanwhile were greatly reduced at the same time that mills discovered that their scale of production was exceeding the inclination of consumers to buy, whatever their ability to buy may have been. The question of price governed both producer and consumer, a situation that in the nature of things could not endure without the influence of extraneous elements.

EXPORTS OF AMERICAN CAPITAL

AFTER June of this year both production and consumption picked up. There were not wanting ample

COURTESY

A MUCH ABUSED WORD—courtesy—often confused with politeness which is descriptive of superficial conduct. Courtesy comes from within. It bespeaks a fine regard for the feelings and rights of others and is better expressed in deeds than in words.

Courtesy is not a thing to boast of. It should usually pass without mention. But in this case mention is justified because courtesy is an ingredient—an inseparable component of the *extra measure of service* normal to this institution.

The CONTINENTAL and COMMERCIAL BANKS
CHICAGO

Don't Ignore Facts

FORESIGHT in investments demands consideration of these facts: for 42 years no holder of a security offered by S.W. STRAUS & CO. ever has had to wait a day for payment of either principal or interest. No defaults, no renewals—but cash, in full, when due. Call or write today for data on current offerings paying the best rate of interest consistent with real safety. Ask for

BOOKLET K-1409

S.W. STRAUS & CO.

Established 1882 Incorporated

STRAUS BUILDING
565 Fifth Avenue
at 46th St.
NEW YORK

STRAUS BUILDING
6 North Clark Street
at Madison St.
CHICAGO

New
Illustrated Booklet
on
Northern States Power Company

38 airplane photographs of properties and cities served.

Copy mailed free on request for booklet BK-263.

H. M. Byllesby and Co.

208 South La Salle Street, CHICAGO
NEW YORK
111 Broadway
BOSTON
14 State St.

funds with which to finance any legitimate enterprise. To the first part of August the inflow of gold continued and the fear of credit inflation was ever present. By September there was a substantial decline in gold imports and it became apparent that the era of American exports of capital was approaching. Loans to various foreign Governments and foreign enterprises were freely discussed and anticipated. The German loan, pursuant to the Dawes-Young provisions, was foremost in the minds of bankers and investors. German municipal financing here was talked of. French railroads looked to us as possible lenders, and the French Government also. At the same time the subject of funding Europe's war debts came to the front. Jugo-Slavia and Lithuania made definite proposals to that end and prospects for an adjustment of the French debt brightened materially.

ALL these were to be regarded as symptoms of a growing desire to regulate and stabilize our financial relations with foreign and home markets and to place the various foreign exchanges on a sounder and surer basis than they had rested on since the war broke out in 1914. With the realization that this underlying and significant movement for improving international trade and financial relations was in progress, came increasing confidence on this side of the Atlantic that the danger of credit inflation would be warded off and that European markets would gradually consume more American goods. This feeling was reflected through the weeks of the late summer and early fall by a quickening in steel mill operations and in the movement of freight on the railroads.

IN 1921 the slump of business was progressive. This year there has been no pronounced slump. At the worst, business stood still except in the usual languorous period of mid-summer. Between June and the end of August, the steel industry gained in operating capacity from 40 per cent to 60 per cent. Freight loadings on the railroads increased week by week after the middle of August. Grain exports increased notably and foreign sales of grains were made

at prices not far below the top figures of the July rise. In the last week but one in September bank clearings registered an increase of 18.7 per cent over the corresponding week of 1923, according to the tabulation of the Commercial & Financial Chronicle. That journal estimated the total of bank clearings for the week at $8,923,340,429. In the same week last year the total was $7,519,675,872.

THE largest expansion in clearings was at New York, where the gain was 32.1 per cent, but moderate gains were reported at Chicago, San Francisco, Cleveland, Kansas City, New Orleans, Baltimore, Boston and Philadelphia, testifying to the widespread improvement in general business conditions as well as to the increased buying power in the agricultural regions. The clearings returns were far more eloquent than the comparatively small increases signified, considering the influence exerted by the peculiar and disturbing political line-up. The fact would seem to be that trade has been improving all the time, giving due consideration to seasonal influences and extraneous distractions, although it has been proceeding so deliberately and cautiously as to attract little more than casual attention. The policy of deliberation and caution has fully justified itself by the sound basis on which the business structure now stands. Inventories in virtually every important line were low. Hand-to-mouth buying, as the popular phrase has it, has been the practice in most lines for months past.

CONFUSION AS TO PRICES

IN the steel trade the practice of buying to meet only immediate requirements was confirmed by the uncertainty injected into the price question by the abandonment of the Pittsburgh plus system of price quoting by the United States Steel Corporation in obedience to an order of the Federal Trade Commission. This order made it necessary for the United States Steel Corporation and its subsidiaries to work out a new price structure, a task that consumed much time. The effect on the trade, pending the performance of this task was stated by the Iron Age as "a more pronounced

A quarterly guide to safe investment

FOUR times a year we compile this booklet as a service to investors. It affords a broad view of bond offerings from which to choose for individual requirements.

Having before you, selected lists of the principal types of bonds, with descriptions, maturities available, etc., obviously helps place your funds to best advantage.

Useful to every bond buyer

The book offered herewith selects for your consideration sound values in Government, Municipal, Joint Stock Land Bank, Public Utility and Industrial bonds, with comment regarding present market position of the various groups, etc.

Examples of diversified bond selections, arranged in groups to fit such objectives as: ready marketability; short term maturities; permanent investment for income; maximum tax-exemption, etc., are included.

We shall be pleased to mail you a copy without obligation.

Write for Booklet HM-11

CHICAGO 201 S. LaSalle St. | NEW YORK 14 Wall St. | PHILADELPHIA 100 South Broad St.

BOSTON 85 Devonshire St. | DETROIT 601 Griswold St. | ST. LOUIS 319 N. 4th St.

MILWAUKEE 425 E. Water St. | MINNEAPOLIS 610 Second Ave., S.

HALSEY, STUART & CO.

Your Investment Requirements

differ with varying economic conditions and with the changes in your personal affairs. You should therefore deal with an investment house equipped to render complete service in all classes of securities. Such a house will give you unprejudiced assistance in the selection of your investments and will at all times be able to meet your requirements.

Such a service, backed by over a generation of broad experience in financial matters, is at the disposal of investors through any of our offices. We welcome inquiries either in person or by mail.

WRITE FOR OUR "NOVEMBER INVESTMENT SUGGESTIONS"

HORNBLOWER & WEEKS

BOSTON *Established in 1888* NEW YORK

CHICAGO CLEVELAND DETROIT PROVIDENCE PORTLAND

Members of the New York, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland and Detroit Stock Exchanges

disposition to buy for immediate needs until the results of the new price system can be known." It was highly interesting to conjecture what the development in the steel trade might have been had it not been for this untimely ruling of the Federal Trade Commission.

IN the textile field the situation was quite different. Both cotton and wool prices have held too high to encourage buying. In the case of cotton, the mill trade has deliberately held back until 20-cent cotton or its approximation could be realized, it having been insisted by manufacturing consumers that the prospective demand would not otherwise enable them to operate their plants at a reasonable and equitable profit. It still remains to be seen when 20-cent cotton may be realized. The fortnightly reports of the Department of Agriculture served further to confuse the issue. The forecast of production based on the condition of the cotton crop in mid-September placed the total production at 12,596,000 bales of 500 pounds each or 191,000 bales less than the last previous estimate and, of course, by just that much further below the 13,000,000-bale figure which the trade has all along counted on to bring the price down to the neighborhood of 20 cents the pound. It is well to bear in mind, however, that last year's crop was 10,139,671 bales or 2,500,000 bales less than the lowest forecast yet made for the current year.

THE somewhat erratic course of the spot cotton market has directly prevented any settled estimate of price stabilization. To add to the discomfiture of the trade, that market in its violent fluctuations, particularly late in September, operated directly to check buying by spinners who were prepared to purchase and actually did purchase moderately at around 22 cents the pound in the hope that they would be able to continue doing so on a scale down. This hope was dispelled at the time, resulting in a return to a policy of withholding purchases pending political developments. The situation at best was a very mixed one. Sentiment was

J. P. MORGAN & CO.

Wall Street, Corner of Broad

NEW YORK

DREXEL & CO., PHILADELPHIA

Corner of 5th and Chestnut Streets

MORGAN, GRENFELL & CO., LONDON

No. 22 Old Broad Street

MORGAN, HARJES & CO., PARIS

14 Place Vendome

Securities bought and sold on Commission.
Foreign Exchange, Commercial Credits.
Cable Transfers.
Circular Letters for Travelers, available in all parts of the world.

Know Your Investment Banker

When you invest your savings in bonds, choose your banker carefully. Investigate his facilities and his record. Entrust your investments to the organization which safeguards YOUR interests by selling only safe bonds, fully tested.

Let us introduce ourselves with a complimentary copy of our booklet, "*My Investment Banker.*" It tells how minutely we test every bond for your protection.

Ask for 6-2452

A. C. ALLYN AND COMPANY
ESTABLISHED 1912
71 West Monroe Street, Chicago
New York Milwaukee
Minneapolis Boston

The Financial Department

of Harper's Magazine will supply upon request booklets on Investments in Stocks and Bonds, Insurance, Banking and Trust Company service—see list on the 2d page following.

3 Secrets of Wise Investing

Thirty-nine years of sound, conservative financial experience were necessary before we acquired the investment knowledge given in this book. It gives the three secrets of wise investing which everyone should know.

HOW TO SELECT SAFE BONDS

A postcard or letter will bring your copy of this book, "How to Select Safe Bonds." For 30 years no investor has ever lost a penny on any investment purchased from us—an unsurpassed record. Send today for your copy of this valuable book. No obligation.

GEORGE M. FORMAN & COMPANY
Dept. 1411, 105 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.
39 Years Without Loss to a Customer

far from crystallized with respect to the probable yield of the crop in relation to the Government forecasts. Some market observers placed the crop below those forecasts, some above them. Some spinners had small stocks, others large stocks. Retailers, while agreeing on a potential demand likely to become manifest later in the year, were content to be under-supplied rather than over-supplied, a state of things not peculiar to those engaged in the cotton goods trade.

HEAVY DISTRIBUTION OF GOODS

AS for general business conditions, there was a seeming paradox to be dealt with in the unusually heavy distribution of merchandise by the railroads and the statements by the mercantile trade agencies to the effect that operations remained under restraint because of political considerations in the first place and doubt about the future scale of prices in the second place. Bradstreet was recently quoted as stating that car loadings were the heaviest of the year in the second week of September and were only 3 per cent below the peak of September, 1923, calling attention to the interesting fact that merchandise and less-than-carload-lot shipments made a new high record for the week in question. If all business has been conducted of late under restraint and there is still such a heavy distribution of merchandise, it may well be asked where the goods go to. It is difficult to escape the conviction that business is in an unusually favorable position to set in motion a vigorous commercial expansion once a political decision shall have been rendered by the electorate.

WITH the development of an unhampered demand for goods, stimulated by an acknowledged limitation of stocks on hand, the price question bids fair to be adjusted automatically. Those who have the power to make and unmake prices will no longer be in a position to act independently and often at cross purposes, to the confusion of any given line. To appraise the supply and demand situation there must be some criterion that may be relied upon. Such a criterion is the steel industry.

Tonnage entered and cleared at Pacific Ocean Ports, 1922

California	Washington & Oregon
4,981,365	10,140,222

The tonnage passing through the ports of the Pacific Northwest is more than double that passing through California ports.

The leading ports of a greater commerce

On the highway of what is destined to become the world's greatest commerce—that of the dawning Pacific Era—some of America's youngest cities are astonishing us by the swiftness of their growth.

Seattle, forty years ago a frontier settlement of 4,000 inhabitants, with one crude dock and no railroad, today has a population of 350,000 and marine terminal facilities worth many millions of dollars.

Portland, in 1870 a town of 8,000, without a railroad, and carrying on a small river trade on the Columbia and the Willamette, is now a city of 280,000, exporting goods to the five continents of the world.

Tacoma's population since 1880 has grown from 720 to over a hundred thousand. Astoria, Bellingham, Coos Bay, Everett, Bremerton, Port Angeles, Gray's Harbor, and a dozen more, are stepping forward with equal speed into the ranks of the world's important maritime cities.

For the cities of the Pacific Northwest are the natural leaders of our rapidly-growing Pacific Coast commerce.

Two-thirds of that commerce already passes through their ports. That the great bulk of it must always pass through them is assured by definite advantages of location, of ideal harbor facilities, of a rich back country.

Nearer by several days' sailing to the chief points of Asia and the Pacific Islands than the California ports, they mark the principal route for America's future trade with the awakening Orient, where trade with the United States has increased two to four times within ten years.

Nearer by rail to the Atlantic Seaboard, they are in quicker touch with America's fullest present development.

Through them flows the largest part of Alaska's 80 million dollar trade with the United States.

The region which lies back of them, the great Pacific Northwest, comprising the states of Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana and Wyoming, is undergoing a development, in industry, in agriculture, in commerce, as rapid as their own.

In the Pacific Northwest, because of its growing commerce, and because of its tremendous undeveloped natural wealth, lie new opportunities for every business enterprise in the United States.

THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST

The Chicago Burlington & Quincy R.R.
The Great Northern Ry.
The Northern Pacific Ry.

Burlington Route

Investment Information

IN these pages the readers of "Harper's Magazine" receive each month the announcements of various investment and commercial bankers. These announcements contain suggestions concerning the many phases of banking service which are rendered by the individual bankers. In some cases, they express their ideas more definitely by means of booklets and circulars, and our experience is that such reading matter is really very useful to men and women who are in need of expert advice in financial matters. Therefore, "Harper's Monthly" is glad to publish, for the benefit of its readers, the following list of financial literature, and recommends that readers write directly to the bankers, asking for such booklets or circulars as may seem to fit into their personal requirements. Our banker friends are always glad to be of service to "Harper's" readers.

BANKING SERVICE—To executives of business establishments and to individuals the Service Department of the Continental & Commercial Banks, Chicago, will send a book concerning its organization and facilities.

CHOOSING YOUR INVESTMENT BANKER: A worth while booklet for investors, giving them an idea of what to expect in the way of service from their investment banker. Offered by Halsey, Stuart & Co., 209 So. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

COMMON SENSE IN INVESTING MONEY: A booklet setting forth the qualities in real estate mortgage bonds which commend them to investors. Offered by S. W. Straus & Co., 565 Fifth Ave., New York City.

FOR BUYERS OF BONDS: An interesting and helpful booklet which will be appreciated by investors. Offered by the National City Company, 55 Wall St., New York City.

MONTHLY INVESTMENT PLAN: Financial independence through the purchase of high-grade securities on a ten-payment plan. An interesting and attractive booklet. Offered by H. M. Byllesby & Co., 208 So. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

HOW TO SELECT SAFE BONDS: A booklet describing the various steps in the purchase of sound securities. Offered by George M. Forman & Co., 105 West Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

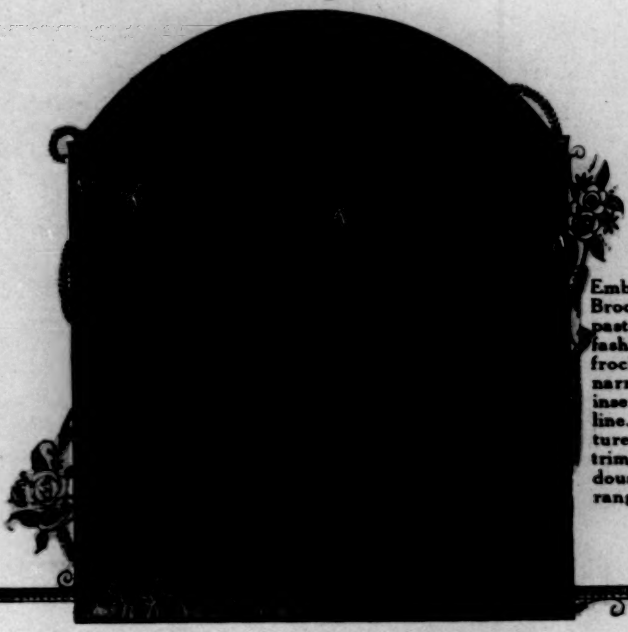
PROTECTED BONDS: A booklet, "57 Years of Proven Safety," explaining methods used in making and selling Adair Protected Bonds. Helpful to investors. Offered by Adair Realty and Trust Co., Atlanta, Ga.

CONSTRUCTIVE INVESTING: A general discussion of investment policies which should be of real interest to investors. Offered by Moody's Investor's Service, 35 Nassau Street, New York City.

INDUSTRIAL TRUSTEE SHARES: A new and attractive form of security based upon participation in the earnings of ten leading American industrial corporations. A circular explaining its details will be forwarded upon request by Throckmorton & Company, 115 Broadway, New York.

That industry was temporarily unavailable as a criterion because of the inevitable delay entailed in the working out of a price system as a substitute for the Pittsburgh plus system of quotation. The supply of steel was obviously forthcoming, as the quickening of mill operations through July, August and September clearly enough indicated, but demand was checked by the inability of prospective consumers to get a reasonably adjusted and certain price basis. Unfortunately coincident with the more intensive phase of the Presidential campaign, this state of things within the steel industry left the business world without the guidance it has traditionally relied upon. Yet the fundamental fact remained that emboldened the R. G. Dun agency to aver that "some of the influences which now hinder business are not likely to prove more than temporary" and that "there is clear evidence that, despite existing drawbacks, the situation as a whole shows improvement."

THE conclusion which may be drawn from conditions briefly reviewed here,—to wit, that business prosperity has not arrived but that the foundations have been laid for it,—has been strengthened by the course of securities values. The New York stock market, as a representative trading medium, has consistently resisted pressure, yielding from time to time only momentarily and recovering readily. The tendency there, as in the markets for commodities, has been to buy. That this tendency has been thwarted by the absence of an adequate following has not in the least altered the significance of the fact. It may be truthfully regarded as a process of discounting the vast accumulation of loanable funds awaiting employment in a commercial opportunity held in abeyance by the political adventure in which the nation has become involved. The opportunity would seem to embrace both America and Europe.



Embroidered voile or Broderie Anglaise in pastel rose shade fashions this Summer frock, sashed with narrow metal ribbon inserted at the waist line. The hat features a lace scarf trimming—a tremendously becoming arrangement, as a rule.

Fashion Favors Filmy Fabrics

IN addition to costumes of American manufacture, and to a large extent, of American design, offered in the following pages, a chapter from the story of late Paris openings is also told in pictures. The Paris representatives of the Dry Goods Economist made their own selections from among the best of the models shown, imported them directly to the New York office of the Economist where they were photographed. The French models chosen were those regarded as particularly adaptable to the taste of the well-dressed American woman, and all of these models have either been copied or reproduced with slight modification by American manufacturers, and are now available in the best shops in our American cities.

Summing up the style situation for early Summer, one finds sheer fabrics in high favor. Chiffons will have a tremendous vogue, both printed and in plain color. The printed chiffons will frequently find themselves veiled with plain self fabric, and at present, in the choice of the printed materials, there is quite a leaning to small patterns. The use of lace also continues to be much emphasized. Lace is approved either as a trimming or as the fabric proper.

Broderie Anglaise has assumed a leading position among Summer frock fabrics. Batiste, organdy and voile all lend themselves to this effective eyelet and cut-work, and deep flouncings and all-over effects are equally popular.

Nets of one sort or another are also playing quite a rôle in the lineup of warm-weather fabrics.

This chapeau of French design is of scarlet Georgette trimmed with clusters of black and scarlet glycerinized ostrich tucked under a moiré ribbon band.

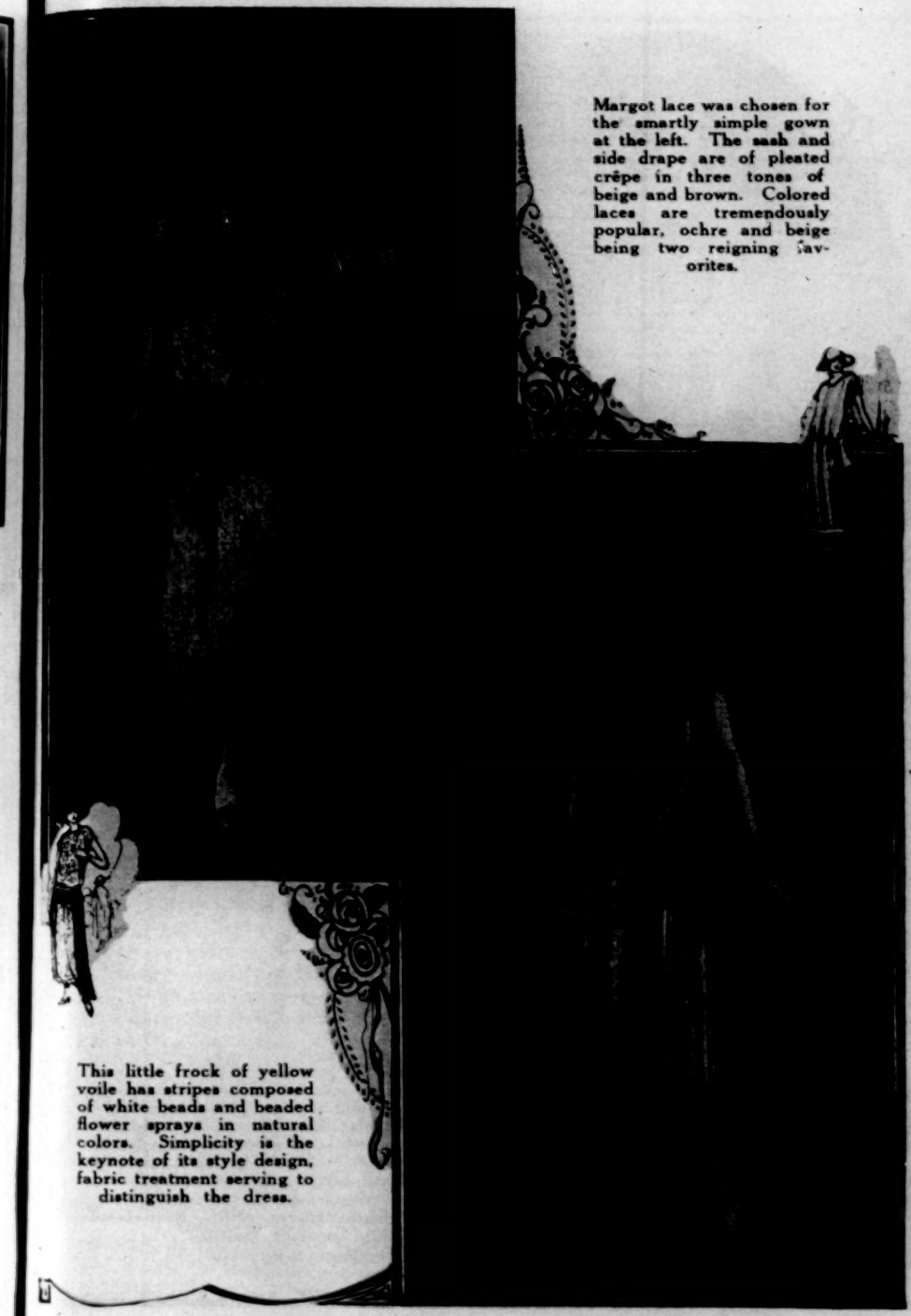
Ribbon arranged high at the back trims this warm weather hat, with its wide, slightly rolled brim.

Black velvet forms the facing and the ornament stitched with silver thread on this large drooping hat of yellow hair braid.

VERY large or very small may be said to be the trend in millinery as featured in models shown by both French and American designers. In straw, Milan, Bangkok, leghorn and many novelty braids are noted, and straw braids are worked in interesting and novel ways. There is a decided leaning to back trimmings, and these are usually placed rather high. Flat pendant effects from the side are also popular, as one of the hats in the group of three above demonstrates. Much ribbon is used in the trimming of hats, and flower hats or elaborately flower trimmed ones are also decidedly in the limelight.

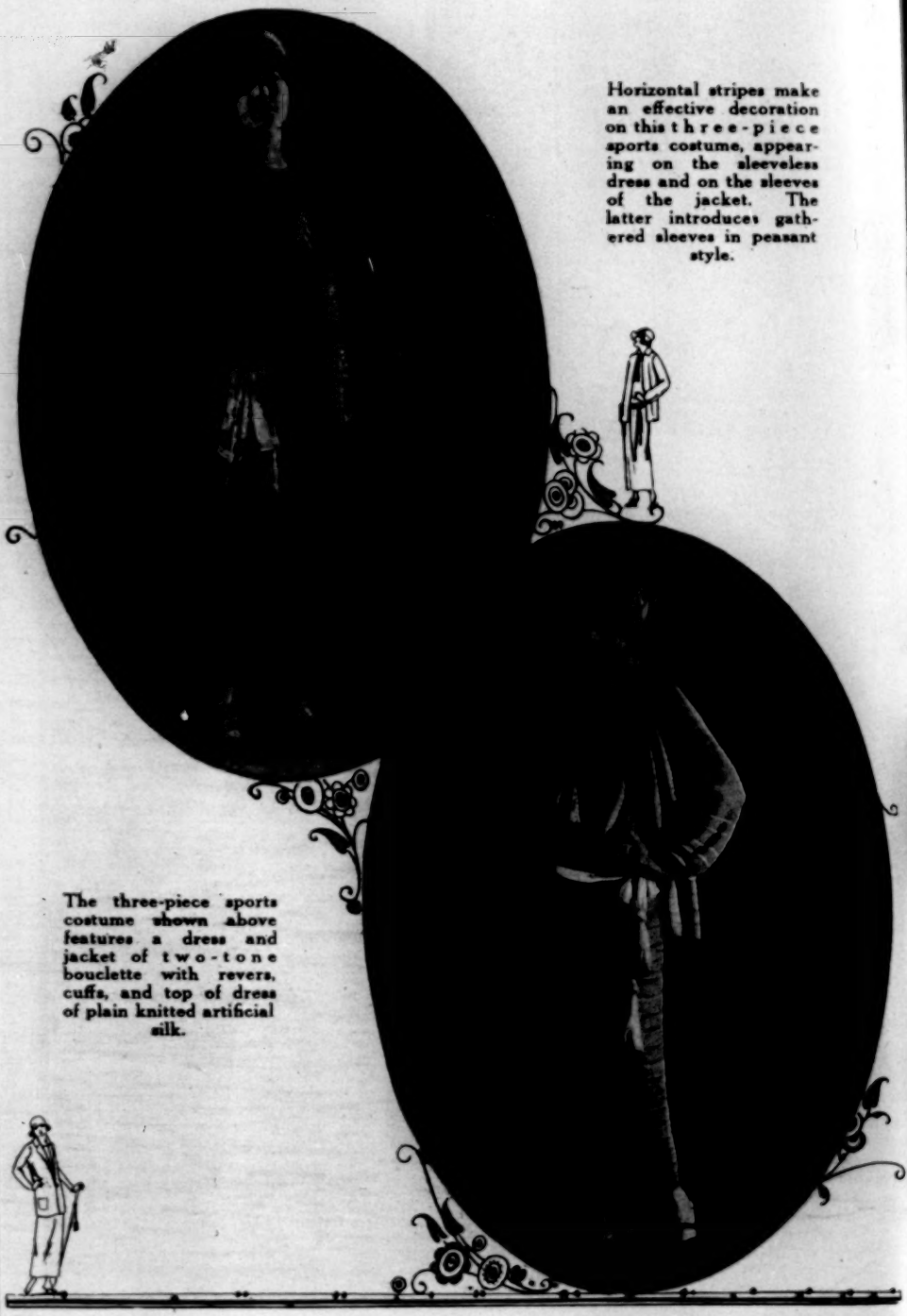
This Rotogravure Style Section is prepared for the Quality Group, of which this magazine is a member, by the Fashion Editors of the DRY GOODS ECONOMIST. *For nearly eighty years the* DRY GOODS ECONOMIST *has been the leading style authority of the dry goods merchants of America and its fashion forecasts are followed weekly by more than* 35,000 *leading stores throughout the country.*

The illustrations shown in this section represent the styles which have been endorsed by the premier designers of America and Paris and which will have the place of honor in American showrooms during the coming season. Bizarre and freak styles are not shown. American adaptations of French styles are based on samples which are imported by the DRY GOODS ECONOMIST *from the great Parisian houses in advance of each season.*



Margot lace was chosen for the smartly simple gown at the left. The sash and side drape are of pleated crêpe in three tones of beige and brown. Colored laces are tremendously popular, ochre and beige being two reigning favorites.

This little frock of yellow voile has stripes composed of white beads and beaded flower sprays in natural colors. Simplicity is the keynote of its style design, fabric treatment serving to distinguish the dress.



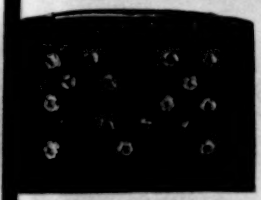
Horizontal stripes make an effective decoration on this three-piece sports costume, appearing on the sleeveless dress and on the sleeves of the jacket. The latter introduces gathered sleeves in peasant style.

The three-piece sports costume shown above features a dress and jacket of two-tone bouclette with revers, cuffs, and top of dress of plain knitted artificial silk.

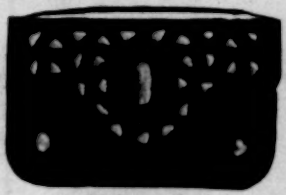
The long handle of this embroidered bag makes it possible to swing the bag from the shoulders.

A black jet bead bag is ornamented with white peacocks outlined in green.

Accessories add The Smart furnishing Touch



This under-arm bag is in shades of light tan with galalith rosebud motifs.



Fashioned of brown moire, this bag is ornamented with gilt embroidery and green galalith.

A genuine novelty is this long veil made of maline net edged with two rows of lace, and trimmed with a lace rosette and tassel.

Of conventional size and shape, this bag is distinguished by its coloring.

This bag has painted leather pocket and touches of novel embroidery in silver thread.

At left is shown a dinner gown of shell colored Chantilly lace that drapes over the left shoulder and down the back in the form of a train or scarf. The fullness in front is held by a jeweled ornament. From Philippe & Gaston.

Green silk and black net in alternating panels are embroidered in silver thread in this frock from Lucille. There are full godets at each side of silver embroidered black lace. The girdle combines velvet and rhinestones.

The Observatory Watch

AT frequent intervals world famous government observatories hold a six months' accuracy test to determine the actual relative merit of various watches. These competitions are open to all makers of finely adjusted time-pieces.

Under the severe conditions imposed for such tests, the Longines Watch has received more official government awards than any other watch. Again and again it has carried off the coveted honors, — earned through its superior accuracy.

For more than fifty years, better jewelers have recommended it. Prices range from $35 upward. *Booklet upon request.*

A. WITTNAUER COMPANY

Established 1866

NEW YORK
PARIS
MONTREAL
GENEVA

Official Government Awards

At U. S. Naval Observatory — Washington: 144 passed and accepted for torpedo boat service, since 1916.

In 1922 trial out of ten accepted, nine were Longines.

At Geneva Observatory — Switzerland: Result of 1924 trial shows Longines obtained first prize of series and ten first and second prizes.

In 1923 Longines obtained one first prize of series and ten additional first and second prizes.

At Neuchatel Observatory — Switzerland: 365 awards in International Contests, since 1905.

At Kew Teddington Observatory — England: 132 awards in International Contests, since 1910. (1918 year's record for best performance.) Since 1919 every Longines Watch submitted passed trial with mention "especially good."

The Longines WATCH

A few of the many awards won at international exhibitions

VIENNA ANTWERP PARIS CHICAGO GENEVA

Printed cretonne in gay pattern and coloring fashions the visible part of the bathing suit shown at the left; but the outfit is made practical by equipping it with wool jersey one-piece swimming suit proper, in a color blending or contrasting with the major color features in cretonne.

Moiré silk appears this season in gay colorings properly rubberized in the development of bathing capes and also fashions many of the chic bathing suits. A moiré cape is pictured at the right. The parasol carried is of Japanese printed silk.

CRANE BEAUTY IN THE OPEN; CRANE QUALITY IN ALL HIDDEN FITTINGS

In the modern home, the greatest change wrought in recent years has been, perhaps, the addition of color and positive beauty in bathroom appointments. In the *Neumar* lavatory, shown above, the broad top of black Italian marble, gold-veined, is supported by bronze legs, finished like all other metal parts, in a heavy gold plate. The swinging panels of the Crane triple mirror hide cabinets for toilet articles. The *Neumar* is only one interesting example in a very wide range of Crane plumbing and heating materials sold only by contractors, at prices within the reach of all. Let us send you "The New Art of Fine Bathrooms."

CRANE

GENERAL OFFICES: CRANE BUILDING, 836 S. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO
CRANE LIMITED, 386 BEAVER HALL SQUARE, MONTREAL, QUEBEC

Branches and Sales Offices in One Hundred and Forty-five Cities
National Exhibit Rooms: Chicago, New York, Atlantic City, San Francisco and Montreal
Works: Chicago, Bridgeport, Birmingham, Chattanooga, Trenton and Montreal

CRANE EXPORT CORPORATION: NEW YORK, SAN FRANCISCO
CRANE-BENNETT, LTD., LONDON
CIE CRANE, PARIS

Crane Globe Valve No. 1-B

Paris favors the three-piece or costume suit, as this model from Brandt's spring collection helps to prove. A button trimmed, short sleeveless jacket and split tunic skirt are interesting features. Plain fabric and brilliant printed crêpe are combined.

The charming afternoon dress at right, from Agnes, combines black and white printed crêpe with plain black and plain white Georgette. White bead embroidery outlines the insets, and cabochons of green beads fasten the girdle.

The white slipper with ornamentation of light piping, fringe stitching and unusual tongue and strap arrangement is one of the newest notes for Summer.

Lanvin designed this cloche of ecru straw, worked in shell pattern, with brim and bow of blue grosgrain ribbon.

The fancy for novelty gauntlet gloves continues unabated, the pair shown being a rather striking example.

These smart sports stockings are of artificial silk, with designs printed in fast color.

Make Your Little Girl Happy with an

Add-a-Pearl REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. **NECKLACE**

Many a graduate rejoices in the completion of a genuine pearl necklace this month, because when she was little someone gave her an Add-a-Pearl Necklace. It was added to on all gift occasions and now is a real treasure. Add-a-Pearl is a thoughtfully beautiful gift for your little girl. Your jeweler will supply you.

The family and friends will keep it growing

Buy additional pearls for your Add-a-pearl necklace on this card. It guarantees perfection.

Ask Your Jeweler

The Add-a-Pearl Co., Chicago

In the circle below is an interesting Suzanne Talbot turban covered with black and copper Georgette scarf with end left free to be wound about the throat. The Georgette is overlaid with black pigeon wings.

Silk roses in natural rose tones trim the front of this smart hat of black Milan straw bound with moiré ribbon.

A RETURN to favor of the long discarded feather hat is indicated by some recent offerings of leading French designers of headgear, one of the exceptionally interesting feather hats of 1924 vintage being shown on this page. It is small and fits the head closely. Birds' head trimmings are also registering. Hats of this type naturally complete a suit or street frock of somewhat tailored lines, the larger hats finding favor for wear with more formal costumes or with distinctly warm weather frocks. The lace hat or lace trimmed hat is good, whether large or small.

Inquiries regarding merchandise described in this section, and where it can be secured in your town, as well as comments, suggestions or criticisms, will be welcomed. Address, Style Editors, The Quality Group, 681—5th Ave., New York City.

AMERICAN MULTI-COLOR CORP. N.Y.

Look inside the Piano for this Trade-Mark

WESSELL, NICKEL & GROSS

The Sign of the World's Standard Piano Action

YOU Can Be Certain of Piano Quality—

BUY your piano now and buy it with certainty. All you need do to make sure of obtaining an instrument of genuine quality is to look for the Wessell, Nickel & Gross trade-mark. (Shown above.)

The Wessell, Nickel & Gross piano action which this trade-mark identifies is used *exclusively* by piano makers whose instruments represent the highest standards of art and craftsmanship.

This famous product is *the highest priced piano action in the world.* It is built by the oldest, largest and leading makers of high-grade piano actions. To select a piano, player, or reproducing piano in which the Wessell, Nickel & Gross action has been installed is to purchase permanent piano satisfaction.

WESSELL, NICKEL & GROSS
Established 1874 New York City

When you Buy an Upright, Grand, Player or Reproducing Piano—Insist on the Wessell, Nickel & Gross Piano Action.

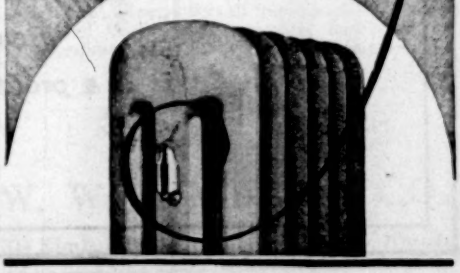
When a radiator won't get hot—*try this*

JUST $1.60 invested in AIRID will make the coldest radiator *hot*. And by ridding the radiator of cold air it lets the steam do its work and saves your fuel.

It needs no "fixing" because it is non-adjustable—never leaks—and makes no noise. Any pair of hands can put it on any steam radiator in two minutes.

Made and guaranteed by the
AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY
Specialties Department 1807 Elmwood Ave., Buffalo, N.Y.

AIRID
AIR-VALVES
SOLD AT ALL HEATING AND PLUMBING SHOPS



"How loyal you are to your plain old tin"

"My dear, I'm a plain man, I judge men and things not by outward appearance, but by their intrinsic worth. I'm past the age when the gilt on the gingerbread blinds my better judgment. The tobacco in that tin is worthy of a gold canister—but the makers know I want to buy tobacco and not gold canisters."

To healthy young men who smoke a pipe the first tin of Craven will open up new joys. Its rich, smooth flavour—unspoilt by artificial curing—is wonderful.

IMPORTED from LONDON

Craven *Mixture*
in the plain old Tin

originally Blended for the 3rd Earl of Craven

BY CARRERAS LTD 130 YEARS REPUTATION

"Open Sesame!"

ALI BABA murmured the magic words, the cavern door swung open and costly treasures lay at his feet.

You, too, have an "open sesame" to the treasures of the world. It is *advertising*.

Read the advertising and you open the door to countless comforts and conveniences you otherwise would miss. For advertising will spread before you the product of fields, looms and factories the world over—things that make life easier, happier, more interesting and more fruitful for you and your family.

There is no questioning the real benefits that come from regular and systematic reading of the advertising columns. No other one thing will give you such economy and keen satisfaction in buying.

Advertising is far too important to be overlooked.

Read it.

It is a profitable practice.

MILITARY
BINOCULARS
FRENCH AND GERMAN

6 and 8 Power **$19.50** Postpaid

Case and carrying straps included

Usual selling price $40.00 to $50.00. Wide angle—day and night lenses—6 and 8 power—prismatic type—finest achromatic lenses. Approved for United States Army officers.

Guaranteed German war glasses made by the World's leading optical manufacturers. Many of these glasses received direct from the ALLIED REPARATIONS COMMISSION. Sold to Army and Navy officers throughout the U. S. A. Guaranteed the equal of any binocular made.

We have sold thousands of dollars worth of these binoculars to the U. S. Army and Navy.

Glasses will be shipped promptly on receipt of check or money order for $19.50 under positive guarantee of full cash refund on any glasses returned. **Order your military binoculars today.**

HENDERSON BROTHERS
Largest Importers of Field Glasses in America
91 Federal Street, Boston, Mass.

Dictate

In the privacy of your office you can dictate quickly and say it much better.

Telephone the Ediphone, your city. Send for the Edison book for executives: "Getting Action."

THOMAS A. EDISON, INC.
Orange **New Jersey**

Ediphone

Built By Edison

Homes where Music dwells

KIMBALL
REPRODUCING PIANOS

ENRICHMENT of the home, the greatest pianists playing for you as though in person, is accomplished through Kimball Reproducing Pianos.

Is Josef Hofmann a favorite? or Busoni—or Paderewski? You have but to choose from the best. Edna Richolson Sollitt, distinguished interpreter of modern music, exclaimed, "It seems as if I myself were playing—so lifelike, so familiar."

Any artist record from the DeLuxe Welte Mignon (Licensee) Library offers all these pleasures. The Kimball Piano has won highest honors for "Superlative Merit." Write for particulars.

Ask for Brochure

"Artist Reproductions"

W. W. KIMBALL CO.
Established 1857
324 Kimball Building **Chicago, Illinois**

Asthma

Vapo-Cresolene makes a strong appeal to those afflicted with Asthma, because the little lamp, used at night, is at work vaporizing the soothing remedy while the patient sleeps, and the difficult breathing is quickly relieved. A patient calls it a boon to sufferers from Asthma.

Vapo-Cresolene
Est. 1879

"Used while you sleep"

Cresolene has been recommended and used with great success for forty years for the relief of coughs, bronchitis, spasmodic croup and whooping cough.

Sold by Druggists
Send for descriptive booklet 23-B

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO.
62 Cortlandt St., New York
or Leeming-Miles Bldg.
Montreal, Canada

Genuine BAYER
ASPIRIN

Say "Bayer" - Insist!

For Colds — Headache
Pain — Lumbago
Neuralgia — Rheumatism

Safe — Accept only a Bayer package which contains proven directions

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets
Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

Safe Milk

For Infants, Children, Invalids, Nursing Mothers
Avoid Imitations

STOP COUGHING
FLORIDA
MENTOPINE
COUGH DROPS
The MENTOPINE CORPORATION — Philadelphia, Pa.

WHAT SCHOOL?

The answer to your school problem will probably be found among the large number of schools advertised in the Educational Directory of this issue. The facilities of our School Bureau are also at your command for any additional assistance you may require in selecting the school best suited to your demands.

School Information Bureau
HARPER'S MAGAZINE, 49 E. 33rd St., N. Y. C.

American Footbal

How to Play It

By CHARLES D. DALY

A thorough discussion of the theory and execution of the forward pass is one of the distinctive features of this book by the former West Point coach and All-American quarterback. It sets forth also the fundamental principles of the game, its science and strategy, and the most approved methods of training. A book designed primarily for captains and coaches of college and school teams, but of interest to all football lovers.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers

Onoto the Ink Pencil

An exceptional writing instrument—

Writes like a pencil but with the permanency of ink. The point is iridio platinum. It writes smoothly and lasts a lifetime. Especially useful for manifold work. May be carried in any position with safety as it cannot leak. For milady's hand bag and a man's pocket; long or short; black or red; from $3 to $5.

Write for illustrated literature and names of stores carrying it in your vicinity.

THOMAS DE LA RUE & CO., Ltd.
450 Fourth Ave., New York

The Proper Private School

for your children is perhaps the most important choice you have to make. If you have difficulty in making a selection from among the large number of schools advertised in this issue, feel perfectly free to write us for information and suggestions, stating the kind of school wanted, the locality preferred, and the age of the student for whom assistance is requested.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE
East 33rd Street New York

The drink to order *every time*

Thirsty? Think of Clicquot Club. Order it. Drink it. You'll give up your hobby of ordering something different every time you hanker for a cold drink. Clicquot will become your one and only.

Clicquot Club Ginger Ale! There's a drink to play to, to stay to! Everything in it is simple and pure and good, from the cold spring water, the real Jamaica ginger, to the last small dash of fruit flavor that adds to its piquant charm. *They all like it.*

Thirsty? Take a long cold drink of Clicquot Club. Thirsty now? We thought not!

Order by the case from your grocer, druggist, or confectioner

The Clicquot Club Company
Millis, Mass., U. S. A.

Clicquot Club

PRONOUNCED KLIK-KO

Ginger Ale

WHERE-TO-GO

HOTEL-RESORT and TRAVEL-DEPARTMENT

featured every month in seven publications

THE QUALITY GROUP MAGAZINES

ATLANTIC MONTHLY, HARPER'S, REVIEW OF REVIEWS
SCRIBNER'S and WORLD'S WORK, also in COUNTRY LIFE and OUR WORLD

Send postage for advice where and how to go. The right hotel, etc.

For space and rates in our departments write to

The WHERE-TO-GO BUREAU, Inc. 8 Beacon St. Boston, Mass. U.S.A.

1907 1924

LOS ANGELES CAL.

HOTEL CLARK

LOS ANGELES
POSITIVELY FIREPROOF
CLOSE TO EVERYTHING

Headquarters for travelers from all parts of the world. 555 rooms, Eur. plan. Write for folder and rates. F. M. Dimmick, Lessee. Hill St., bet. Fourth and Fifth, Los Angeles, Cal.

VAN NUYS HOTEL
LOS ANGELES

A quiet atmosphere that appeals to persons of refinement. Splendid cafe, convenient location. Moderate rates. Illustrated folder sent on request.

OCEAN PARK CAL.

MERRITT JONES HOTEL
OCEAN PARK California

the Noted all-year Seaside Resort, 14 miles from Los Angeles. Surf bathing, Golf, all sports. Mild Delightful Climate. Eur. Plan. Reasonable Rates. Folder.

SANTA BARBARA CAL

SAN YSIDRO RANCH
California's Famed Foothill Resort

Nestled in the foothills among the Orange Groves, overlooking Valley and Sea. Elev. 600 feet. Furnished Bungalows, 2 to 7 rooms. Central Dining Room. Electricity, hot and cold water. Surf-bathing, Tennis, Horseback Riding. 6 miles from Historic Santa Barbara, two miles from ocean. For Folder, address San Ysidro Ranch, Santa Barbara, Calif.

PINEHURST N. C.

Pinehurst
NORTH CAROLINA

CAROLINA HOTEL
NOW OPEN

Championship events in every field of sport thru the entire season

Four 18-hole Golf Courses, Riding, Motoring, Tennis, Driving, Shooting, Racing

For reservations or information,
Address: General Office, Pinehurst, N. C.

CHARLESTON S. C.

ADANAC: Between Summerville and historical Charleston, S.C. Modern home all conveniences, horses, guides. Some of the best hunting in this section-full particulars R. L. Riggs, R3 Charleston, S.C.

NEW YORK CITY

109-113 W. 45th St. **Hotel St. James** Times Sq. N. Y. City

Midway between Fifth Avenue and Broadway. An hotel of quiet dignity, having the atmosphere and appointments of a well-conditioned home. Much favored by women traveling without escort. 3 minutes' walk to 40 theatres and all best shops. Rates and booklet on application. W. Jonxson Quinn.

TRAVEL-TOURS

SOUTH AMERICA
VIA HAVANA
PANAMA—PERU—CHILE

Havana - Cristobal - Balboa - Callao
Mollendo - Arica - Iquique
Antofagasta - Valparaiso - San Antonio

A glorious voyage through the Panama Canal to an immense continent of scenic splendor, magnificent cities and friendly people. Shore trips to interesting old towns. See Peru's historic ruins and ancient treasure houses. Cross the towering Andes. Visit Buenos Aires and Rio de Janeiro, most beautiful cities in South America. Palatial Vessels (14,250 tons) especially built for South American Service.

Round South American Tours
At $585.00 *and up*

PACIFIC LINE
The Pacific Steam Navigation Co.

Sanderson & Son, Inc., Agents
26 Broadway, New York, or any local S.S. Agent

CAMP IN EGYPT

Wonderful experiences in desert camp and on chartered steamer to Second Cataract.

FIVE WEEKS IN EGYPT AND PALESTINE
SAIL JANUARY 17, 1925

Send for itinerary
Plans now ready for large variety of
European Tours in 1925

TEMPLE TOURS
443B Park Square Bldg. Boston, Mass.

NEW ORLEANS LA.

The St. Charles
New Orleans
One of America's Leading Hotels

ST. PETERSBURG FLA.

St. Petersburg
The Sunshine City

Famous for its balmy sunshine that has failed on only 75 days in 14 years. On Florida's West Coast. A playground colorful with flowers and palms—and the sparkling Bay and Gulf. Wonderful bathing, yachting, motor ring. Great golf, fishing, tennis—every recreation for young and old. Sumptuous new hotels and accommodations of all kinds. Write for interesting booklet—ask any question. Address:

M. E. Dillman, Chamber of Commerce
St. Petersburg, Florida

Princess Martha
(formerly Hotel Mason)
St. Petersburg, Florida
"The Sunshine City of all Florida"

250 Rooms *250 Baths*

OPENS LATE DECEMBER

High Grade American Plan Tourist Hotel
Centrally located. Fireproof. Booklet.
FOOD AND SERVICE THE BEST
Sherman Denton, Manager

ROCKLEDGE FLA.

NEW INDIAN RIVER HOTE
ROCKLEDGE, FLORIDA

Personal direction of Horace R. Sha
Season—December 20th to May 1
The last word in hotel construction.
Golf, tennis, swimming pool, ocean bat
ing, fishing. White employees throughou
Exceptional orchestra. Booklet.

ATLANTIC CITY N. J.

GALEN HALL
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

May we send folder, bills of fare and rates? It is our purpose and practice to give rather more than is usual for the rates charged. We try to keep our old friends, and we like to make new ones.

Sidney L. Knisell, Manager

Where-To-Go for Dec. closes Oct.

WHERE-TO-GO

HOTEL-RESORT-&-TRAVEL-DEPARTMENT

CONCLUDED

TOURS

Mediterranean (Jan. 31)
Around the World (Jan. 20)
Mediterranean and Norway (July 1)
...cial cruises by superb, specially ...ered, new oil-burning Cunarders. ...nable rates, include hotels, drives, ...s, fees, etc. European stopovers.
...GEST EXPERIENCED MANAGEMENT
Expert staff. Limited membership.
Please specify program desired.
...'s Tours, Times Bldg., N. Y.

...rth-African Motor Tours ...r Lovers of Oriental Lands
$1490 Round Trip
...on SS. "Paris" of the French Line
January 12, 1925
Write for illustrated booklet
... Jules Hone Travel Agencies
...t. James Street, Montreal, Canada
French Line, 19 State Street, New York

...Mediterranean ...an Seas **Cruises Unusual** Luxurious Yacht
The Ideals of Chivalry.
...inctive Travel-Stafford Springs-Ct.

CRUISES

PACIFIC MAIL CRUISE

California

thru the Panama Canal

A Real Cruise! Delightful voyage thru tranquil southern seas with numerous shore trips in Central America and Mexico. Approximately two whole days allowed at the Panama Canal.

10,000 ton oil-burning steamers, built especially for the Tropics. All outside rooms; electric fans; swimming pools; orchestra; deck sports; beds, *not* berths. Regular sailings from New York to Los Angeles and San Francisco. Low First Class Rates. Write for booklet E.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.
10 Hanover Sq., N. Y. Tel. Bowling Green 4630

When writing to these advertisers will you please mention The Where-to-go Bureau? It will be greatly to your advantage to do so. Where-to-go advertising covers best prospects —U. S. income taxpayers on $5,000 and over.

TOURS

6th Annual American Express Cruise Tour to South America and the West Indies

65 days — From New York January 29th

Cuba, Panama, Peru, Chile, inspiring trip across the Andes, **Argentine, Uruguay, Brazil, Trinidad, Barbados, Porto Rico, Splendid Pacific liner, S.S. Ebro,** going down; **S.S. Voltaire** (Lamport and Holt Line), coming back. Write for booklet at once. **American Express Travel Dept.,** 65 Broadway, New York. *Always carry American Express Travelers Cheques.*

WORTHWHILE TOURS
1925
(fifteenth season)

(A) Europe via the Mediterranean, $919
(B) Tour of the World, 174 days, $2,...00 to $3,450.
Outside two-berth rooms with bath.
Number Limited. One-quarter space already taken.
Write NOW to
WORTHWHILE TOURS, Boston 30, Mass.

AROUND THE WORLD VIA EUROPE

De Luxe Tour, 5 months, $2350. Sailing Jan. 10th, on **S.S. Majestic.** 2 berth outside rooms. Exclusive small party. Luxurious, unhurried travel. Best hotels. No extras. References. Circular. Write **Suffolk,** 114 East 89th Street, New York City, N. Y.

WHEN YOU ARE IN LONDON

FOR years now, many Americans while visiting London, strolling about leisurely or busily engaged with some business errand, have glanced up and seen the old familiar name of

HARPER & BROTHERS

35 Great Russell St., W. C. 1.

Situated in the heart of things, amid the hotels and clubs, the sight of our London office has been a welcome surprise to many of our friends. And glad to see the well-known name, they have dropped in to say "Hello" and pass the time of day—a proceeding so natural in London where things get done without the ostentatious hustle of the younger country.

When next you are abroad, we invite you to step into our London office if only for a moment's contact with home. Perhaps we can give you a bit of information on some unfamiliar subject, or direct you to your destination by the shortest route.

HARPER & BROTHERS

Established 1817 NEW YORK

The Where-to-go Bureau

appears in seven of the best magazines simultaneously each month. They meet the traveler everywhere and blanket the wealth of the United States. They are on the reading tables of highest class homes.

For space and rates write to Where-to-go Bureau, Inc., 8 Beacon Street, Boston 9, Massachusetts.

Sorrento, Italy—On the Beautiful Bay of Naples.

THE ROUTE DE LUXE TO THE

Mediterranean

Special Winter Voyages

JANUARY 6 and FEBRUARY 14

By the New Palatial Liner **DUILIO** Quadruple Screw 24,280 Tons Reg.

Largest and fastest Mediterranean oil burner

The utmost in comfort and luxury of accommodation can now be secured to the Mediterranean by this new sister ship of the Giulio Cesare. Special features are offered the traveler in furnished cabins with private baths, finest lounge and smoking rooms, cuisine and service.

NEW YORK to AZORES—GIBRALTAR, ALGIERS, NAPLES, GENOA

CONNECTIONS to EGYPT and the HOLY LAND via NAPLES, VENICE or BRINDISI.

OTHER SAILINGS:

***COLOMBO** . . . . NOV. 4, DEC. 9 | **DUILIO** . . . NOV. 29, MAR. 26

* The only one-class ship to the Mediterranean

For rates and further information apply to

Italian Line

NAVIGAZIONE GENERALE ITALIANA

Italia America Shipping Corp., *General Agents*

1 State Street, New York **Or Local Steamship Agents**

WINTER CRUISES

WEST INDIES

January 22nd *February 23rd*

TWO cruises to the romantic Caribbean by the magnificent ORCA, 25,500 tons displacement. Each cruise 29 days. Extensive itinerary. Shore excursions. Rates $250. up.

BERMUDA

"The Sportsman's Paradise"—golf, tennis, bathing, etc.—only 48 hours from New York. Weekly sailing by the palatial ARAGUAYA 17,500 tons displacement—largest and most luxurious liner in the service. Rates $70. up.

Write for illustrated booklets

"The Comfort Route"

ROYAL MAIL

THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY
New York . Boston . Pittsburgh . Chicago . Detroit
Minneapolis . San Francisco . Los Angeles . Seattle
Vancouver . Toronto . Montreal . Halifax

MEDITERRANEAN

EGYPT • PALESTINE

SMALL select parties, under personal leadership, from New York by S. S. ADRIATIC January 7 and S. S. MAURETANIA February 16. Madeira, Gibraltar, Algiers, the Riviera, Italy, Greece, Turkey, Holy Land and Egypt. Every advantage of travel—luxury and comfort—an exceptional choice in itineraries—37 to 85 days—rates from $850. Booklet on request.

Through Italy by private motors, meeting any boat, from Naples to Rome, Florence, Venice, to Paris, etc.—the most interesting way to travel—no trains to catch, no time table—

Ask for BOOKLET F.

FRANCO-BELGIQUE TOURS CO., LTD
147 W. 42nd St., New York City
LONDON PARIS BRUSSELS NAPLES

"Here one sees the most picturesque and unsophisticated people now left in Europe."
—London *Nation.*

PEAKS OF SHALA

(ALBANIA)

By Rose Wilder Lane

"One of the most fascinating and diverting books of travel in strange places of the last five years."—San Francisco *Journal.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS
49 East 33rd Street, New York, N. Y.

MEDITERRANEAN (January 31) AROUND THE WORLD (January 30) NORWAY and MEDITERRANEAN (July 1)

Seasonal cruises by superb, specially chartered, new, oil-burning Cunarders. Reasonable rates include hotels, drives, guides, fees, etc. European stopovers.

LONGEST EXPERIENCED MANAGEMENT
Expert staff. Limited membership.

SOUTH AMERICA. Small party leaves January

Please specify program desired.

CLARK'S TOURS - Times Building, New York

CRUISES SUPREME 1925

Around the World

on the specially chartered

Cunard Cruising Steamer

"FRANCONIA"

Sailing January 22, returning May 31

130 days of relaxation, education and enjoyment—30,000 miles of wondrous travel. Itinerary includes: Madeira, Gibraltar, French Riviera, Naples, Egypt, India, Ceylon, Sumatra, Java, Straits Settlements, China (South, and North with Peking), Japan in Cherry Blossom Time and the American outposts of Manila, Honolulu and Panama.

Cunard cuisine and service—cruise management such as only our organization's unrivaled experience and resources can provide.

THOS. COOK & SON

NEW YORK

585 Fifth Avenue — 253 Broadway

BOSTON · PHILADELPHIA · CHICAGO · SAN FRANCISCO

LOS ANGELES · TORONTO · MONTREAL · VANCOUVER

South America

SOUTH AMERICA never disappoints the traveler who seeks the stimulation of new scenes. Cities with which few in the old world can compare. Scenic wonders that dwarf Europe's best offerings. For thousands of miles this wonder continent unfolds by land and sea incomparable scenic treasures. A bracing climate makes sightseeing more enjoyable.

Fortnightly sailings by the famous "V-Fleet", specially built for tropical voyaging. Perfect ventilation. Superlative cuisine and service. Every known device for the comfort of the passenger. Liberal stopovers.

*S. S. Voltaire — S. S. Vauban
*S. S. Vandyck — S. S. Vestris

(* Newest and finest ships in the South American Service)

Rio de Janeiro, Montevideo, Buenos Aires

Calling northbound at Santos, Trinidad and Barbados.

Tours round South America arranged.

For Rates, Illustrated Booklet, Reservations, Etc., apply Sanderson & Son, Inc., Agents, Room 110, 42 Broadway, New York, or any local Steamship or tourist agents.

LAMPORT & HOLT LINE

Frog Baby in the Haddon Hall Garden Court

A dash of salt sea air —

Days of seaside fun —

ENJOYED MOST at hospitable, homelike Chalfonte-Haddon Hall, Atlantic City.

These two most delightful of Atlantic City's famous hotels are really extraordinary in their hospitable personal attention—and *ahead* of the times in their modern facilities for pleasure, comfort and rest. American plan only; always open. Illustrated folder and rates on request.

LEEDS AND LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

CHALFONTE-HADDON HALL

ATLANTIC CITY

On the Beach and the Boardwalk
In the very center of things

LET MUNSINGWEAR COVER YOU WITH SATISFACTION

MUNSING Wear

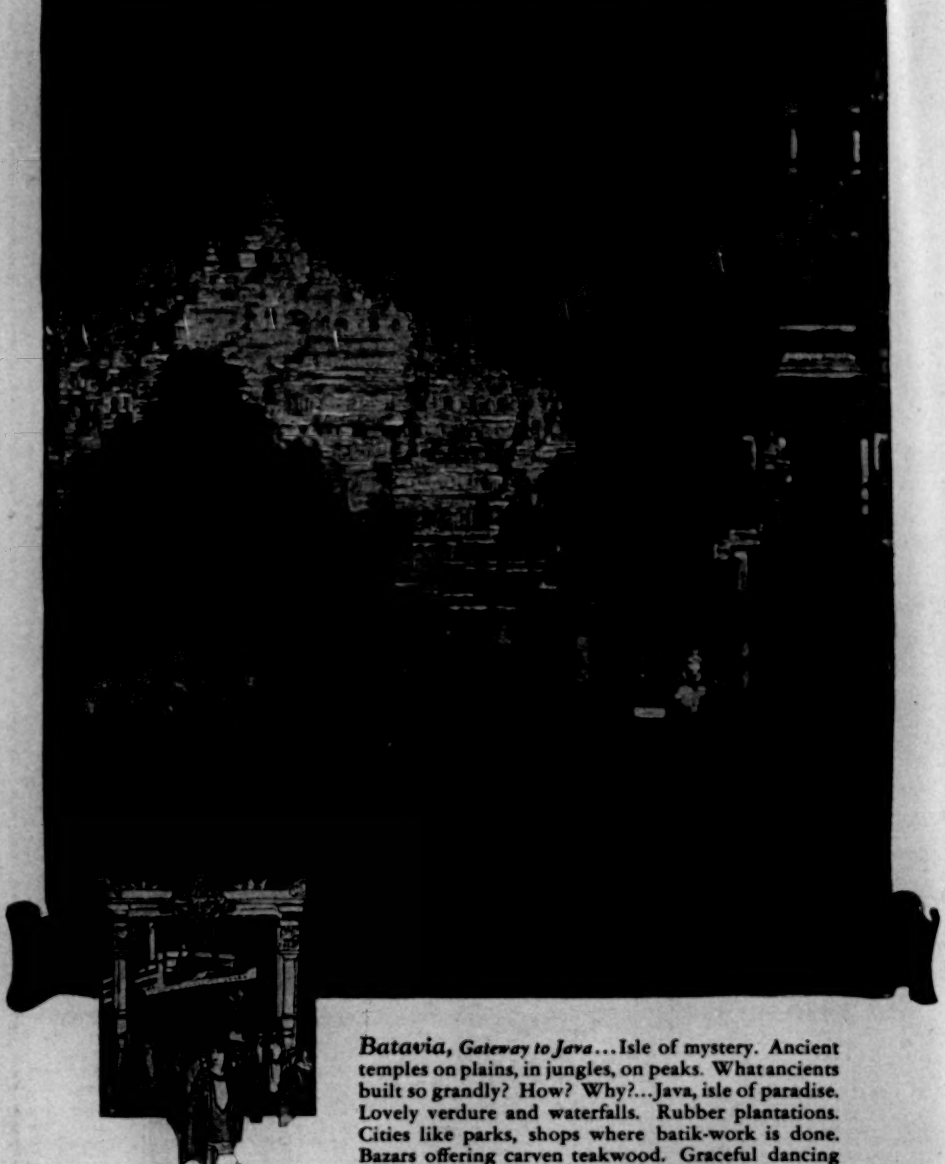
is now obtainable in hosiery as well as in union suits. The hosiery line comprises an exceptionally large assortment of numbers in [illegible] *colors and materials for ladies, men, women, children and infants, and is already recognized by the trade as one of the most popular lines of the country. Thousands of Munsingwear dealers have already put Munsingwear hosiery in stock and are selling the hosiery with the same confidence they have always had in selling Munsingwear union suits.*

When buying your Munsingwear union suits, ask your dealer to show you samples of Munsingwear hosiery. You will find the same quality and workmanship in the hosiery that for so many years have characterized all Munsingwear garments bearing the Munsingwear trade mark symbol.

Munsingwear Quality Assures Comfort and Service

THE MUNSINGWEAR CORPORATION

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA



Batavia, Gateway to Java... Isle of mystery. Ancient temples on plains, in jungles, on peaks. What ancients built so grandly? How? Why?... Java, isle of paradise. Lovely verdure and waterfalls. Rubber plantations. Cities like parks, shops where batik-work is done. Bazars offering carven teakwood. Graceful dancing girls. Java, home of the Buitenzorg Botanical Gardens, where orchids grow 1000 blossoms at a time, and strange plants riot in beauty. Java, the isle with a spell.

Canadian Pacific

Will you have the experience supreme?

EVERY year, a handful of travelers have the experience supreme. But only a handful. They are the company which ships one day on a Canadian Pacific Empress.

When they return they are new people. Happy in health. Glowing with adventure. Laden with treasures from far-off bazars. Expanded in personality to the breadth of the earth.

For, they've voyaged to the Gateway Ports of the World. What magic in the phrase! What magic in the experience! Sailing along, as if in a floating country club. Comes a star on the map. A Gateway Port. Into the harbor, and off for exploration... Shopping in the bazars. Mingling in the streets. Out to some tombs, to some temple or palace which reconstructs a thousand years of history... Then, on again, over the seven seas, to the next Gateway Port, the next romantic experience. Algiers, Egypt, Holy Land, India, Ceylon, Sumatra, Java, Philippines, China, Japan.

Canadian Pacific has arranged these ports into several voyages. The ship is Canadian Pacific—an Empress liner. The service is Canadian Pacific—luxurious living. The guidance is Canadian Pacific—it "spans the world."

Where these gateway ports are, what they lead to, how the cruises are arranged—all is told in fascinating literature. Write, phone, call offices listed below. *Personal service if desired.*

Atlanta, 49 N. Forsyth St.; Boston, 405 Boylston Street; Buffalo, 160 Pearl Street; Chicago, 71 E. Jackson Blvd.; Cincinnati, 201 Dixie Term. Bldg.; Cleveland, 1040 Prospect Ave.; Detroit, 1239 Griswold St.; Duluth, Soo Line Depot; Kansas City, 601 Ry. Exch. Bldg.; Los Angeles, 605 So. Spring St.; Minneapolis, 611 Second Ave., So.; New York, 342 Madison Ave.; Philadelphia, 1500 Locust St. at 15th; Pittsburgh, 338 Sixth Ave.; Portland, Ore., 55 Third Street; St. Louis, 420 Locust St.; San Francisco, 675 Market St.; Seattle, 608 Second Ave.; Tacoma, 1113 Pacific Ave.; Washington, D. C., 905 Fifteenth St. IN CANADA:—Montreal, 141 St. James St.; St. John, N. B., 40 King St.; Toronto, Canadian-Pacific Bldg.; Winnipeg, 364 Main; Vancouver, Canadian Pacific Station.—*Offices and Agents Everywhere.*

CRUISE EXTRAORDINARY ROUND-THE-WORLD—from New York, January 14th, 130 days, including 53 for shore trips, with inland trips to Jerusalem and Cairo, Delhi, and Agra, to Peking. Returning via Hawaii, Vancouver, San Francisco, Panama. *"Empress of France."* (Chosen for two voyages by Lord Renfrew—Prince of Wales.)

MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE—February 9th, 62 days. *"Empress of Scotland."* (Her fourth cruise in these waters.)

CRUISES

Insurance Company of
North America

Frank's "50th Anniversary" Cruise de Luxe

TO THE Mediterranean

(Limited to 400 Guests—Less than Half Capacity)
By Magnificent New

Cunard S. S. "SCYTHIA"

(Built 1921) Oil-Burner, 20,000 Tons,
Sailing January 29, 1925—66 Days

This cruise, celebrating our Golden Jubilee, we plan to feature above all other Cruises, even surpassing our previous successful Cruises by the same steamer.

Egypt—Palestine

Madeira, Spain, Gibraltar, Algiers, Tunis, Constantinople, Greece, Italy, Sicily, Riviera, Monte Carlo, France, England

The "Scythia" is a veritable floating palace, with spacious decks, lounges, veranda cafés, 2 elevators, gymnasium, commodious staterooms with running water and large wardrobes; bedrooms and suites with private baths. The famous Cunard cuisine and service. (Only one sitting for meals.)

Stop-over privilege in Europe without extra cost, returning via S. S. "Aquitania," "Mauretania," "Berengaria," or any Cunard Line Steamer.

Rates, deck plans, itinerary and full information on request. Prompt reservation advisable.

ALSO EUROPEAN TOURS

FRANK TOURIST CO.

(Established 1875)

542 Fifth Avenue, New York

219 South 15th St., Philadelphia. 582 Market St., San Francisco
At Bank of America, Los Angeles

Paris *Cairo* *London*

The NILE

No proper appreciation of the meaning of

EGYPT

and its greatness is possible, except by voyaging on its wonderful waterway. And on no other river in the world can a voyage be taken under more comfortable or more luxurious conditions than on one of our *NILE Tourist-Steamers, Private Steamers, or Dahabeahs.*

Regular services to the First and Second Cataract during the season, (November to end of March).

Write for our special literature on Egypt.

THOS. COOK & SON

NEW YORK

585 Fifth Avenue 253 Broadway

Egyptian Offices: Cairo, Luxor, Assuan, Khartum, Alexandria, Port Said

Mediterranean

PALESTINE EGYPT

Leaving NEW YORK

February 4th, 1925

By the famous "ROTTERDAM" (Fourth Cruise) Under the HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE'S own management

The "ROTTERDAM"

24,170 tons register, 37,190 tons displacement

Has a world-wide reputation for the magnificence and comfort of her appointments, the surpassing excellence of her cuisine and the high standards of service and management on board.

66 Days of Delightful Diversion

ITINERARY includes Madeira, Lisbon, Cadiz, Seville, Gibraltar, Algiers, Tunis, Athens, Constantinople, the Holy Land and Egypt, Italy and the Riviera.

Carefully planned Shore Excursions. Stopover in Europe

Cruise limited to 550 guests

American Express Company agents in charge of shore Excursions

Illustrated Folder "H" on request

For choice selection of accommodations make reservations NOW

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE

21-24 State St., New York

Boston Philadelphia Pittsburgh Chicago Minneapolis St. Louis Detroit Atlanta, Ga. Seattle New Orleans San Francisco Montreal Mexico City

Or any authorized Steamship Agent

Travel Information

THROUGH this travel section the readers of *Harper's Magazine* receive each month the announcements of a considerable number of Tourist Agencies, Railroads, Steamship Lines and Resorts.

For your convenience and to more clearly present the attractiveness of their service to those who travel, they have prepared interesting descriptive booklets which will gladly be sent you.

We suggest you apply direct, mentioning *Harper's Magazine*, or if more in accordance with your wishes we will be pleased to send such booklets as are desired, and which will be of assistance to you in arranging and completing your plans.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

49 East 33rd Street New York City

The Hotel BERMUDIANA

Pre-eminent among Bermuda's excellent hotels—newest, most modern, entirely fireproof. Situation unsurpassed, giving wonderful views of the Harbour, and surrounded by fifteen acres of beautiful grounds. Finest cuisine and service.

All outdoor sports thruout the winter, original entertainments, unexcelled dance orchestra.

For booklet, write John O. Evans, Manager, The Hotel Bermudiana, Hamilton, Bermuda, or Furness Bermuda Line, 34 Whitehall Street, New York.

FURNESS BERMUDA LINE

(Bermuda Gov't's Official Contract Steamers)

BERMUDA

Playground of Eternal Springtime

(Average Yearly Temperature of 70°)

Only 2 days from New York

Sailings Twice Weekly

From New York, Wed. and Sat.

Tickets good on either Steamer, insuring unequalled express service via New Palatial Twin-Screw Oil-Burning Steamers

S.S. "FORT VICTORIA"

S.S. "FORT ST. GEORGE"

No Passports Modern Hotels All Sports

ST. GEORGE HOTEL, St. George, Bermuda—Especially attractive, located in the historic, picturesque and quaint part of Bermuda. Excellent cuisine and service. Magnificent tiled swimming pool.

West Indies

Delightful Cruises to the Gems of the Caribbean Sea

For illustrated Booklet on Bermuda, St. George Hotel or West Indies, write

FURNESS BERMUDA LINE

34 Whitehall St., N.Y., or Any Local Tourist Agent

CUNARD AND THE WEST INDIES

All the comfort and luxury of Cunard ocean travel—the renowned accommodations, equipment, cuisine, service—may be enjoyed on two delightful 30-day

CARIBBEAN CRUISES

sailing from New York
Jan. 22 and Feb. 24, 1925, on the S. S.

TUSCANIA

of the Cunard and Anchor Lines.

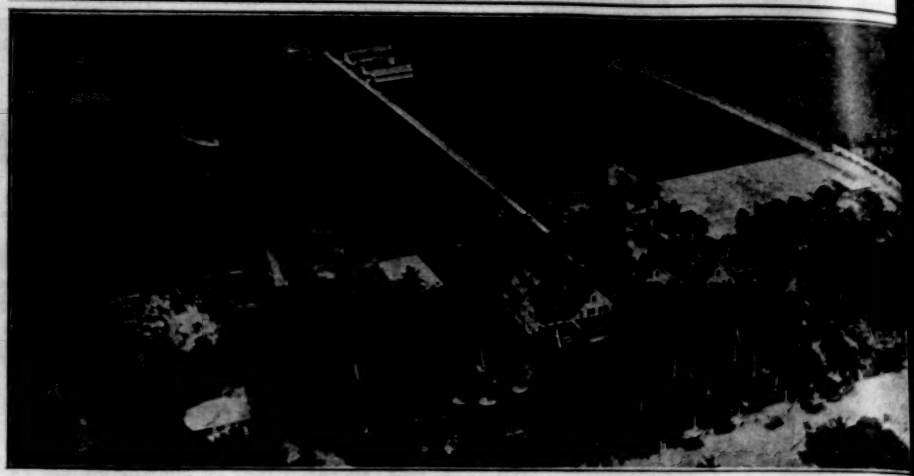
No more pleasing and entertainingly restful short cruise can be imagined than one among the fascinating islands of the Caribbean, visiting under *Cunard auspices:*

Havana, Kingston, Colon, Cartagena, Curacao, La Guayra, Port of Spain, Barbados, Martinique, St. Thomas, San Juan, Nassau, Bermuda.

Leisurely sightseeing ashore.

To EGYPT and the MEDITERRANEAN—
S. S. MAURETANIA, Feb. 17, 1925

CUNARD AND ANCHOR
STEAM SHIP LINES
25 Broadway, New York
or Branches and Agencies



HOTEL ROYAL PALM

FORT MYERS, FLORIDA

THE GARDEN SPOT OF THE WEST COAST, SITUATED IN THE REAL TROPICS; AVERAGE TEMPERATURE 70° to 80°; NIGHTS DELIGHTFULLY COOL.

RECREATIONS ARE FISHING FOR TARPON, KINGFISH, SPANISH MACKEREL AND RED SNAPPER; HUNTING FOR DEER, TURKEY AND QUAIL; FINE GOLF COURSE; BATHING, TENNIS; SAILING. ACCOMMODATIONS FOR 250 GUESTS; EACH ROOM WITH BATH; AMERICAN PLAN; MODERATE RATES.

J. L. NELSON, Manager

"The Salt Breath of the Sea Brings Health"

GALEN HALL

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

A PARTICULARLY attractive modern hotel with all the usual and some unique features. Offers hospitality and comfort, excellent cuisine, good music, golf privileges. Resident physician. Diet kitchen, under direction of graduated dietitian.

Extensive system of tonic and curative baths.

For booklet and rates, address

BOX N, GALEN HALL

You can get the complete official

American Code of Laws for Mah-Jongg

IN

STANDARDIZED MAH-JONG

By LEE F. HARTMAN

Member of the Mah-Jongg Standardization Committee, Associate Mah-Jongg Editor of the Auction Bridge and Mah-Jongg Magazine

THE author has collaborated with skilled Chinese players in preparing the first book on Mah-Jongg which explains in detail the Chinese methods of winning play.

Two hundred pages of this book are devoted to separate discussions of the actual tactics employed in

The Mixed Hand Game
The Cleared Hand Game
The One Double Game

(the three games now recognized by the American Code)

The player is taught not merely how to play Mah-Jongg, but *how to play to win.*

A unique feature is the series of photographic diagrams, printed in red and black, illustrating every important play in the game. There are over 100 illustrative hands and diagrams. Over 300 pages in all, handsomely bound in black and gold.

Now on sale everywhere. Price, $2.00

HARPER & BROTHERS

Publishers Since 1817 **49 E. 33rd St., N.Y.**

The American Golfer

THE SPORT PICTORIAL

Edited by Grantland Rice

If—

We attempted to tell you all of the many interesting things about THE AMERICAN GOLFER, we are afraid we would encroach too heavily upon your time.

So—

we will just call your attention to the series of instructive articles by well-known authorities, and especially to those now appearing, penned by EDDIE LOOS, the well-known golf instructor, and ALEXA STIRLING, the woman champion.

If they don't meet with an enthusiastic reception from readers of the magazine we shall be considerably surprised.

THE AMERICAN GOLFER maintains a special department devoted to improving your knowledge and understanding of the rules.

It covers all big tournament events in season.

It prints in each issue a fine collection of interesting photographs of all kinds of sports.

Don't you think you would like to receive such a magazine regularly? The subscription price is $5.00 per year.

CENTURION PUBLISHERS, Inc. H 11-24

353 Fourth Avenue, New York

GENTLEMEN: Enclosed find Five Dollars ($5.00). Please enter my subscription to THE AMERICAN GOLFER, THE SPORT PICTORIAL, for one year.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*Town*_____ *State*_____

(Postage in Canada, 50 cents; Foreign Countries, $1.00)

TRAVEL DE LUXE THIS WINTER

Without Extra Fare on the

NEW SUNSET LIMITED to CALIFORNIA

New Orleans to Los Angeles, San Diego and San Francisco *via* the

SUNSET ROUTE

No Smoke—No Cinders—No Dust

Oil-burning Locomotives and rock-ballasted roadbed permit open windows when desired.

Special Features Without Extra Fare

Observation Car with ladies' lounge and shower bath, maid and manicure.

Club Car with barber shop, shower bath and valet service.

Sleeping Cars of the latest type.

Through Dining Cars with unsurpassed cuisine.

Through Sleeper to the **APACHE TRAIL**, famous 120-mile Motor Side Trip between Globe and Phoenix, Arizona. Also to San Diego through the **CARRISO GORGE.**

For further information, address

SOUTHERN PACIFIC LINES

New York 165 Broadway
New Orleans Pan-American Bank Bldg.
Houston Southern Pacific Bldg.
Tucson Score Bldg.
San Francisco Southern Pacific Bldg.

Two Books of Enduring Fascination

The Lure of the Mediterranean

By Albert Bigelow Paine

"A charming, leisurely account of travel in those lands, old yet forever new, that border the Mediterranean. The humor is light and delightful."—*Chicago Evening Post.*

Picturesque Sicily

By William Agnew Paton

This is the standard—and the most delightful—book on the little-known Sicily of today; its classic ruins and its Norman cathedrals, and its countryside rugged with mountains, white with almond blossoms, and picturesque with the dirt and gay colors of its charming, half-wild inhabitants.

In uniform gift editions, boxed

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers

California all winter

is the golfers paradise -

Take the family - excellent schools for your children -
-The journey there - a joy -

Santa Fe Fred Harvey "all the way"

choice of four daily trains -
on your way Grand Canyon National Park,

Santa Fe

after California -Hawaii

just mail this ➡

Mr. W. J. Black, Pass. Traf. Mgr., Santa Fe System Lines
902 Railway Exchange, Chicago

Please mail me the following Santa Fe Booklets:
"California Picture Book," "Grand Canyon Outings," "California Limited." Also details as to cost of trip

To Problem-Solvers

We live in a scientific age. It has therefore become customary to approach all problems, both industrial and domestic, in a truly scientific manner.

Not to be outdone, let us present the following problem:

> Assume that a man is taking a balneal immersion (bath), using a coagulum of sodium oleate (piece of soap) which, when dropped into the balneal liquid (water), seeks its own level at the nadir of the porcelain (sinks). If, then, while the man searches diligently for the elusive coagulum, the thermal index (temperature) of the room increases by two (or more) degrees, what has happened?

The answer, of course, is simple. The man has become irritated, if not angry.

The prevention of such an unhappy event is just as simple as the answer to the problem itself —the man should get a cake of Ivory Soap.

Because Ivory Soap doesn't sink —it floats.

More—it *lathers.* It *rinses off.* It is *white* (no stained soap-dishes). And when a self-respecting male emerges from an Ivory bath, he bears with him no accusing scent to convict him of beauty-parlor methods. His unspoken message to the world is, "I've just had a corking good bath," which, to most of the world, means unmistakably an Ivory bath.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

IVORY SOAP

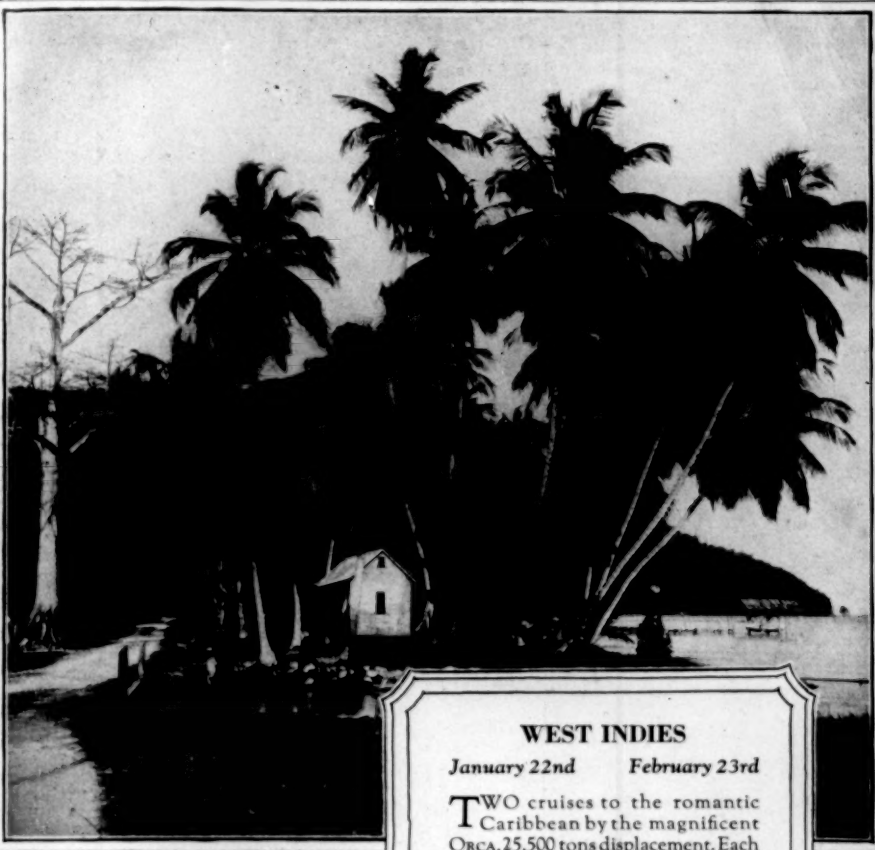
99⁴⁴/₁₀₀% PURE IT FLOATS

YOUR face deserves more than mere scientific justice—Guest Ivory (made small especially for faces and hands) provides stern cleanliness and adds a touch of soothing mercy.

© 1924, by The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati

MADE BY THE HADDON CRAFTSM
HADDON PRESS, INC., WHERE FE
CROSSES NINETEENTH, CAMDEN,

WINTER CRUISES



WEST INDIES

January 22nd *February 23rd*

TWO cruises to the romantic Caribbean by the magnificent ORCA, 25,500 tons displacement. Each cruise 29 days. Extensive itinerary. Shore excursions. Rates $250. up.

BERMUDA

"The Sportsman's Paradise"—golf, tennis, bathing, etc.—only 48 hours from New York. Weekly sailings by the palatial ARAGUAYA, 17,500 tons displacement—largest and most luxurious liner in the service. Rates $70 up.

Write for illustrated booklets

"The Comfort Route"

ROYAL MAIL

THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET CO. · NEW YORK . BOSTON . PITTSBURGH . CHICAGO
DETROIT . MINNEAPOLIS . SAN FRANCISCO . LOS ANGELES . SEATTLE . VANCOUVER . TORONTO . MONTREAL . HALIFAX

THE VOSE REPRODUCING GRAND PIANO

brings into your home the art of the world's greatest pianists, with all their subtlety of touch and expression.

Although the exquisite tone of the Vose is world-famous, the Vose price is moderate

WE CHALLENGE COMPARISONS

Write for floor pattern and easy payment terms

Vose & Sons Piano Co., 155 Boylston St., Boston

WHEN renewing your shades remember "Hartshorn" whose silent service has for sixty years made home-makers realize that *it pays to buy the best.*

Hartshorn

SHADE PRODUCTS

Established 1860

ROLLERS — SHADE FABRICS

STEWART HARTSHORN CO., 250 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY

Ask to see a Waterman's

The new flexible lip band styles made in black, cardinal and mottled are sold at $4.00, $5.50 and $6.50, dependent on size. A perfect pen for the pocket, the office or the home.

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

The pen of all pens

$2.50 to $50.00

Sold by 50,000 merchants

L.E. Waterman Company

191 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

CHICAGO BOSTON SAN FRANCISCO